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BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
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THE AMERICANS AT HOME.

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THE

AMERICANS AT HOME:

PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES OF AMERICAN MEN

MANNERS AND INSTITUTIONS.

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ac.

BY

DAVID MACRAE.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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EDINBURGH:
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1870.

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00058804

TO MY REVERED FATHER

WHO HAS EVER STOOD ON THE SIDE OF

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY,

AND WHOSE LIFE

ILLUSTRATES THE CHRISTIANITY OF WHICH HE HAS BEEN

LONG A FAITHFUL MINISTER,

THESE VOLUMES ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following sketches consist of observations made in America during the years 1867 and 1868; and where these called for supplement, as in describing the progress made by the freed negroes in the South, the latest official returns have been consulted. Various sketches, already published in Scotch, American, and Indian papers, have, in a revised form, been incorporated with the new material.

PRELIMINARY.

THE old popular notion of an American was that of a man who wore nankeen trousers, carried a bowie-knife, sat with his feet on a mantelpiece, and squirted tobacco-juice on the carpet. There may be some people still possessed with this idea of Cousin Jonathan, just as there are probably some Cockneys who still imagine that Scotchmen wear kilts, live on porridge and whisky, and occupy spare time in scratching themselves on posts humanely erected for that purpose by His Grace the Duke of Argyll.

But as a rule we have got past that stage, and the last decade has probably taught the British public more about the Americans and their country than the fifty years preceding. The war has been a great schoolmaster to every class. Public journalists are no longer found writing about the States as if they were little bigger than this country, or putting Louisiana on the wrong side of the Mississippi, or bringing the Blue Ridge within five miles of Richmond, or making rivers run up hill, or sending American troops, "wading under a heavy fire," across a river which everybody ought to have known was from twelve to twenty-four

feet deep. The many admirable books which have been published of late years, some of them by men whose names not only secured public attention, but furnished a guarantee of truthfulness, have helped still further to spread enlightened views. But even yet we are only coming to know the Americans; perhaps they are only coming to know themselves. The changes that are taking place amongst them in their habits, laws, and circumstances are so constant and rapid, that Russell, and Dixon, and Dilke, and Trollope, and Mackay, and Sala, and Zincke, and all our other writers on America, might go back year by year, and find as much to write about as ever. America is full of interesting men and interesting experiments. She may be said, indeed, to be an experiment herself—the trial of a Government in which all power and authority shall emanate from the people, and kings and aristocracies shall be dispensed with. This system, working itself out through all the relations of life, has involved innumerable changes—political, social, and religious—and has converted America into a vast laboratory, in which experiments are being made that are of interest not only to herself, but to the world. She has made the great experiment of trusting the religious education of the whole people—thirty or forty millions in number—to voluntary liberality. In Upper Canada, and over the whole North, she has made the experiment of providing free and undenominational schools for the whole body of the people. In New England she is trying the effect of

law, in grappling with drunkenness, by prohibiting the sale of liquor; in Canada she has tried the effect of a Permissive enactment. She is making the experiment on a vast scale, of giving equal political rights to people of every race, and training her magistrates to what Wendell Phillips calls political colour-blindness, or inability to distinguish a black skin from a white one. In Wyoming she has made the experiment of giving the suffrage to women: and at Oberlin of educating male and female students together. She is also trying the effect of changes in the relations of the sexes. In the Mormon settlement she allows woman to see how she can get on with the fraction of a husband; in the Shaker settlements with no husband at all; and in the Free Love settlement with as many husbands as she likes.

On all these points we are getting information, and we want more. For while America has in many respects made herself a pattern for the world, she has committed many blunders, and some of her experiments have been attended with very disastrous consequences. Take, for instance, that of submitting judgeships to the popular vote—an experiment made by Mississippi, and repeated in an evil hour by Iowa, and other States. In this country, judges are appointed for life, and their position and character are such as to make them proof against either bribery or intimidation. In the States, they are elected by the people for a

few years at a time, at the close of which period they have to canvass the voters again for re-election. In addition to this, they are poorly paid. Political parties and cliques "run" their own men for these situations; and a judge who wants to keep his place has to remember which party it was that put him in, and can turn him out again. At first, judges held office for life even where elective, as in North Carolina. In Iowa, and other of the newer States, they used to be appointed by the Legislature for seven years; now they are elected every three years directly by the people. The district judges are elected by their respective districts or aggregations of counties; the judges of the Supreme Court corresponding with our judges of Queen's Bench, are elected by the whole State. If a judge decides in any case against the wishes of the people, it is at the imminent risk of losing his place at the next election. An Oberlin professor gave me an instance connected with his own experience. He and some of his fellow-professors were imprisoned in 1858 for aiding in the escape of some fugitive slaves. They applied for a writ of *Habeas Corpus* on the ground that the Fugitive Slave Law was unconstitutional. The State was Republican, and therefore opposed to that law; so was the Chief Justice; but, inasmuch as the Fugitive Slave Law *was* the law, he refused the writ, although he knew that his decision would cost him his place,—which it did. 'Such examples tempt many of the judges to decide according

to popular feeling rather than the merits of the case, and prostitute judicial purity to political partisanship. This is deplored by good men; but the people having once got the power, are not disposed to part with it. A prominent man in Iowa said to me, "This thing is working mischief; but it would be death to go back."

Another disastrous experiment is that of putting all the Government appointments in the country into the President's hands, to be doled out as rewards for political support. The early Presidents rarely made more than half-a-dozen or a dozen changes in the staff of Government officials, and never made even these avowedly on political grounds. But since the time of President Jackson, it has been the practice with most Presidents immediately on coming into office to empty almost all the Government situations in the country, down to the very post-offices, and refill them with their own political supporters. As these situations are only secure till the next Presidential election, men who are prospering in their own business are not disposed to give that up for a four-years' appointment. The best class of Americans are therefore rarely available for these posts, which are accordingly filled with a lower class of men—multitudes of whom are office-seekers by profession, who, aware that they have got their nose in the public crib for but a brief period, get the most out of it they can. The venality of many of these men is only equalled by their incompetence. What

can be expected of officials new to the position and knowing that they are likely enough to be out of it in four years? Even those who are anxious to be efficient servants of the Government need time to acquire expertness in their duties, and they have scarcely succeeded in this before the next Presidential election comes round, and probably compels them to make way for new men as ignorant and inexperienced as they were themselves at first. If the Americans were not a smart people the carrying on of the Government under the present system would be impossible.

I mention these instances to show that we do well to familiarize ourselves with American affairs, not only to see what may be imitated but what ought to be guarded against. There is all the more need of this that America is now exercising a powerful influence on this country. The two nations are knit together as parts of one body. What affects the one affects the other. Disaster to America means disaster to us, though it may temporarily benefit a few; progress in America means progress here, though it may involve changes hostile to class interests. It was the consciousness of this that caused Britain to take such interest in the recent war. North and South were felt to be but names for two great principles, contending not only in America but here.

On those battle-fields of Virginia British conservatism and British liberalism fought by proxy. Mr. Gladstone's

Reform Bill was carried by Northern bayonets long before it went to the vote in Parliament. The triumph of the North meant British reform, John Bright in the Cabinet, Free Schools, and justice to Ireland. We cannot therefore but feel interest in American progress if we are interested in our own. We want to know about her institutions and how they work; we want to know what kind of people they develop, what their manners are, their modes of thought, and their ways of working. We want to see them through many eyes, hear them through many ears, get photographs of them from many stand-points. In the following humble contribution to the common store, I have endeavoured to describe the phases of American life and activity in which I found myself most interested, and to sketch certain representative Americans with whom I was anxious if possible to increase the reader's acquaintance.

Before proceeding, let me refer to two points which have biassed many people in this country against everything transatlantic. The first is Brother Jonathan's boastfulness. There can be no doubt whatever that this is still a national characteristic. Every State, every city, every village in America boasts of something. Massachusetts boasts of her brains; Pennsylvania of her oil wells; Virginia of her illustrious men; Alabama of her cotton; Louisiana of her sugar; California of her big trees; Missouri of her iron mountains;

Illinois of her boundless farms; Kentucky of her horses; Canada of her incomparable wheat. Travelling through the Republic especially, you find that each State is ahead of every other State, all things being taken into account, and that in the late war the soldiers of each State were admitted to have been braver, and bigger, and to have won more battles, and filled more graves, than those of any other State. Towns follow suit. Philadelphia has the longest and straightest streets, and the largest orphanage in the country; New Orleans has the smoothest drive and the biggest river trade; Milwaukee has the best bricks; New York has the finest park and the largest population; Boston has the best schools and the biggest organ; Chicago has the biggest saints, the biggest sinners, and the biggest pig-killing establishments in America. "Yes, sir," as one enthusiastic Chicago gentleman declared, "the biggest pig-killing concerns in God's creation!"

It matters little to the boasting class of Americans, as one of their own censors has said, whether a thing be good or bad, provided it surpass all others. If an Arkansas man cannot boast of the education of a Boston man, at any rate he can chew more tobacco, and spit more and farther and straighter than any other man. If the Mississippi steamers are not so magnificent as some on the Hudson River, they sail faster and blow up oftener, and shoot men higher than any other steamers in the country. It is always something for Tennessee to say that she has the deepest

mud, and for Georgia that she has the most poisonous miasmas, and Missouri that she has the dirtiest river, and North Carolina that she has the biggest swamp. The Americans adore immensity. If a New Yorker could manage to fail for a hundred million dollars, he would be worshipped as a god.

You can always excite an American's enthusiasm in a practicable scheme, if you are going to make it the biggest thing in the world. Boston said, "We shall have the biggest musical festival the world has seen!" —myriads assembled, 5000 performers took part, choruses were rung from a hundred sounding anvils, and bellowed from a hundred guns. New York said, "We shall have the biggest sanitary fair in the world!" and $1,000,000 were realized. Chicago said, "We shall have the biggest picnic in the world!" and a picnic company assembled to the number of 22,000.

Americans have immensity on the brain. It seemed to me the abiding consolation, in speaking of the war—even with the Southern people who had lost everything by it—that at any rate it was a big war—"an everlastin' big war, sir!" This craze for extravagance gives a character even to their wit. The trees so tall, that it took two men and a boy to see to the top, the first looking till he was tired, and the next beginning where the first left off—were American trees. The man who snored so loud that he had to sleep two doors off to keep from awakening himself—the squatter who moved farther West because somebody else, locating

within fifty miles, made him feel crowded—the patent hair-renovator, so strong that a little of it rubbed on the door-step brought out a strong crop of bristles, and saved the expense of a door-mat—the horse that ran so fast that its shadow couldn't keep up with it—the gun-boats of draught so light that they could float wherever the ground was a little damp—were all American.

But if the Americans boast, let it be remembered that they have much to boast of. Also that they have been tempted to self-laudation not only by the magnitude of their achievements and the rapidity of their rise from obscurity to their present height of splendour and power, but by the provoking ignorance and incredulity in regard to things American which they found abroad. It ought also to be observed, that this boastfulness is gradually disappearing from amongst the higher classes of Americans, who look upon it as vulgar, and are content to let America advance without trumpets, and to see that she is growing, without hallooing to all the world to look.

Finally, we ought to ask ourselves, Is there not in even this boastfulness a very enviable sign of content? If the Irish here were as full of boastful pride in British institutions as those on the other side are of American institutions, how gladly should we pardon its vulgarity for the sake of its existence.

The other preliminary point to which I want to refer, is American feeling towards this country. Let me re-

cord my own experience. The very first day I spent in New York, after passing into the States from Canada, I called upon a business man with a note of introduction. After reading the note, his first question was—

"How did you stand, sir, in reference to our war?"

On receiving my reply, he said, with some asperity,—"England, sir, should sit down in sackcloth and ashes; yes, sir, she should wear sackcloth till it had worn to rags, for her conduct to this country during the rebellion."

He went on to speak of the British press, more especially of the *Times*, whose editor he declared, if suspended to the first lamp-post, would meet with a better fate than he deserved. Of the various war-correspondents, he said,—

"Russell was at least fair, but that infamous slanderer, George Augustus Sala, should be put head-foremost into that stove [pointing to a red-hot furnace in the centre of the office]; so should that poetising fool Mackay; so should that other beetle-headed ape called—what was it again?—well, thank God, his miserable name no longer pollutes my memory."

A short gentleman who had come in and taken his stand in front of the stove, with his cigar in his mouth, indorsed these sentiments in strong language.

This topic disposed of, the new-comer put the usual question to me—

"Well, sir, what do you think of this country? You didn't expect to see anything like this, I guess."

His loud tone disposed me to a little banter, and I replied that the country seemed to be large.

"Large!" he cried. "Yes, sir, I guess it is. Guess your little bit cake of a country wouldn't cover this one State here."

He went on to declare that nobody who had once been in the States could live in Britain again.

"I tried it," he said, "but I couldn't do it. Everything so narrow and bigoted. Such dirty, mean, shabby people as the Scotch I never saw. I never was so happy in my life as when I got away from that country."

The speaker turned out to be himself a Scotchman, not an American. His friend, who wanted Sala and Mackay put into the stove, was also Scotch. And I report their words, because it gives me the opportunity of recording the fact, that though I heard a great deal of talk like this, *I never on any occasion heard it from a real American.* I have often heard native Americans boast of their great country; I have heard them deplore the attitude of Great Britain during the war, and express their amazement at British ignorance of American affairs; but I never met a true American, either in the North or in the South, who did not, more or less, love and reverence the old country. Everywhere, from the New England farm-house to the Georgia plantation, the fact that I was a stranger from Scotland seemed sufficient to secure me a kindly welcome. This was a

source of continual delight to me, not only filling the time of my stay in America with personal enjoyment, but showing how much of sympathy there is in the American heart that can be appealed to in all endeavours to bind the two nations more closely together.

As far as my observation went, most of the abuse that is poured out on Britain and British institutions, and of which so much has been made in this country, comes from the Irish, and from a few renegade Scotch and English. The Scotch, as a rule, cherish a romantic attachment to the Old Country; but it is remarked in America, as in England, that when a Scotchman *does* turn against his country, he becomes its bitterest traducer. The Irish have hitherto had more reason for their antipathy; but there is good prospect now, if the national spirit of Ireland is dealt with in a liberal way, that a kindlier feeling to Great Britain will spread amongst the Irish in America, who are already a power there, and are daily becoming a greater.

But what about the Fourth of July? Well, that is one disagreeable fact. But it is unfair to judge of American feeling by Fourth of July speeches. The patriots who shriek on that day about "British tyranny," "shaking thrones," "effete monarchies," "American Eagle striking his talons into the prostrate Lion," etc. etc., are often exceedingly good friends of this country, and would laugh at being supposed to mean hostility. It is a day sacred to the Spread Eagle—a day on which the national enthusiasm boils over, and the American's

pride in his country bursts into wild and exulting expression. But many of them are coming to see that the Spread-eagleism of the Fourth of July is, as applied to us, meaningless. They are coming to know that the mass of people in this country are entirely at one with them in regard to the stand made by the Revolutionary fathers against the tyranny of the King; and that British children are taught from infancy to name Washington amongst the patriots whom they are to imitate and revere. When Americans come to know this better, they will hesitate about devoting a day every year to the rekindling of national animosities, that have only to be let alone to die. It is just the mistake of which we ourselves were guilty on the anniversary of Waterloo, till we learned better things. The Americans have had the wisdom and good taste to indulge in no annual glorification over the collapse of the Southern Confederacy. The same wisdom will by-and-by remove from the Fourth of July its present tendency to excite anti-British feeling, and will convert it into a day on which the Americans and we can rejoice together.

I.

CANADA.

My first experience of America was a rather odd one. We passed through the Straits of Belle Isle, between Labrador and Newfoundland, in the night. When I awoke in the morning, and my cabin-companion told me that we were now in America, I jumped up, dressed, and hurried on deck to get my first sight of the New World. I looked north, south, east, west; but as far as the eye could reach not a speck of land was to be seen. And yet we were in America, steaming up the Gulf of St. Lawrence. All day we held our course up the Gulf without sighting land on either side. It was not till next forenoon that we discerned Anticosta lying like a strip of cloud on the far horizon. Somebody says that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large that he could not well have missed it. My own impression was, as we steamed up that shoreless Gulf of St. Lawrence, that Columbus might have been pardoned had he missed America even after getting into it. Nature does things on a large scale in America. The rivers are lakes drawn out unendingly. The lakes look like oceans. Hence the American thinks nothing of long distances. He steams up one of his rivers for as many days and nights as it took me to cross the Atlantic.

He travels days and nights by rail from Connecticut to Colorado for his holidays. I soon began to understand the feelings of the Western man, who, when he visited our little island, was afraid to walk out at night in case he should fall over the edge.

I landed at Quebec, of glorious history, and spent some time travelling in Upper and Lower Canada before entering the States. Canada is a large, fine country, but its population consists for the most part of heterogeneous nationalities, separated from each other not only by space, but by blood, creed, tradition, and language. There are communities speaking French, communities speaking English, communities speaking the Indian languages, other communities speaking German, and others speaking Gaelic. Over them all towers the form rather than the substance of British sovereignty, giving an appearance of unity and homogeneity which has little actual existence.

It was strange, travelling through Canada, to find myself getting into so many different nationalities. I was up, for instance, in the district of Glengarry, on the frontiers of the Upper Province. I found there a colony of twenty thousand Highlanders. They seemed all "Macs"—most of them Macdonalds. In a jury of twelve in one part of the country, there were nine Macdonalds, and six of them Donald Macdonalds! There are so many of the same name, that there is some difficulty found in distinguishing them. There are big Donalds and little Donalds, white Donalds, red Donalds, black Donalds, and I don't know how many more. It is said that in a village on the Pentland there were so many Peter Sinclairs, that after all descriptive epithets like the foregoing were exhausted, the remaining Peters

had to be distinguished by their wives' names, as Flora's Peter, Peggy's Peter, and so on. I don't know that the case has yet become so desperate in Canada. In the back settlements of the country referred to, you hear almost nothing but Gaelic. You might fancy yourself in Ross-shire or Mull.

Further down the St. Lawrence, on the opposite side, you find yourself in a settlement of Red Indians, belonging to the once powerful Iroquois, and still speaking their ancient language. The "noble savage," however, is fast disappearing, and what is left of him is in breeches. Many of these Iroquois, indeed, have as much about them of the white man as of the Indian. One of their chiefs, De Lorimier, who showed me through his village of Caughnawaga, asked me about Scotland.

"You know," said he, "I claim some Scotch blood myself."

I was surprised and interested, but felt that it was a delicate point to ask how he had come by it.

"O yes," said he, "my mother was a 'Mac.' But there's so much blood in me, I don't know what to call myself. I am three-eighths Scotch, half French, and the rest Indian!"

This application of mathematics was too deep for me, and I let the matter drop.

Most of the Caughnawaga Indians are "river-men," going up in their canoes to meet the rafts and run them down the rapids. I noticed that the children were generally a good deal whiter-looking than the grown people. I don't know how De Lorimier would have expressed the state of the case in fractions, but the blood is evidently changing, and a good number of eighths

getting in that don't belong to the aborigines. The Mohawk language, however, is spoken throughout the settlement.

In other districts of Lower Canada there is nothing talked but French. Even in Montréal there are parts of the city where, if you ask a question in English, you will find nobody able to understand you. I visited the Hôtel Dieu one day—the institution connected with the strange stories of Maria Monk—and in one of the rooms found a friar teaching a school of boys. We asked him what he taught. He said "French and Latin."

"English?" we asked.

"No, Messieurs."

"Do you mean to say that the boys are taught to understand Latin, but not English?"

"It is so."

We found, indeed, that he understood no English himself, and this was a school in the commercial capital of British America!

The consequence is that everything meant to be public has to be printed in French as well as English. The streets and public places are marked "St. Peter—St. Pierre," "Fish-market—Marché des Poissons," and so on. Every "NOTICE" has its "AVIS" alongside, and the announcement printed in both languages in parallel columns. Worse than this, in the Council, and even in the Parliament at Ottawa, members will reply in French to speeches made in English, and a discussion will ensue in both languages. If they carried the principle out, and permitted Gaelic, German, and Mohawk, it would be interesting to hear a good debate. Babel (as the Yankee says) would not be a circumstance to it.

In Upper Canada again (though the Scotch and

Presbyterian element predominates, just as the French and Catholic does in the Lower Province) there are separate communities of English, Irish, and Germans. The existence of so many heterogeneous and undigested masses has prevented as yet any real unity, or the growth of that feeling that converts many peoples into one nation.

Still, with all this, there is a great deal of loyalty in Canada, and amongst the Scotch and English a great love of home, and pride in the "old country." In this the Englishman is least demonstrative. Like his brother in Piccadilly, he assumes, as a matter of course, that England is the envy of the world; that this must be perfectly manifest to every rational being; and, therefore, that it is a mere waste of words to talk about it. It is the calmness and absolute immobility of this assumption that makes the Englishman so unpopular in America. The Scotch are less assuming, but more demonstrative. Every St. Andrew's Day they must have their flags and processions, they must have sermons about Scotland from the pulpit, and they must have heather brought all the way from the Scottish hills to wear in their button-holes. There is an old Scotchman at Belleville, who has an odd way of exhibiting his patriotism. Every St. Andrew's Day he spreads a Scotch newspaper upon the floor, empties upon it a box of Scotch earth brought from Bannockburn, plants a Scotch chair upon it, and, seating himself triumphantly thereon, proceeds to drink whisky and sing Scotch songs. He has never been back to Scotland since he left it when a boy; but he boasts that once every year he plants his feet on Scottish soil and drinks Scotch whisky. I found, along with this attachment to

the old country, a great deal of bitter feeling in Canada against the States. The conduct of the Federal Government in permitting the Fenians to drill and organize within sight even of the Canadian shore, and returning their arms to them after the affair was over, had a good deal to do with it.

This bitterness of feeling, however, seemed to me temporary; and the more decided manner in which the Washington Government has since dealt with the Fenians will go far to remove it. Even as it was, it did not imply any of that antipathy to Republican institutions which some people would fain believe it did. Canada is already more a Republic than a Monarchy. She enjoys connection with the British Crown because she has the glory of monarchy without its burdens. But if the Home Government attempted to impose upon her any of our monarchical institutions, such as an Established Church, or a hereditary aristocracy, I suspect the practical republicanism of Canada would assert itself with sudden and startling emphasis.

I have very little doubt in my own mind, from what I have seen, that, sooner or later, Canada will either become an independent Republic, or—what is more likely—link her fortunes with the States. General Wyndham, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Canada, with whom I had a talk on the subject, gave it as his opinion that the North and South would one day become two nations, and the North and Canada one. His idea, however, was that Canada would not be the conquered but the conqueror, overcoming not by force of arms but by the vital force of race acting under climatic conditions. The people of the North would probably laugh at this last idea; but they have no doubt whatever

about the ultimate union of Canada and the States, and little doubt that it will be accomplished without any appeal to arms. I heard Emerson—who may be called one of the recognised prophets of the Republic—say, in a lecture he delivered at Roxbury, near Boston—"You shall not make a *coup d'état* and then pay; but, like Penn, pay first. Let us wait a thousand years for Mexico and Canada before we seize them by force." Emerson is wise. The fact is that any attempt to coerce Canada into union would defeat its own end. Canada would spring to arms in a moment to resist it; and French, Germans, English, and Scotch would sink their differences in their common determination to remain free. The Fenian excitement of 1866 is proof. Instead of exciting a cry for annexation, it hurried up a crop of steel.

II.

SISTER GAUDRY.

In the Lower Province, Roman Catholicism, though controlled and modified to some extent by the presence of an active Protestant minority, remains the dominant religion. The Protestants number scarcely one in six over the province; even in the city of Montreal, which is the nucleus of the Reformed religion, they number but one in three. Education is therefore in the hands of the priesthood; and the bulk of the educational tax goes to the support of Catholic schools. The intellectual training in these schools, as far as I had the opportunity of judging, is much inferior to that of Upper Canada, to which I shall have occasion to refer in speaking of the Free School system in the States. There are exceptions to this rule, especially in Montreal, where the Convent schools are so superior to most of the young ladies' seminaries that they attract a large number of scholars even from Protestant families.

I was much interested, when in Montreal, to hear of a school in town where a number of orphans were taught by the nuns, and where the poor could leave their children as they went to work in the morning, and call for them again in the afternoon. Through the kindness of an eminent surgeon in Montreal, himself a Catholic, I got a note to the preceptress—the "Rev.

Sœur Gaudry"—to whose devotion, he said, the success of the institution was due.

On ascertaining the time when visitors were received, I made my way to the place. I had not been many minutes in the waiting-room, when the nun of whom I had heard so much made her appearance. Sister Gaudry is a little spare woman, quiet and yet earnest in her manner, and with a face so full of gentleness and love that her influence over the children became intelligible in a moment. She received me very cordially, said the children were just going to begin their afternoon exercises, and led me into a large hall, which she called the Recreation Room, where about a hundred little boys (all French) were ranged on one side, and about the same number of little girls on the other. At the tinkle of a signal bell they all rose together and saluted us very prettily. At another signal they faced round, and began marching with military precision across the hall, and into the school-room opposite, where they arranged themselves on the seats that rose like long steps to the wall behind. A low rail running up the middle separated the girls from the boys.

Two little beds stood side by side upon the floor in front.

I asked Sister Gaudry what these were for.

"These," she said, "are for any of the children that may fall asleep during the exercises."

Happy children! their lines had fallen in pleasant places.

At a signal from Sister Gaudry, made with a little pair of wooden clappers, the children knelt down, and folding their little hands reverently, repeated a prayer in French. The lessons now began.

Sister Gaudry took a pointer, and turned to the wall behind, on which hung a large illustrated chart of the alphabet. Beside the letter "A," for example, there was the picture of a cat; and when this letter was pointed to, the whole two hundred voices sang together a couplet in French, to this effect—

"This is the vowel 'a,'
Which we sound in chat.'"

The whole alphabet was sung through in this way—singing being found very useful in sustaining the attention and helping the memory. After a lesson in arithmetic, Sister Gaudry took her place behind a stand with its face sloping towards the children, and crossed with bars to keep anything placed on it from slipping off. On this she began to arrange letters printed on cards—the children, in concert, naming the letters as they were exhibited, and the words into which they were arranged. One of the little girls was then called by name. The child came down the steps like a little lady, bowed first to one side then to the other with exquisite politeness, and looked up at Sister Gaudry. The nun laid a card upon the desk.

"What is that?"

"V," said the child.

"And that?"

"I."

So she went on till the word "Vivent" was formed, and finally a sentence referring to some ladies who were present, and to myself.

"Read that now," said the nun.

The child read in a clear voice, "Vivent ce monsieur et ces dames."

A still more interesting exercise followed. Sister

Gaudry exhibited a picture on the stand, and said,—"What is this?"

The two hundred little voices answered, "That is David killing Goliath."

"Tell the story," said the nun.

Thereupon the whole school, with faces becoming more and more excited as they went on, rehearsed the story in concert, with appropriate gesticulation. When they came to describe how David, having put a pebble in his sling swung it round, the two hundred little arms gave a whirl in the air. When they told how the stone smote the giant, the two hundred hands slapped the two hundred little foreheads; and when finally they described how David, running up to the prostrate giant, cut off his head, the forest of little arms that were waving in the air came down all together with a cut.

The eagerness and excitement with which this performance was gone through it would be difficult to describe.

Next came lessons in grammar and geometry. There was one exceedingly small boy, looking all the smaller from being dressed in knickerbockers, who came hopping down from a back bench on being called, made his little bow with French politeness, folded his arms like a minute Napoleon, and looked up at Sister Gaudry as if ready for anything that might be asked of him, from the letter A to the differential calculus. He was asked to point out the pyramid, the cone, and the square, and to name the parallelogram and the equilateral triangle, which he did promptly, his little French tongue getting round the "lang-nebbit" words with wonderful glibness. He then made his little bow to the company, and clambered back to his seat.

Gymnastic exercises followed, one of these (familiar to those who have used Miss Carpenter's book) consisting in amusing imitations of various trades. First, the boys sang a verse about carpenter work, sawing imaginary pieces of wood as they sang. Then the girls took up the song and sang about dressmaking, all of them sewing nimbly with imaginary needles and thread, keeping time to the music.

The exercises over, the children, at a given signal, rose, formed promptly in column, and filed out as they had entered. After a few words of conversation with the nun, we followed the children to the Recreation Room, where long low tables about the height of ordinary school forms had been spread for dinner, and the children were buzzing and swarming about finding their places.

"They bring their own food in little baskets every day," said Sister Gaudry, "for we are too poor to feed any but the most destitute. You see the bustle. Shall I tell you the reason? We arrange their things differently every day to teach them to look about for themselves. We try to make every little thing a part of education."

"Some of them," she said, "are very poor, and bring no food with them, or not enough. But there are others whose parents are not so poor. These are often sent with more in their baskets than they need, to teach them charity."

By this time the children were all seated, but sat with their little hands in their laps, waiting till the signal should be given.

"In this way," said Sister Gaudry, "we teach them not to act like wolves, but to control themselves."

She made a sign, at which the children all rose and sang a little French prayer, beginning, "O Father, bless the bread of Thy children!" Then they sat down and began to eat with French relish.

I asked what the children paid for their education. "We charge twenty-five cents a month; but few pay it. In winter, we have five hundred on our roll, with less than one hundred paying anything."

"How, then, is the institution supported?"

"By charity," she said. "We could not get on without that. We have not only the expense of the house, but we give the children a little warm soup at the first meal. That is at eleven o'clock. Some bring a copper to pay for this, but not many. But the Lord provides," she added meekly.

She then introduced me to the Lady Superior, and we went together to another part of the building, which is reserved for the blind. Here one poor child—an orphan she turned out to be—whose sightless eyeballs rolled wearily as if in hopeless quest of light, sat reading to herself, her long light fingers travelling nimbly over the raised letters of the book before her. Another girl, with a rich head of curly hair, sat opposite. Hearing from the Lady Superior that this second girl's father was Scotch and her mother Irish, I asked her whether she would rather be called Scotch or Irish?

She said at once "Irish."

"This gentleman is from Scotland," said the Lady Superior with a smile, "and would like you to say Scotch."

The girl laughed and shook her head.

The Superior gave her a slip of paper and told her to write my name, which she did with the aid of a

writing instrument prepared for the blind. This was passed across to the blind girl on the other side, whom I had first noticed, and who was asked to read it. She took the paper, passed her nimble fingers over it—her sightless eyeballs rolling up the while—and read the name slowly with a strange foreign accent, for she knew no English. There was a piteousness in the poor orphan's look that touched my heart. Sister Gaudry stood with her arm passed tenderly round her neck as though she loved her; and I seemed to hear the voice that said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

III.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

THE moment I set foot in the United States, I felt that I had got amongst a new people. It is very remarkable that a country still in its infancy should have already produced so distinct a type of man. There are great differences between the people of the North and the people of the South, between the people down East and the people out West; and yet a common nationality has its mark upon them all. An American is everywhere recognised. You know him by his speech; you know him by a certain ease and grandeur of manner, which is inspired by the greatness of his country, and his personal share in its government; you even know him by his features—the long sharp face, the eagle eye, and the pointed chin. "Losh me!" said the Paisley woman when she saw the Americans begin to board the ship at New York, "what lang chafts they folks hae!"

The same influences are at work upon the foreign element continually pouring into the States. The rapidity with which Irish, Scotch, and German faces become assimilated to the American type is astounding. Even in New York, with its immense foreign populations, "you would imagine," as a friend said, "that every face had been at the grindstone before coming out."

One is also impressed everywhere with the rush and

feverish haste of life. Entering the States even from Canada, is like pushing out from a sheltered creek into the current. Almost instantly you feel the catch of a swifter life. In some of the great cities, and especially in New York, the rush and shock of life is terrific. But the same, in a less degree, is found everywhere, even in the country. People are earlier astir; stores are open, and business is going on briskly before our shopkeepers are out of bed. The streets are busier; the shops are driving a more vigorous trade; the trains and steamers and ferry-boats and horse-cars are more crowded. The population seems astir, and everybody working at high-pressure. Even in the schools, it would seem, from the feverish activity, to be always examination-day. Business is carried on more swiftly and more recklessly. In the Corn Exchange at Buffalo and Chicago, huge transactions that would be gone into here very warily, are "fixed" in a few minutes. I saw one dealer in the crowd passing from stand to stand pricing Indian corn. "Is that the lowest?" he said to one broker, tossing a little in his hand. "Yes." "Well, I guess I'll take (so many boat-loads) of that," and turned away. I ascertained that it was an order for 200,000 bushels of grain. Capital is desirable, but not essential. A Scotch merchant in Chicago declared to me that if a man were attempting to do business in Liverpool or Glasgow as it is done every day in America, he would not be trusted with goods to the door. But the great game goes on. Men are up to-day, down to-morrow, and up again the day after—up like Antæus, stronger and more active than ever. No man loses caste because he has failed, unless he has allowed himself to fail for a trifle.

The rule of doing smartly what you have to do is applied even to eating. Meals are treated as necessities of life, not luxuries. People sit down at the dinner-table not to talk but eat; and I have seen business men in America shoot a dinner down and be off to work again in the time it would take an Englishman to sharpen the carving-knife and decide where he had better begin to cut. In the Opera Restaurant at Chicago—a place much frequented by merchants—I had the curiosity to time five or six gentlemen at their dinners, and found the average number of minutes taken by each to be three and three-quarters. All of them had two courses—one of them had three. There were no seats; the customers swarmed in front of a long metal counter like a public-house bar. A man would come in, walk briskly to the counter, order brown soup, shoot it down, order chicken and ham, give it the run of his teeth as it flew in bits into his mouth, would snap up a blackberry tart, pay his money, and be off. This was dinner; most of these gentlemen only go home for supper, which is the last meal of the day. I never saw anything in America in the way of quick eating to outstrip those standing dinners in the Opera Restaurant at Chicago; but all over America the habit is more or less prevalent.

The climate has something to do with all this. Even the passing traveller soon becomes conscious of the influence of that intensely clear vivifying atmosphere. You have not been many days or weeks in the country before you begin to feel a quickening of all the pulses of life. You not only find yourself able to work more, and work faster than you can in this county; you find yourself impelled to do it. Sensation is keener and

more rapid. You live faster—live more within a given time. You feel that a boy in that country must sooner be a man; you have glimmerings of what the prophet meant when he spoke of a time when a child (American no doubt) should be a hundred years old.

But the climate is not everything. The vastness of the country that waits for occupation, and is ready to reward activity and enterprise with untold wealth, is a mighty stimulus. One year it is Illinois, with her boundless alluvial plains, offering a home and competence to all comers. Another year it is California, with her mines of gold and her even richer soil, yielding from twenty to forty bushels of wheat or barley to the acre, and three or four crops from one sowing. Another year it is Kansas or Iowa or Minnesota—every call not only bringing floods of emigrants from the old world, but drawing tens of thousands from the older States, leaving all the higher wages and bigger profits for those that remain at home.

This enterprise and activity is stimulated further by republican institutions. Not only the boundless resources, but the most exalted positions in the country are as open to the son of the boot-black as to the son of the bishop, the senator, or the millionaire. The boy who is learning to cobble shoes to-day may by-and-bye be Governor of the State. The lad who runs messages in 1870 may in 1890 be the President, standing at the head of the Great Republic, waited on by titled representatives of foreign powers, and in correspondence with all the crowned heads in Europe. Grant was a furrier; Johnson was a tailor; Lincoln was a splitter of fence rails.

Every boy is spurring himself on with the hope of

being one day President. The impetus these cases give to individual energy lies in the proof they furnish that *all the avenues to eminence and power are open* to the humblest. The children know it, and they push on. The parents know it, and the poor are more anxious to provide their children with a good education.

The extraordinary facilities for making money, which America has hitherto been able to offer, are probably greater incentives still to individual ambition.

Whatever be the cause, the fact remains that the people of the United States are the most active, pushing, and ambitious people on the face of the earth.

The money-making instinct is next to universal. Young ladies speculate in stocks; children are commercial before they get out of their petticoats. "I 'll trade with you for that," is an expression I often heard amongst the school-boys; amongst the girls too sometimes. I remember in Canada seeing a little girl show a toy to her companion, and say, "Will you trade?" Innumerable chances of making money are taken advantage of in America that are lost here. Even in the steam ferry-boats that are continually plying between Brooklyn and New York, little boys run round with armfuls of illustrated papers, dropping one on every second or third person's knee, and though the passage only occupies four minutes, and there are hundreds of passengers in every boat, the boy is round like lightning a second time, and has the payments or the papers gathered up before the boat touches the opposite landing-stage.

The Southern people twit the Yankees with this keenness for money-making. They declare that if the spirit of a Yankee were being ferried across the Styx,

he would have Charon's odd tholepins whittled into toothpicks and wooden nutmegs, ready to sell as soon as he got over. An American, if he sets himself to it, can make profit out of the most unpromising materials. It is said the Shakers, who have no sentiment on the subject, make excellent manure of their dead.

This also strikes a traveller in the States, that if one business does not consume a man's energies, he will engage in two or three or four, no matter how incongruous, if they fetch more greenbacks. I found ministers and professors speculating in mines; lawyers keeping shop; and newspaper editors selling toys. In Tennessee I found one man of prodigious activity acting as cutler, insurance agent, medical practitioner, grain merchant, and postmaster all at once.

In like manner, whatever business a man is in, he seems ready to change it in a day should anything more lucrative offer. I remember in New York, after a public meeting one night, driving home with a friend and his family. The hack was not large enough for us all, and the son (a young merchant) went up on the "dicky." He got into conversation with the driver, found him a sharp fellow, just of the sort he happened to want at the time; and before we reached the house he had arranged with the hackman to dispose of his hack next day, and take a situation in the store.

At Des Moines (Iowa), the superintendent of one of the schools showed us through the classes, and seemed to have his whole soul and all his aims in life centred in the work. But, just before we left, he told us that he had contrived a new kind of school-desk, had taken out a patent for it, had been offered I forget how many thousand dollars to part with it, but had refused; and

was on the eve of giving up schoolwork, and commencing on a large scale the manufacture of the new patent desk.

Even the clergy are not always so wedded to their sacred calling as to resist the allurements of the almighty dollar. I met a minister in Missouri who had discovered some way of manufacturing gas out of manure. He was taking out a patent for it, and had resigned his charge to enter at once upon this new field of activity.

It used to be said that Lord John Russell had the pluck to do or dare anything: that he would not hesitate, if called upon, to take command of the Channel Fleet. There is no end of this kind of pluck in America. Sitting in a friend's office in Chicago, a young man called in quest of a situation. My friend had no place to give him, but he said, after a moment's reflection, "I don't think there is any one in the field yet who sells boots and shoes for a commission. You might try that." "But I don't know anything about that business." "Well, learn. You know the difference between shoes and boots. Start with that. If you are worth anything you will soon pick up the rest." The youth went off at once to see about it: and is probably by this time a newspaper editor or a captain of one of the lake steamers.

IV.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

I MUST confess to my shame, that I went to America not altogether free from the idea that the representative American lady was a dry, hard, angular, disagreeably independent strong-minded female. I was very soon and very delightfully disappointed.

No doubt I *did* find here and there a few of the stamp described. I also found more women taking prominent and public positions. I do not refer to teaching in public schools: for nature has given woman special fitness for this work. But I found many of them discharging public functions which have in this country been monopolized (not always to the public advantage) by the other sex. In New Jersey, I found a lady, "Doctoress" Fowler, acting as a public physician, and having the reputation of being the most skilful, and having the largest and most lucrative practice in the district. I had a thought of taking tic or toothache, or something, and sending for her to see what she did if she came; but I thought again and didn't.

In different parts of the country I heard ladies delivering public lectures—one of them, Miss Anna Dickinson, amongst the most popular in the States. In Massachusetts, I saw a female clergyman (clergy*woman* I should perhaps say), the Rev. Olympia Brown, who

has a good congregation—preaches, attends funerals, baptizes, and discharges all the duties of the pastorate. In the north-west, I saw "another of the same," the Rev. Miss Chapin, pastor of the Milwaukee Society, with a stipend of $2000.

At Albany, in the State Normal School, I found a dark-eyed young lady, not long out of her teens, officiating as a professor of mathematics—sitting in her professorial chair when I first entered, and watching a whiskered student considerably older than herself demonstrate a proposition on the black-board, correcting him whenever he went wrong. In Chicago, I found that the *Legal News* was edited by a lady; and that another lady was acting on the Board of Examiners for the Chicago High School.

But these cases, though more common than here, are still few and far between—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto.* American women, as a rule, are just as gentle, as kind, as agreeable, as affectionate, and as lovely as our own.

Their loveliness is of a different type—paler and more ethereal. A beautiful Canadian or American girl comes nearer the popular idea of an angel than any being I ever beheld out of dream-land. Pale features of exquisite symmetry, a delicately pure complexion, eyes radiant with intelligence, a light, graceful, often fragile form—this is the vision of loveliness that meets the eye in almost every American drawing-room. I never saw during all my life before so many fairy forms, which it would have surprised me less to see shooting out wings and floating up into the empyrean.

American girls, however, are too *generally* pale and thin, and, what is worse, are generally *too* pale and thin. Every second or third face suggests delicacy and

dyspepsia; and one does not like to think of angels as dyspeptic. The American girls themselves, I think, are nervous about their thinness, for they are constantly having themselves weighed, and every ounce of increase is hailed with delight, and talked about with the most dreadful plainness of speech. When I asked one beautiful Connecticut girl whom I met in Pennsylvania how she liked the change. "Oh, immensely!" she said, "I have gained eighteen pounds in flesh since last April."

It sounds very odd to a stranger. Every girl knows her own weight to within an ounce or two, and is ready to mention it at a moment's notice. It seems to be a subject of universal interest. One of the first things done with a baby when it is born seems to be to hurry it into a pair of scales and have its weight duly registered. It continues to be weighed at short intervals all through its childhood, and on to the time when the question becomes one of personal interest, and it is old enough to weigh itself.

But to return to the complexion. This paleness in the American girls, though often beautiful, is too universal; an eye from the old country begins to long for a rosy cheek. Lowell said, when I mentioned the matter to him, that colour was a thing of climate, and that I should find plenty of rosy cheeks among the mountains of Maine, where there is more moisture in the air. It may be so. But as far as my information actually went, I never saw any, either on mountain or valley in any part of New England.

My private impression is, making all allowance for the influence of dry air, that the peculiar paleness of the New England girls connects itself with too much metaphysics, hot bread, and pie. I have strong con-

victions on this subject of pie. Not to speak of mere paleness, I don't see how the Americans can reconcile it with their notions of what is due to the laws of nature, to live to the age they do, considering the amount of pie they eat, and the rapidity with which they generally eat it. I rarely sat down to dinner in America, even in a poor man's house, without finding pie of some kind—often of several kinds—on the table; and without finding that everybody partook of it down to the microscopic lady or gentleman whom we should call the baby. Pie seems indispensable. Take anything away, but leave pie. Americans can stand the prohibition of intoxicating drinks; but I believe the prohibition of pie would precipitate a revolution.

Then metaphysics! In one family which I visited in the Connecticut valley, two of the girls were deep in the study of algebra and metaphysics, as a voluntary exercise, and shut themselves up for three hours a day with Colenso and Sir William Hamilton and Kant. This was perhaps exceptional, but the New England brain is very busy. It develops very soon and very fast, and begins at an exceedingly early age to exercise itself with the abstruser studies.

Parents and teachers often told me that their difficulty, with the girls especially, was not to get them urged on but to get them held back. In one young ladies' seminary which I visited, they held them back with the following light studies, in addition to all the ordinary branches:—Virgil and Horace; Latin prose composition; anatomy and hygiène; moral philosophy; mental philosophy; quadratic equations. To this add pie and hot bread, and what could you expect but paleness, even amongst the mountains of Maine?

Paleness and pie notwithstanding, the American girls are very delightful. And in one point they fairly surpass the majority of English girls—they are all educated and well informed. It is a painful, but I fear a too incontrovertible fact, that a large number of our girls are very ignorant on general subjects; and to be left alone with a girl who knows nothing, in a room with no piano, is apt to become embarrassing.

There is never the same difficulty with American girls. The admirable educational system of New England, covering the whole area of society, has given them education whether they are rich or poor, has furnished them with a great deal of general information, and has quickened their desire for more. An American girl will talk with you about anything, and feel (or what has the same effect, seem to feel) interest in it. Their tendency is perhaps to talk too much, and to talk beyond their knowledge. With the cleverer (or, as they would say themselves, the "smarter") of them, it seemed to me sometimes to make no perceptible difference whether they knew anything of the subject they talked about or not.[1] But they generally know a little of everything; and their general intelligence and vivacity make them very delightful companions.

A little experience dissipated another prejudice. There was an impression on my mind before going out,

[1] Mentioning this feature of American character to a Boston gentleman, he said,—"It is true. I was struck in England with the silence of the people when they had nothing to say. One time, travelling in the same carriage with a nobleman, I asked him his opinion of the ballot. He replied, 'I have not considered that subject yet.' You might travel all over America," said my friend, "and never hear a man confess that."

that the New England ladies spent time over intellectual pursuits to the neglect of household duties. I did not find it so. Comparing class with class they are quite as good housekeepers as I have seen anywhere. They had need be, for service at present is in a very wretched condition in America; so much so that middle-class families in the country often dispense with servants altogether. The young ladies are taught to make beds as well as demonstrate propositions, and their mental philosophy, whatever it amounts to, never interferes with the perfection of the pies. Samuel Johnson used to say that a man would rather that his wife should be able to cook a good dinner than read Greek. But he does not seem to have anticipated a time when a woman could learn to do both.

V.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Now for a word about the children. The children! —as I write the word how the sunlight seems to burst around me!—how many sweet voices start from the silence of memory and fill the air with melody and laughter!—how many bright and beautiful faces, far, far away gather round me once again! If I could picture forth, some of those little ones with whom the happiest of all my happy hours in America were spent —if I could reproduce the fun, the romping, the games on the carpet, the hundred little innocent delights we shared in common—my readers would see that after all that has been written about American precocity the children there are children still—in most points just like our own—the joy and the sunlight of every home.

This I hope will not be forgotten in noticing at present one or two points of difference.

One thing that astonished me was the food given to the children. It seems to be the rule in America to let the children have a share of everything on the table. I remember sitting beside one little boy of four who had soup, a slice of fowl with dressing, a sweet potato, a plate of pudding, and a bunch of grapes. He was a very small boy, and had to get the slice of fowl cut for him by his aunt. A lady in Washington, speaking of her own little

boy of two years old, said, "He cannot go to bed without his piece of turkey. He must have it." Fancy this in Scotland! At Cataract House, Niagara (the hotel on the American side), a family party sat down at one of the breakfast tables. One of the party was a beautifully dressed child of between two and three years of age, who was waited upon by a gigantic negro. The first thing this small gentleman had was a cup of milk and biscuit. Then he had two eggs beat up in a glass, and a slice of Johnny cake (a cake made of Indian meal and eggs). He supped a little of the egg, and then called for fish. After fish he had beef-steak, and after the beef-steak bacon and biscuit. What more he might have needed was left uncertain, by reason of his spilling the remainder of the beat eggs over his own and his mother's dress, which caused him to be carried away from the table in a state of humiliation.

American children are undoubtedly precocious. I think this peculiarity, though partly owing to the quickening effect of climate, is due to some extent to the American practice of bringing children to the table from their infancy. A New England lady, who boasted of eleven children (which is about eleven times more than the ordinary number in New England[1]), told me that every one of them had been brought to the table at seven months old, and at thirteen months could handle their forks as neatly as she could! Brought to the table so soon, and hearing all that goes on, they begin at a preternaturally early age to take an interest in general

[1] The New Englanders have generally very small families. I asked a friend in Boston how many children there might be on an average in each family within her own circle of acquaintance. "Well," she said, "*about one!*" A great deal more could be said about this, but the present chapter is not the place for it.

affairs, and to acquire the ideas and language of grown people. An old Doctor of Divinity in Canada said that, calling one day at a friend's house, a little girl was sent in to amuse him till her mamma was ready. The child told him amongst other things that she had been writing a parody on Kingsley's song of "The Three Fishers," but when drying it at the open fire it dropped from her hand and was burnt.

"Burnt!" said the gallant Doctor; "if I had been the fire I should have stopped till you had got it out again!"

"O no, Doctor," said the child gravely, "you couldn't have done that. Nature, you know, is nature, and her laws are inviolable!"

It nearly knocked the doctor from his chair.

I remember being amused one day at the exquisite combination of epicureanism and forethought on the part of a little boy of nine. "Mother," he said gravely, "give me only a little of the mince pie, as I shall want to taste the pudding."

The children's remarks on political subjects tickled me most, for the reason perhaps, that I have so rarely heard anything of the sort from children at home. A small boy of eight will stand up to you and say—"What do you think, sir, of the present state of the country?"

I remember being amused beyond expression at one little boy in Brooklyn, who, during the time of the impeachment trial, began one evening at supper to upbraid his father for having supported Andrew Johnson. I also remember a little girl not much higher than my knee, with whom I was playing a game on the carpet, asking me with a serious countenance what effect I thought the acquisition of Russian America would have on Great Britain! I laughed, the question seemed so

odd coming from a child; but on seeing the little eyes looking up into my face in mute surprise, I recovered myself as suddenly as possible, and endeavoured to put matters right by saying that the thing might possibly lead to some snowballing between the two nations. But the little politician in petticoats evidently thought this was trifling with a momentous subject, and said no more.

Remarks like these are of course exceptional; but you hear them sufficiently often to call your attention to this phase of American precocity. In most of their little observations there is more of the childlike. One fine little fellow in Boston, about three years old, said one day that he wanted to get up a dinner party.

"Well, whom will you invite?" said his mother.

"I think," said he, "we ought at least to invite uncle W—, and Mrs. M—, and God."

"Hush! not God," said his mother; "you cannot invite God."

"Why not?" said the little fellow, in surprise; "Don't God ever go to dinner parties?"

Alcott might have found a depth of meaning in this that the little fellow himself was not aware of.

There is one unpleasant feature of American precocity—it tends much more frequently than here to pertness and utter want of reverence for parents. "Papa, don't be foolish," I heard one little girl say when her father was attempting to describe to me how some comical Frenchman had spoken at a public meeting. You will sometimes hear a child say "You get away!" or "Don't trouble me just now," to its parent. The parents never seemed to me to feel this as we should in this country.

I remember an indulgent father bringing in a bunch

of grapes for his little boy. "Come, you are a good fellow after all," said the child cheerfully. The parent seemed to me rather gratified at so kind a recognition on the part of his son.

I remember another brave little fellow of four years old, who sat near me at dinner on a tall slim nursery chair, wiping his mouth after the first course, and saying,—

"Give me some of the tart, mamma, and ring the bell for Emma; I want some fresh water!"

One can understand from this what a New England lady meant when she said, "I am learning to be a *docile parent!*" "Parents, obey your children in all things," is the new commandment. We may next, as somebody suggests, see on the signboard of some American store, instead of John Smith and Son, "J. Smith and Father."

I remember sitting one day in a friend's house at dinner. Beside me, at the corner of the table, sat a very minute young gentleman, who in this country would have been called an infant, and would most probably have been fed with a spoon in the nursery. This little fellow sat on a high-legged nursery-chair, had his own table-napkin and little knife and fork, took a share of everything going, and listened to the conversation with the utmost gravity. When dinner was over, his mother said,—

"Wipe your mouth, darling."

Precocity looked gravely at her. "Say *please*."

"Well, darling, *please*."

Precocity wiped his lips solemnly, as if an important moral lesson had been given, and requested to be lifted down from his chair.

There is much less of this in the South, where sub-

ordination is more recognised, and where the modes of thought and feeling are more like our own. But this is the growing idea in the North—independence, reciprocity, the sinking of old and even natural distinctions in democratic equality. Do to me whatever you expect me to do to you.

Let it not be supposed, however, that American children are rude or ill-behaved. On the contrary, they struck me as more polite, more considerate, more orderly, as a general rule, than our own; but they need to be dealt with in a different way. You must treat them as persons who have a will of their own, and a right to exercise it. You must appeal to their reason and good sense—not merely to your own authority.

"Remember who you are talking to, sir!" said an indignant parent to a fractious boy; "I am your father, sir."

"Who's to blame for that?" said young Impertinence; "it ain't me!"

"Well, Jonas?" said a Sunday-school teacher as he took his seat, "how are you to-night?"

"All right," said Jonas cheerfully. "How's yourself?"

A little boy, the same who directed his mother to ring the bell, was making himself very disagreeable on one occasion when his mother had him with her on a visit to some friends. She took him to the bedroom, and told him that if he did not behave himself she would shut him up in the closet.

"You can't. There ain't a closet here," said the child triumphantly.

"I'll put you into that wardrobe, then."

"No, you won't."

"But I will."

"You try it!"

She took him, forced him in, and turned the lock.

Thereupon Young America began to kick up a tremendous noise inside, battering the doors of the wardrobe as if he would have knocked them off their hinges. His mother, fearful that he would do mischief either to himself or to the furniture, and remembering that the house was not hers, took him out and said, in great distress,—

"Oh, George, I don't know what to do with you!"

"Don't you?" said he, looking up into her face.

"No, indeed, I don't."

"Then," said he, "if that's so, I'll behave;"—which he accordingly did, marching into the other room with her, and conducting himself for the rest of the evening like a little gentleman. She had capitulated—had given up the struggle for authority. He was now behaving on his own responsibility.

Let me mention another case for the sake of a grotesque feature of its own. A gentleman in Northampton, with whom I spent a very delightful week, and who belongs to one of the old Puritan families, told me that for several years he had tried whipping with his boy, but found it ineffectual. On one occasion the boy was caught in an oft-repeated fault. His father took him to his room, upbraided him for his persistent disobedience; reminded him (which was probably unnecessary) that he had several times been obliged, in the way of parental duty, to apply the rod of correction, but that it seemed to have as yet been in vain. "I am much disheartened," he said; "I don't know what to do."

A bright thought occurred to the boy. "Father," said he, "suppose you *pray*."

The father was a good man, and could not refuse. But having a strong suspicion in his mind that the boy had suggested this Christian exercise in order to escape punishment, he prayed for the young reprobate first, and whipped him afterwards. He told me, however, that he had never been able to make anything of the boy till he gave up flogging, and appealed to the boy's sense of what was right and proper.

This seemed to be a general experience in the States. In most of the American schools whipping is discontinued, and in many cases strictly prohibited by law; and yet I can testify, and have endeavoured elsewhere to show, that the order maintained in these schools is very much superior to the order maintained in ours.

The precocity of American children, and the democratic ideas that pervade society, and filter down even into the minds of the youngest, account probably for three facts—1st, that American parents, guardians, and teachers do not expect the same reverence and unquestioning obedience that is looked for and inculcated here; 2d, that the children there will not be governed by mere authority and force; and 3d, that, happily, as a counterpoise, they become at an exceedingly early age amenable to reason.

The American idea, with old and young, seems to be to train themselves to submission, not to persons (whoever they are), but to principles.

VI.

HELPS SO-CALLED.

DOMESTIC service in America is in a very miserable condition. In judging so, much, no doubt, depends on the side from which you look at it. It may seem a pleasant enough state of things to the servant—the New York servant for instance—who has her ten or twenty dollars a month, has the range of the pantry, and lives like a fighting-cock; has possibly an "assistant;" can take a day or half-day to herself almost when she likes; has her own parlour in which to receive and regale her followers; needn't brush the boots; needn't answer the door; can be as independent as she pleases; and if she quarrels with her mistress, can throw up her situation, and be sure of another as good, or better, in a day or two. But this is a very miserable state of things for the mistress. To have a servant with whom you live at best in a state of armed neutrality—who brings her followers to the house, and disturbs its quiet, and empties the larder, and won't answer the bell, and refuses to brush the boots, and, when you speak to her, tosses her head, and tells you to suit yourself with another: and to know that if she goes you will probably get another just as bad, or worse—this is not an agreeable situation to stand in with reference to your servants. It is one of the great miseries of life

in America. It has reached such a height, that many families who would have one, two, or even three servants in this country, keep no servant at all, preferring to do all the work rather than suffer such constant irritation and annoyance. Others, again, go and live at hotels. I doubt if there be a single hotel in the United States without some boarders of this description. Many hotels have scores: and it is scarcely to be wondered at. I remember, soon after my arrival in America, asking a friend, whom I found boarding in a hotel with his wife and children, why he did not have a home of his own. "I did have a home of my own," he said, "till about two years ago; but I was driven here for want of proper service. Why, sir, I had to get up and kindle the fires in the morning; I had to brush my own boots; I had to do fifty things of that sort that the servants should have done. I bore it for a year; but when I came home one day, when several friends were invited to dine with us, and found my wife and child left alone, the servants having taken offence at something and gone off, then I thought it was time to give it up. We have been here ever since. It is a wretched thing," he said, "having no home of one's own; but at any rate we are free from annoyances that were even more intolerable."

I met with many similar cases. Even people who have homes and servants of their own are driven to many shifts for want of ready and trustworthy service. You see it even in the arrangement of some houses which, instead of being left to depend on open fires or stoves, are heated from a furnace contrived with Yankee ingenuity to feed and regulate itself. If matters do not mend, we may next see patent clock-work house-

keepers, to be wound up with a key, like the anthropoglossos or Mr. Babbage's walking lady, or set agoing like the steam man; and warranted fit for all housework, from answering the door to cooking a pumpkin pie.

The state of domestic service explains to some extent another peculiarity in social life. Instead of dinner-parties, the great majority of American families give tea-parties, or else entertainments which they call "socials," at which there is nothing either to eat or drink, the feast being a feast of reason, and the flow a flow of soul exclusively. You arrive, let us suppose, at a friend's house. He wants you to meet a few of his acquaintances, and wants them to meet you. His daughter takes the "buggy" (gig, as we should call it), drives round to a number of their friends, announces a "social" that evening, and invites as many of them to come as can. In the evening they begin to flock in after tea, which is the last meal of the day. There is no formality. Some make their appearance in dress; some in plain clothes: for in America there is perfect freedom on this point, except in a few fashionable circles. The Americans, however, all dress so well, that it makes less difference. Some of the ladies bring their knitting or fancy-work; some of the girls bring their music; and there is no lack of talk. Twenty, thirty, or forty friends arrive in the course of the evening. There are charades, readings, talk, songs, music, just as the spirit moves; though most of the time is generally spent in conversation, in which the Americans greatly excel. After two or three hours' enjoyment of this sort, the company disperse. At some of these "socials" you find men of all classes—senators, mer-

chants, lawyers, shopkeepers, army or navy officers, professional and business men of all kinds, with their wives—meeting and enjoying themselves together on terms of perfect equality.

Some of my happiest evenings in America were spent at these delightful gatherings, which afford to a stranger admirable facilities for meeting every variety of character, and gathering every kind of information. But, pleasant though they are in themselves, they must, to some extent, be attributed to the unpleasant state of domestic service, which, in the majority of American homes, would throw the entire burden of a dinner-party on the ladies of the house.

One of the first things that opens your eyes to the state of domestic service is the time you have frequently to wait at the door before the bell is answered, and the frequency with which, when it is answered, it is not by the servant, but by one of the family. In some houses, indeed, the handle at the door rings two bells, one in the lobby, and the other in the kitchen; and it seemed to me, in such cases, that the servant never answered until satisfied, by repeated pulls, that none of the family up-stairs was going to answer for her. I remember one boarding-house in particular where the struggle for respective rights was in full progress, and where it seemed to me that the door was never opened till the bell had been pulled at least thrice. The first pull seemed to announce, in a general way, that some one was at the door; the second pull announced to the servant that her mistress had not answered it, and to the mistress that the servant had not answered it. The third ring brought matters to a crisis, by announcing the boarder's determination to get in; and the door was

then answered either by the one or the other. Whoever opened it did no more, but turned away and left the boarder to come in and shut it for himself. Such cases, of course, are extreme, but they are profoundly significant.

Another thing that opens the traveller's eyes to the state of domestic service is the difficulty he often experiences in getting his boots cleaned. In hotels, where there are men who make it their business, the difficulty is unknown; hence one hears little of it from those who merely travel in America from hotels in one place to hotels in another. But in private houses it comes to be a great annoyance. In many, where there were two or three servants, I have put my boots out every night and found them untouched in the morning. One case specially occurs to me. It was in the house of a wealthy Northern gentleman. My boots had been very much dirtied walking about the muddy streets all day. In the morning, when I opened my bedroom door, there sat my dirty boots, just as I had put them out. Assuming, with the charity of despair, that the servant had not observed them, I planted them in the middle of the passage opposite my door, and went down in my slippers. On going up-stairs after breakfast I was relieved to see that my boots had disappeared. My hopes were speedily blasted by the discovery, on reaching my room, that the muddy boots had simply been removed from the passage, and passed within the door. What was I to do? The ladies were preparing to go out with me. I did not like to make my appearance in a muddy pair of boots. I looked about, but there was nothing that I could clean them with. I opened my valise, and found a newspaper. It was the

only Scotch paper I had seen for a month; but there was no alternative; I sat down, read all I wanted of the paper, and converted it forthwith into a shoe-brush.

On another occasion, travelling with an American clergyman, I found myself, the first morning, landed in the same difficulty. Stepping into his room, which opened off mine, to consult him as to what should be done, I found him sitting beside his open valise—brush in hand, and blacking-box on floor—polishing his boots with great vigour. I found that these little kitchen utensils formed a regular part of a gentleman's travelling equipment. Even ladies are not exempt from this sort of work, though the implements they use are of a daintier description. Another case occurs to me. In a beautiful New England town, I was present at a little party of professional men. On entering the crowded cloak-room, I found a little ante-room, in which the gentlemen in turn were putting themselves in order before descending to the drawing-room, and here, on first making the discovery, I found a professor of Greek busily engaged communicating a high polish to his boots, and handling the brush with the skill of a professional shoe-black. It was very comical; but if you can't get any one else to clean your boots, what are you to do? America might almost be defined as a land of glorious liberty, qualified by the necessity of brushing your own boots.

I have said so much about these little matters, because, though small in themselves, they represent the whole state of domestic service.

One may hope that this state of things is preparation for a better. My own conviction is that this difficulty between servant and mistress (which begins now to be

felt in our own country) is one part of the universal conflict between the feudal and the republican ideas. The republican idea is that of political and social equality—such equality that no man on account of his birth or employment is to be held inferior to another man. The feudal idea is that of caste: superiors and inferiors by reason of birth or employment, master and servant, priest and layman, lord and vassal, planter and slave. This idea has had its day, and is going down; while the republican idea steadily gains ground, in the Church, in politics, in the relations of employers and employed. Look at Southern slavery; see where the Pope, see where the English nobles, stand to-day as compared with where they stood a century ago. The same idea is splitting up the old relation of master and servant preparatory to forming a new one, in which the equality of both parties shall be recognised, although their functions may differ. Servants refuse to brush your boots, not because they object to the work (for they brush their own), but because doing it for you as your servant is considered menial work. When this idea is got rid of, repugnance to the work will disappear. Freeborn American boys brush boots at every corner, and feel it no sacrifice of their republican dignity, for they are doing it not as your servants, but as business men in a small way entering into a contract to do a certain amount of work for a certain amount of pay, with no implication of inferiority.

But though this state of domestic service may be the operation of an important revolutionary principle, it is in the meantime excessively inconvenient to the individual mortal who is not thinking of any principles at all, but merely wants the door opened or his boots blacked.

It is one indication of the change I have referred to that servants in America do not like to be called servants. They are "ladies," "helps," "companions." You may find even a black washerwoman advertising herself as a "coloured lady," "desiring an engagement as a laundress." The negroes are a long way behind in the race as yet; but with white servants the change is not a mere change in words.

There is a difference in their position. In the Western States I have sometimes seen the servants sit down to dinner with the family. In one village hotel I remember the waiters who were off duty sitting down to supper with us in their shirt-sleeves. They were as free and polite in their manners, and talked as well as any in the company; and but for their shirt-sleeves would not have been distinguishable from the rest.

Even in the older States and in the great centres of civilisation and refinement, the change of status is marked, and the servants share in the good things of the house to an extent seldom dreamt of here. Americans generally go down into what is called the basement to eat; and as soon as the family has finished, the servants ring the bell again for themselves, sit down at the table which the family has just left and take their share of the same dishes. I have been in houses where the dining-room was not below, but formed an ante-room to the parlour, separated from it by sliding-doors, so that after dinner, while we sat in the parlour, we could hear the servants laughing and talking over their dinner in the ante-room which we had just left.

Change in status has brought with it (in so far as it has got time to work) a corresponding change in the manners and appearance of servants. Some of them

are educated and refined, with manners as graceful and hands as white as their mistresses. In one house where I stayed, the servant knew Latin and could play on the piano remarkably well. In another family I was told that a girl who had been servant two years before was now head of an academy. These were American girls, who had received the education which America provides for poor as well as rich. But very few American girls go into service. They prefer going into factories, printing and telegraph offices, and stores, where, if they are clever hands, they earn as many dollars a week as a common servant would in a month, and where they can have more independence. One finds a number of Scotch and German servant girls, who are much prized and sought after. But most of the "helps," especially in large cities like New York, are Irish, and Irish of recent importation, very ignorant, very handless, and with just enough knowledge of republican liberty and equality to make them disagreeable. In Newark, when I was there, I found an association of servant girls banded together by the resolution, whatever were their qualifications or disqualifications, to take nothing less than ten dollars a month from any one, and to support each other till the mistresses gave in. One gentleman told me he had engaged three Irish "helps" within as many weeks, not one of whom seemed to know anything except that she must have ten dollars a month. Their exactions, indeed, are often in the inverse ratio of their deserts. A literary man, who heard his wife endeavouring to arrange with a new servant in the ante-room, heard the applicant say that she must have a parlour to herself, and would expect not to be asked to do this and the other thing, and proceed to cross-examine the

lady as to the habits of the family. The gentleman bore it a little while, and then got up and went into the room.

"You are applying to be 'help' here?" he said.

"Yes."

"Can you paint in oil?"

"No."

"Can you read Greek, work logarithms, and calculate eclipses?"

"No."

"Then," said he, "that's enough, you won't do for us. Good morning."

Let it be said, however, for these Irish girls, that, with all their faults as servants, they have many fine qualities of heart, head, and hand. With every temptation to spend their money in dress, thousands of them continue, month after month, and year after year, to send every dollar they can spare to support the old people in the home across the sea; or will keep their money accumulating till they have enough to bring their parents and sisters out to a new and more comfortable home in America. These are not rare cases. They are found everywhere, and this alone should hide a multitude of sins.

It is only in their position as servants that there is so much fault to find with them. Even in that position they improve. It is astonishing how fast they pick up information; how soon they begin to acquire the graceful manners of their mistresses, and how their very figure seems to change, and their hands to become white and delicate. They learn, too, to dress with great elegance. I was amused at Brooklyn to hear from a lady that one day, when her hat had not come from the milliner, the servant offered her the use of *hers*,

assuring her that her previous mistress had often availed herself of her wardrobe. When I saw how beautifully some of these girls dressed on a Sunday, the story became credible at once.

But by the time a girl gets this length, if not much sooner, she marries, and leaves her place to be filled up by fresh importations of the rough and raw material, that refuses to answer the door-bell, and keeps master and mistress in such constant irritation and despair.

The negroes seemed to me to make excellent servants. They are obedient, apt to learn, anxious to please. But not to speak of vices which they have brought from barbarism and slavery, the Northern people have a strange repugnance to black people, though this has much diminished since the war. As for the Irish, they hate the "nigger," with an ineradicable hatred, and a coloured servant in a house where there is also an Irish servant, leads the life of a dog. In one house where I lived for a while, and where there was a black boy to brush the boots and answer the door, the Irish servants would not permit him to eat in the same place with them, but made him take his food outside. It seems to me, however, that by-and-bye most of the servants in the North, as in the South, must be coloured people. Already it is so in most of the hotels, and year by year the practice becomes more prevalent.

VII.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In New York, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Beecher, and hearing him preach and lecture on several occasions. He is a man so singular as not easily to be classed or compared with others. It was, indeed, an old Boston saying, that mankind was divisible into three classes,—the good, the bad, and the Beechers!

He is led by his impulsive nature to say and do the strangest things at times, and yet in most cases one can feel a noble Christian heart throbbing underneath. Take a single case: Beecher was walking down the Bowery one day, when he noticed a poor little withered boy sitting on the kerb-stone selling matches. He stopped, spoke to the little fellow, and found that he was a poor castaway child, likely to perish for want of proper care. Beecher thought for a moment, and then asked the boy if he could sing.

Yes; he sometimes tried.

"Let me hear you," said Beecher.

The boy began to sing; Beecher stood with folded arms, listening. A crowd began to collect.

"Very good," said Beecher, when the boy finished; "let me hear another."

By the time the second song was finished, a large crowd had gathered. Beecher bent down, took the

little boy, slung him upon his shoulder, and faced the crowd.

"Now, my little fellow," he said, "there are listeners for you; give *them* a song."

The child, perched on the great preacher's shoulder, sang again. As soon as he had finished, Beecher asked the little fellow for his cap, and went round the crowd, holding it out for contributions. In a few minutes, something like two hundred dollars was collected. Beecher took the boy to a friend's office, got him clothed and provided for, and the balance of money banked for his use. I cannot vouch for all the details, but there undoubtedly you have the man.

In America, Beecher is an independent power.

Wherever he lectures or preaches people crowd to hear him; his sermons are printed in the newspapers as far west as California; democrats abhor him; grog-sellers dread him; Princeton theologians shake their heads over his theology; but everywhere, liked or disliked, the name of Henry Ward Beecher is known, and his power recognised.

The Southern people only know him as an uncompromising antagonist of slavery, and a preacher of the "isms" which they regard as the damnation of America. There was a time when his life would not have been worth a day's purchase south of Mason and Dixon's line. It is said that a literary lady from the South, visiting Brooklyn before the war, went to hear Beecher as she would have gone to see a ghoul. She was surprised to hear an earnest gospel sermon. She went back and heard another even more unexceptionable than the first. She went and heard him at meetings too, till her preconceived opinion of him was entirely

changed. She sought an introduction, and said, after some conversation, "Mr. Beecher, the South misunderstands you, and you misunderstand the South. I want you to come and see Dixie for yourself, and let the Southern people hear you."

"Madam," said Beecher, "my neck is short, and not handsome; but it is the only one God has given me, and I had rather retain it in its natural state than have it elongated by external appliances."

This was at a time when Southern feeling was exasperated beyond the point of endurance by Northern movements against slavery.

Even now, the feelings engendered by that angry controversy rankle in the Southern breast. It struck me sometimes that the firm Southern belief in the existence of hell was moored to the felt necessity for some place of torment for Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison, and the whole family of Beechers. I scarcely ever met a Southerner who had any hope of the salvation of Mrs. Stowe. The feeling is that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of itself was enough to drag the whole of New England to endless perdition, even supposing that world of "isms" to have ever had any opposite tendency. There appeared in some minds to be a certain glimmering of hope for Henry Ward. I met with good Southerners who seemed, since Beecher's address on behalf of General Lee's College, to cherish a desperate hope that, after a few thousand years of purgatorial fire, he might find a way of approach on his knees to the heaven of redeemed planters. The Southern people will think more of Beecher when they know him better. Even Parson Brownlow, visiting Brooklyn in his pro-slavery days, and attending service at Plymouth Church,

wrote back to his friends in Tennessee:—"If any of you ever find your way to heaven, don't be surprised if you meet Beecher!"

Beecher is, in New York, what Spurgeon is in London, and what Dr. Guthrie used to be in Edinburgh. Every one visiting the Empire City is expected to hear him. His church is in Brooklyn, itself a city of immense size, lying across the river from New York, as Birkenhead lies from Liverpool. Plymouth Church is away in one of the side streets, but you have no difficulty in finding it if you are on your way to Beecher's. At ten in the morning or six in the evening, cross at the Fulton Ferry and follow the crowd; or, if you are in Brooklyn, come down in the Fulton Avenue cars, and when the one in which you are travelling stops at a certain crossing and disgorges almost the whole of its human freight, get out and follow the stream down Plymouth Street, and it will pilot you to the place.

The first time I heard Beecher in his own church was at a forenoon service. If the reader will, in imagination, accompany me, I will try to give him a glimpse of the man and the place. Crowds of people are waiting at the doors of the great brick building to get their chance of a place when the regular congregation is seated; but you and I are strangers from a distant land, we tell our errand to one of the officiating deacons, and are at once conducted away up the aisle to a good seat, not many yards from the pulpit. What a vast church we are in! Gallery above gallery piled up to the roof. I wonder if those people in the topmost gallery yonder, with their heads almost touching the ceiling, will hear anything! The seats are painted white, with a brown beading, which gives the whole place a bright and ele-

gant appearance. The church is crowding fast, and yet it is still half-an-hour from the time.

I spoke of the pulpit—but I should have said the desk. Beecher dislikes those "sacred mahogany tubs" —hates, as he says himself, to be shut off from the people, and plastered up against the wall like a barn-swallow in its nest. He quotes the saying of Daniel Webster, that the survival of Christianity in spite of high pulpits, is one of the evidences of its divinity. Beecher likes an open platform, where he can walk to and fro, and face every man whom he wishes to address.

It is an interesting platform that on which we are now looking. Some of the most extraordinary sermons that the Americans of this generation have listened to have been preached from it. It was standing on that platform that Beecher poured forth those philippics against slavery that ran like wildfire through the North, and helped to kindle the conflagration of '61. Let me describe one scene that was enacted here. After the sermon one day, Beecher said, "Here is a letter I got the other day from a friend in Washington, saying that a young woman, a slave, is to be sold this week unless she can buy herself off, and this will cost twelve hundred dollars. The trader has allowed her to make subscriptions, and has himself headed the list with a hundred dollars. She has not been able, however, with all her begging round Washington, to raise more than five hundred more, and if the other six are not raised she will be sold the day after to-morrow. When I got this letter about it," said Beecher, "I wrote back, saying, 'It is of no use unless the young woman comes herself.' The trader has such confidence in her that he has let her come. *She is here now.*" Amidst breathless excitement he

turned to that door leading in from the vestry, and said, "Come up, Nancy." The young woman appeared, and took her place timidly beside Beecher on the platform. "Now," said Beecher, "if we don't raise six hundred dollars, this woman will be sold the day after to-morrow to the highest bidder." The deacons were on their feet in an instant, and the plates went round. The excitement was intense. One Southern planter put in fifty dollars. Ladies who had no money put in their rings or brooches. The plates were piling up. In the meantime, two gentlemen (Arthur Tappan, I think, was one of them) went up and announced, through Beecher, that whatever the collection was, they would guarantee the six hundred. There was a burst of applause: the woman was free! There was no repressing the enthusiasm. It was the church; but people clapped their hands and cheered as (Beecher said) "in holy joy." The collection turned out to be sufficient, not only to buy off the woman but her little boy. This is one of the stories of Plymouth Church.

Three minutes from the time now! Beecher will be in soon. The church seems crammed, and still the people keep crowding in.

Suddenly a stir in the church, and a turning of all eyes to the platform. See, there he is! Beecher himself, with that old smile of good-humoured defiance on his face. He has come in as quietly and unconcernedly as if he were to be a mere listener. He has his overcoat on—his rubbers, too (goloshes, as we should call them here), and his hat in his hand, just as if he had been called in for a few moments from the street. No pulpit-gown, no beadle, no ceremony, in this land of liberty and equality.

Beecher deposits his hat in the corner, takes off his rubbers in presence of the whole congregation, seats himself at ease in the chair, and, taking the hymn-book from the little table beside him, begins to turn over the leaves.

At half-past ten, sharp on the minute, the organ begins. In front of it, seated in the orchestra gallery, just above Beecher, is the choir—a row of twenty or thirty young ladies and gentlemen, whose heads alone are visible behind the low crimson screen. They are not a paid choir; they belong to the congregation.

As soon as the voluntary is ended, Beecher rises, takes off his overcoat, and, stepping forward to the desk, says, "Let us invoke the blessing of God." He does so in a few solemn words, ending with—"Through Christ, our Redeemer, Amen." Then he opens the Bible and begins to read a chapter—the 6th of Paul to the Ephesians.

He stands erect with a brave look, one foot planted a pace forward. His white collar is turned over a black tie; his long hair, turning grey now, is brushed back behind his ears. His large grey light-floating eye is full of sunny light; and about his whole face, especially about his mouth and chin, that singular expression of smiling defiance. Altogether he has the look of a brave, strong man exulting in his strength—the look of one who is going to fight you, and knows that he will win, but means to let you off without much punishment.

The people are still crowding in at all doors choking the passages.

After a hymn comes the prayer. There is a solemn stillness; Beecher's voice, wonderful in its pathos and power, filling the whole place, and rising up with its

pleadings to the throne of grace. He prays for the poor and those left in ignorance—for Sunday schools, colleges, and universities. "Behold," he cries with emotion, "how many there are to be lifted up!" He prays that more men may come forward to make sacrifices for the truth. Then, with kindling voice, "O that Thou wouldst make men more heroic for God! Lord Jesus, Thou who hast beheld the heels of tyrants bathed in the blood of those they have crushed—oh, wilt Thou not come in Thy shining armour and set the people free?" Then, with a pause and sudden revulsion of feeling, he says—his voice broken down with sadness—"The darkness is very thick. Life walks with weary feet." The depth of feeling that trembles in Beecher's voice when his heart is full, it is almost impossible to describe.

After another hymn come the intimations, some of which are rather odd. Miss Lucy Stone is to deliver a lecture somewhere or other on "Shall women vote?" The prayer-meeting is to be shifted this week from Wednesday to Saturday, as there is to be a children's concert on Wednesday, "at which," says Beecher, "the eminent singer, Parepa Rosa, will perform, unless a Providential interference shall prevent her." Another intimation is to the effect that Captain D—, of this church, will, on such a night, repeat his lecture on the East. Beecher looks at the paper a second time, and says, with a merry twinkle in his eye—"'his *great* lecture,' he calls it." This excites a chuckle all over the church at the expense of the captain, who is pointed out to us sitting in his seat in view of the whole congregation, and who evidently intends, from his look (he and Beecher are always bantering one another), to pay

his pastor back in his own coin at the earliest possible date.

There is another hymn, and then Beecher comes forward and gives out the text. It is in Ephesians vi. 7: —"With goodwill doing service, as to the Lord and not to men."

He pauses for several moments, looking up into the gallery with that peculiar smile upon his face, as if he knew there was some one there afraid of him, and begging him mutely not to begin with him. He lets him alone and opens quietly, showing how Paul is urging men to the fulfilment of their duties—children to parents, parents to children.

"We come next," he says, "to *slaves*." At that word, the key-note of so many fierce conflicts, there is the first flash of fire.

"I have heard it alleged," says the preacher (warming up), "that these passages justified the sin of slavery! But mark well the Apostle's word. When he speaks to children, he says, 'Obey your parents *in the Lord*, for this is *right*.' But when he comes to the slaves, he says, "Serve your masters"—*not* your masters in the Lord—but your masters "according to the flesh," those that happen to be your masters according to the ways of the world—serve them with energy and sincerity of purpose. And then he jumps the master, as though the slave had no motive for service that could be derived from him, and says, 'Do it as unto Christ.' I cannot do it for my master's sake; there is no consideration growing out of this relationship that will be a just and proper motive for me to give him a slave's obedience; but Christ says, 'Do it for me.'" Beecher's voice has been kindling through all the paragraph. He looks up

now with flaming eye. "This distinction," he cries with a voice of thunder, "this implication is a prodigious argument against slavery!"

That is his introduction. He launches out now upon his subject—showing that this is a principle of universal application—that we all have duties to perform that are disagreeable or painful, and that we should help ourselves to their discharge by looking beyond them to the Lord—doing the service loyally as to Him. He shows how God, to receive this service, connects Himself with all persons and all events. "Here," he cries, "springs up the doctrine of Christian Pantheism—the doctrine of a personal God clothed with affection, who has so joined Himself to men and events that there is not one thing that is not united in some way with God, as in a family where, if a child is sick or hurt, it goes back at once to the heart of its parents." He shows how all men work more easily when acting from the higher than from the lower motives; how, therefore, when a man trains himself to work from this highest motive of all, doing service as to the Lord, the yoke becomes easy and the burden light.

This is the central idea of his discourse, which he illustrates in a hundred different ways, and sends home with amazing power.

His manner is peculiar. His manuscript is on the desk, but he does not stay much beside it. He reads a few sentences at first; but as soon as the thought seizes him, he moves back and begins to "orate" and gesticulate all round the platform, till the idea is exhausted: then he goes back. He looks like a man going for lance after lance to his armoury, brandishing one awhile in the air, hurling it suddenly at the

enemy, and, as soon as he has seen it strike, turning for another.

His wealth of illustration is boundless. In this he resembles Guthrie; but Guthrie draws more from nature, Beecher from human life. He seems to search the faces of his audience as he goes along, to see what manner of men they are, and what their thoughts are busied with in life, that he may know with what arguments and appeals to reach them. He hesitates at nothing. If he come on politics he dashes in, and says, without the slightest circumlocution, exactly what he means. He never calls a spade an agricultural implement, or alludes to a man's wife as the partner of his joys and sorrows. He comes for an instant to-day on the subject of political corruption. He declares that public offices are bought and sold in the United States like beef in the shambles. He tells his audience that he says nothing of New York, for New York is clean gone like Sodom and Gomorrah; nothing of Albany, for it is a hissing and a by-word among the nations. He speaks of the country at large, and he declares that ninety-five out of every hundred offices are bought and sold like things in the market. The reference to the gone condition of New York excites a laugh, but it is over in an instant. Beecher is on with kindling face to something else, and in two minutes after you could hear a pin fall, as the audience listens to some simple story of the Saviour's love. Then he is off again, flaming with some new thought, but always sweeping on upon the same broad track, till suddenly he is done, and standing there with the fire and enthusiasm still in his face that has been kindling in it through his last appeal. The closing exercises are brief but solemn, and the vast congregation begins to disperse.

People quote Beecher's funny sayings as they used to quote Spurgeon's, but these are the mere bubbles on the surface of the rushing stream. You may have laughed with the others at some odd illustration, but you leave the church a better man than when you entered it. You have got an impulse in the right direction: you go away with higher thoughts and purposes. This, after all, is the test of a good sermon. Of the two extremes, it is perhaps better to laugh and get good, than to sleep and get none.

Many of the peculiarities of Beecher's style spring from his peculiar training. His father gave him the very best education within his reach; but "Henry" left college with no thought of the Church, was rather a wild youth, and, with two companions, followed the pioneers to the backwoods to shoot, hunt, and fish. In the midst of this wild life he happened to hear a Methodist minister, and the truth struck home to his heart. The effect was instantaneous. Like Saul when he was struck down on his way to Damascus, his first question was—"What wilt Thou have me to do?" Beecher's enthusiastic nature admitted of nothing else. He sold his rod and gun for a horse, and began to move from place to place, preaching to the backwoodsmen. This was the beginning of Beecher's ministry. At first he used to try and write his sermons, as he had seen his father do: with sometimes nothing but the end of a log or the lid of a pot to rest the paper on. But he found that a log-cabin full of children was not a place favourable to composition of this kind, and he gave it up. Thereafter his studying was done as he rode from one settlement to another, on the back of his old horse.

This went on for three years, before he settled down in a regular charge. It was during these years that he acquired his power of homely and forcible illustration, and his habit, still so marked, of seizing everything from around him that can help to drive truth home to the heart.[1] Without this he would never have succeeded

[1] Here are some of his odd sayings:—"Some people puzzle themselves about the origin of evil. These people begin at the wrong end. What would you think of a man who, if he saw a pig in his garden, should begin to discuss the question how that pig could have got in, when the pig is busy all the time rooting up his potatoes? No; the first thing is to drive the pig out. Let us drive sin from our hearts and from the world. Let this be our business here. We shall have a whole eternity afterwards to ascertain how it first got in." Referring to those who are great in profession, but very small in Christian activity, he said, "Some men pray cream and live skim milk."

Again, speaking of some mammon worshippers who make a profession of religion, he said, "They are not satisfied with a competence: they must have it five storeys high. And then they want religion as a sort of lightning-rod to their houses, to ward off the bolts of Divine wrath."

Upbraiding his people on one occasion for the meanness of their contributions for the poor, he said, "There are hundreds of men here who ought to be ashamed ever to give anything but gold, or at least a dollar bill, and they *are* ashamed to do it. Don't they, when the plate approaches, and they have put their fingers in their pockets and selected *a quarter*, use admirable tact in conveying it to the plate, so that no one shall see what they give? Pious souls! they don't let their left hand know what their right doeth. If they have two bills, one good, one bad, they will generally give the bad one to the Lord."

Standing forth against the execution of Jefferson Davis, which, in 1865, was clamoured for by a powerful party, Beecher said,—"The war itself is the most terrific warning that could possibly be set up. And to attempt, by erecting against this lurid background the petty figure of a gallows, with a man dangling at it to heighten the effect, would be like lighting tapers when God's lightnings are flashing across the heavens, to add to the grandeur of the storm."

Commenting on the parable of the unjust judge, he said,—"We are told that he lived in a certain city. If it had been New York this would have been no guide. We have so many of them here, nobody would have known which judge was referred to."

On another occasion, referring to a commercial crisis that had wrecked a number of New York and Brooklyn merchants, some of them his own people, he said,—"This is the best thing that could have hap-

amongst the rough backwoodsmen as he did. At last a congregation was formed in Indiana, and Beecher, assisted by some of the farmers, got a little church put up. It was a rude affair, and he had to keep it in order himself. He swept the place every Sunday morning with his own hands.

"I would have rung the bell too," said Beecher, "if there had been a bell to ring!"

When he was called to Brooklyn, and examined prior to his settlement, some of the older and more rigid clergymen on the examining committee were horrified at his apparent ignorance of technical theology—and he a son of Lyman Beecher! Horace Bushnell stood up for him, said the right spirit was in this man, and he would soon work out for himself the details of theology. Some of the others were less satisfied. "I would protest against this settlement," said one, "were I not in hope that his theology will gradually be rectified by his wise and estimable brother,"—referring to Dr. Edward Beecher. When this brother startled the orthodox with his *Contest of Ages*, Beecher said to his old friend,—"You see we are now getting our theology gradually rectified by that wise and estimable brother of mine!"

One or two other stories of that examination are still current. Beecher was asked by a New England minister of the stricter sort, if he believed in the doctrine of the Perseverance of the Saints.

pened for some of you. You will now have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of your children. There are some men here who have been accustomed to live in New York and *roost* in Brooklyn."

Mr. Zincke heard Beecher say, in preaching against American intemperance, that "an American had not the same excuse which an Englishman had, for the latter had so much water outside, that there was some reason for his never taking any inside."

"I used to believe in that doctrine," said Beecher; "but when I went out West, and saw how the New England saints behaved themselves when they got away there, I gave it up." He was not questioned further on that point.

He was warned, however, by the presiding minister, against the indulgence of wit in the pulpit. "Ah, Doctor," said Beecher, "if you knew how much I keep down as it is, you would say I did very well. Suppose, now," he added, "God had endowed you with any wit, would you not use it to His glory?"

Beecher has wrought a perceptible change in the American pulpit. He has done so, speaking literally as well as figuratively, for he has helped to clear away the box pulpits and introduce the open platform. He carries the same idea into his preaching. He wants room, freedom, latitude. He must speak what he thinks and feels, no matter whether it make the people applaud, or laugh, or cry. All the faculties that God has given him he demands the liberty to use in His service—whether it be wit, logic, sarcasm, pathos, or humour. He is warring with the devil, and every arrow in his quiver must fly. The question with him is not "Which shaft is considered the most proper?" but "Which will fly straightest and strike deepest?"

He must also be allowed to deal with any and every subject. If he thinks the interests of religion are bound up in any crisis with the ascendancy of the Republican party, he will preach Republican politics. It will be remembered how, in the crisis of '64 he declared that he would preach Abraham Lincoln till the election was over. He follows his instincts—attacks the grog-shops, the slave-system, the Government, the State

Legislature, the corrupt tribunals of New York[1]—every person, institution, or practice in whom or in which he thinks the devil is dangerously entrenching himself.

This makes his church a power in the land. Evil-doers are afraid of him. If a New York millionaire or a Cabinet Minister, no matter who he is, does any conspicuously wicked or dastardly thing, Henry Ward Beecher will have his clutches on him next Sunday night, and hold him up in Plymouth Church to the execration of the whole country.

But if Beecher is a terror to evil-doers, he is equally a praise to such as do well. He has a large and generous heart. If he was one of the first to inflame the war-spirit of the North against slavery, he was also one of the first to preach magnanimity and mercy to the conquered South. His speech at Sumter, in '65, is an im-

[1] Last year he dragged the New York city judges, with all their venality and corruption upon them, into the light. The judges were furious, and met to frame a libel. But they knew too well the truth of the allegations; they found that it would be perilous in the face of the public to attempt to shut up the mouth of their accuser, and they let the matter drop. Beecher suggested that as they had failed with him, they should now look to themselves and repent. He preached a sermon on "Works meet for repentance." He said there were many unconverted men who lived outwardly such good moral lives that when the inward change came they glided into the new life imperceptibly. "But," he said, "when a New York judge repents—what a mighty change has to take place with him! . . . If such a man came to me and said, 'Sir, I have been the very chief of sinners,' and a thousand men should say 'Amen!' and he should say, 'I have corrupted the very fountain of justice—what must I do to be saved?' I should say, 'Quick! arise and confess those sins; and give back those bribes!' A corrupt judge! No words can be too fiery, no edge too sharp, no thunder too mighty, and no lightning too hot to scorch such a man. If such men are ever to enter the kingdom of God, they must be born again; and when they are, there will be found scarce enough in them to make a fair-sized infant."

perishable monument, not only to his nobleness of heart, but to his generosity and Christian statesmanship.[1]

[1] The so-called "political" sermon with which, in Plymouth Church, he ushered in that year, deserves to be written under his name in letters of gold. At the very time when the North was swelling with her mighty triumph, and the *New York Herald* was reminding the country that by and by there would be half-a-million of veteran troops at leisure to annex Canada and punish the nation that had let slip the *Alabama* to prey on American commerce, this is what Henry Ward Beecher ("War-Beecher" as *Punch* would have it) was preaching to his countrymen :— "I want influence for my country—not power. The power that silently issues from her laws; the sight of her wealth and thrift; the sight of her order, and peace, and virtue; the sight of the poor man's prosperity; the sight of a nation that is virtuous and happy;—this is the only political supremacy that I desire for my country. . . . I am not eager for her military superiority. . . . I am not eager even for her commercial pre-eminence. . . . I am filled with a higher ambition. Let all arts and commerce thrive; let our influence extend and our example shine; but let it be as a *Christian* nation that we are known. We go on no incendiary mission. Truth preaching, not filibustering, is to be our national errand. . . . Brethren, we have no revenges to seek. If out of this terrific baptism of blood [the war was just closing] we should emerge mourning our first-born, and turn from green graves to shake bloody hands at those who have not known or sympathized with our sorrows!—oh, if we should be left to that, we have not yet escaped from the snare of the devil. If out of our sufferings we do not rise with more Christian fortitude and more magnanimity than to raise up old evils, and set on foot new wars of vengeance for things that might easily be forgotten, then we have profited little from this teaching of God. I am not for war with any nation; and . . . woe be to the day that shall beget estrangement between the Christians of England and the Christians of America! . . . I am for building up this nation in wealth, in civilisation, in refinement, in political strength, in military power, in all things that go to make us broad and tall and great: and then I am for having this nation, in the majesty of its might, stand for peace, and Christian fellowship, and Christian love. . . . A nation that can be measured by nothing but latitudes and longitudes; a nation that has nothing to fear but God—is there not to be a day when such a nation shall go forth sweet-tempered as a lamb? It is that that I labour for, and hope for, and believe in for my nation. Let other nations do wrong, and by the hatefulness of that wrong in our eyes, let us not imitate it."

This is the man that has been called a mountebank, a *farceur*, a preacher of "the gospel according to Joe Miller."

Beecher's influence on the American pulpit may be summed up in a few words. He has lowered its level, but increased its power. He has made it stoop—to conquer.

Conversing one day with Beecher on the subject of the war, he said, "Our triumph is producing a speedier effect upon you than upon ourselves. It will take time here. It has shown its influence in England already, in the Reform Bill. The first effect of that bill will be to revolutionize the educational system. I should also think, but I don't know, that it would affect the Church and the land-tenure. The land question is vital. Now, we in America are invulnerable, unapproachable, because every one has property in the country. Immigration makes no difference. If all Europe came here we should not have people enough for the soil. The root of patriotism," he said, with emphasis, "is property in land."

Speaking of American institutions, he said he had implicit faith in the good government of an educated people.

I spoke of the misgovernment of New York.

"New York," he said, "is an exception, because of the mass of foreign ignorance and vice that has accumulated in it. The Irish and German vote controls the election. But that mass will one day be educated and Americanized."

He had been in Canada shortly before, spending the time there necessary to secure the copyright of *Norwood*. He said Canada was a fine country. He had no idea of it till he had seen it. He paid what evidently seemed to him the highest conceivable compliment when he added that it appeared not very different from the States.

On another occasion, speaking of Charles Dickens and his visit to America, I asked if he thought his *American Notes* and *Chuzzlewit* would tell against him with the people.

"No," said Beecher; "not now. There was a time when they would, but the feeling has cooled down. We were very sensitive at the time these books first came out. It was the difference between the young man of sixteen and the man of thirty. A young man of sixteen is very anxious about people's opinion of him. He doesn't know whether he is really a man or not. We have got past that stage now."

Speaking of Hepworth Dixon's book on *New America*, and the prominence he gives to Shakers, Mormons, and other exceptional communities, "What are these in this great nation?" exclaimed Beecher. "They are little sections of the people that step out of the line of the nation's march, live a little time, and die. 'New America!'—you might as well draw a picture of a wart on a man's nose and call it the New Man!"

VIII.

NOTES ABOUT NEW YORK.

NEW YORK is a stupendous city—a perfect maelstrom of commerce. It has already covered the greater part of the island; it is streaming fast towards the other end, where stands New Harlem. Very soon now it will have swallowed up New Harlem, and converted the whole island into one huge hive of industry. Nor are these the real limits of New York. She has stretched her arm across the river on both sides of her, and built other two great cities for her overflowing population—Jersey city on the west, Brooklyn on the east, the latter with a population now of 300,000 souls.

In New York all that is best and all that is worst in America is represented. Fling together Tyre and Sidon, the New Jerusalem, Sodom and Gomorrah, a little of heaven, and more of hell, and you have a faint picture of this mighty Babylon of the New World. City of colossal wealth and haggard poverty; city of virtue, with an abortionist occupying the most palatial residence in Fifth Avenue; city of churches and Bible houses, where one of the foremost citizens is a man who keeps his wife on one side of the street and his mistress on the other.

New York can scarcely be called an American city, the proportion of foreigners—especially of Irish and Germans—being so overwhelming, and the steady influx

of this foreign element being so immense. The Germans are reckoned at 400,000, being a larger number than is to be found in any German city except Berlin and Vienna; while the Irish are more numerous in New York than in any city in Ireland except Dublin. I was surprised to find the Germans so numerous. Everywhere in the streets, in the markets, in the stages, horse-cars, and ferry-boats—you can hear German talked. It reminded me of the prevalence of French in Montreal. There are German churches, German theatres, German newspapers; but English is the language of every public school, even in the German quarter of the city. America has wisely determined that English shall be the language of the continent—one of the most important provisions she has made for national unity.

The Scotch are not very numerous in New York, numbering only about 20,000, in a population of nearly two millions, taking in Brooklyn. I found they had a high character for industry and enterprise. Most of them are prosperous, and many of them have risen to positions of great wealth and influence. They are strongly British in feeling, remain for the most part British subjects, and take little interest in American politics. They do not organize, and are merely so many grains of sand on the sea-shore. Hence the Scotch, like the English, are not counted amongst political parties as the Irish and Germans are.

The Irish make a profession of politics, throw themselves with all the ardour of their race into the political arena, and almost monopolize the public offices. The Irish element rules New York, and the result is not flattering to the rulers. I doubt if there be a city in the world where there is so much official jobbery and

corruption. Beecher spoke of New York as given over to the devil—clean gone, like Sodom and Gomorrah—and the further one penetrates into the government or misgovernment of the city, the more reason one sees for accepting his language literally. Take a single case; the whisky tax in New York brings little or nothing into the Treasury, when everybody knows that it ought to bring millions of dollars. Why is this? There are officials getting say $2000 a year to see the whisky manufactured and to tax it. But it would pay the distilleries to give these officials $2000 a week *not* to see the whisky, and therefore, not to tax it. Whether the experiment is made or not, the curious fact remains that, while the tax is $2 on the gallon, you can buy as much whisky as you please at $1 90c., being 10 cents less than the tax on it. The consequence is, that when Government seizes whisky and puts it up for auction, they can't sell it even for the amount of the tax. What a stupendous fraud lies half-concealed under this single fact!

The first thing that opens the eyes of a stranger to the management of the city, especially if the weather be wet, is the shocking condition of the streets. The dirtiest streets of London or Glasgow are like a drawing-room floor compared with the streets of New York on a slushy day. Crossing even Broadway, after a thaw, I have had to tuck up my "pants" and wade. Most of the people wear rubbers over their boots—gunboats as they sometimes call them from their size; but if matters got much worse they should have to betake themselves to real boats, and establish ferries at the principal crossings. There is probably no city in the world where the streets cost the people so much, and are im-

proved so little. And the condition of the streets seems to be only a picture of the municipal government generally.

New York, however, is not to be taken as a fair illustration of American institutions—can scarcely be called an American city at all. It shows us Republican government controlled, to a large extent, by a mass of foreigners, who lack the education and political training which the American system provides for its own people. From this point of view, the government of New York, bad as it is, challenges admiration. When we consider the overwhelming power of her foreign element—when we remember that she has been for many years a sink for the ignorance, vice, and crime of all Europe—that the best of the emigrants who are poured out in shiploads upon her wharves day by day go west, leaving the worst to her—when we remember that all this mass of important ignorance, and vice, and crime is enfranchised in New York, and that the lowest and most ignorant class of immigrants landing to-day can, by a cheap and easy process of perjury, be converted into voters to-morrow—the wonder amongst intelligent people will be, not that New York has a defective government, but that she has any government at all. The fact that, in spite of all these circumstances, law and order prevail, and life and property are secure—that the vast commercial interests of the city continue to expand, and her social condition to improve—this fact, in view of the fearful strain to which American institutions there are subjected, makes New York, in spite of her mis-government, one of the most remarkable proofs of the strength and stability of Republican government.

Living is very expensive in New York, and prices

have risen enormously since the war. One notices this most in little things. Scarcely anything now is to be got for a cent; everything is three cents, generally five. You pay five cents for an apple. Lead pencils, which used to be six cents, are now fifteen. Havana cigars, which could be got for eight and ten cents formerly, are up to thirty-five, and range from that to a dollar. Good beef-steak could not be got for less than thirty-five cents a pound any time I visited New York; while before the war you could get the best cut for eight—being less than a fourth of its present price. Tea, which had been untaxed formerly, was burdened with a duty of 20 cents per pound.

There had been a similar rise in the price of houses and in rents. A friend in Brooklyn had just paid $12,000 for a house that had been offered him for $4500 before the war. "What would this place rent for in Glasgow?"—a gentleman who had been showing me through his new house, asked me. I said "£150; at the outside £160." "Well," said he, "I pay $3000 (about £500), and I was glad to get it at that." I found that few good middle-class houses could be got at less than a rental of $2000. But the houses are generally larger, more commodious, and more elegant, though less substantial, than ours; and Americans allow a larger proportion of their incomes to go for house accommodation than we do. An American will sink a third, sometimes even a half of his income, in house rent.

With the working classes, house rent is a very serious item of expense. I found working men in New York paying $10 and $12 a month (£20 to £24 a year) for two rooms in an attic. But wages have risen with other things, and working men in regular employment are

exceedingly well off. Bricklayers were earning $6 (about 18s.) a day when I was in New York; though this high wage was not expected to last. The ordinary wage for bricklayers, masons, painters, plasterers, carpenters, and mechanics is $5 a day. This is more than double what it was before the war. Labourers, again, who used to get 75 cents or $1 a day, now get $2, sometimes $3. Of course the dollar is paper money, and $3 in paper money, in the present depreciated state of the currency, is only worth about $2 in gold. But in spite of all this—in spite, that is, of high prices and depreciated currency—the condition of the working man, even in New York, is better than it is here. Even if he only earns enough to pay his board—board there is much more luxurious than working men were ever accustomed to in Scotland. But in general, working men can live easily on half their income. I found compositors who were earning $20 a week, and who boarded comfortably on $6. Hence those who are economical easily accumulate money. I found in the Savings Bank of New York alone about $80,000,000 belonging chiefly to mechanics. There were $15,000,000 in the Bowery Savings Bank; $14,000,000 in the Savings Bank in Blecker Street; over $8,000,000 in the Seaman's Bank, and so on. The Germans are the most economical, the Irish least so; though the Irish, to their credit be it said, send a great deal of money home to their friends and relatives in Ireland. A gentleman who has long been officially connected with missionary and benevolent work amongst the poor of New York, described the difference between the Germans and the Irish thus:—"If," he said, "we get a German family on our poor list this year, we don't expect to have them

next year; but if we get an Irish family, we never expect to see them off the list as long as we can be induced to grant relief. The Irish are extravagant, the Germans are always economical. If a German earns twenty cents a day, he will live on thirteen; if an Irishman earns twenty-five, he will spend thirty."

IX.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION AND ITS CHIEF.[1]

ONE of the men I was most anxious to meet on my way South was George H. Stuart of Philadelphia. During the war I had read a great deal about him as the animating and governing spirit of that vast organization of Christian philanthropy, the United States Christian Commission, which had filled the Northern armies with Christian influences, which had its Christian delegates in every camp and hospital, helping the chaplains, the surgeons, and the nurses, keeping the soldiers supplied with a thousand little comforts which they would never otherwise have enjoyed, and sending its delegates out upon the fields of blood and agony as soon as a battle was over, to tend the maimed and the dying, friend and foe alike, moistening their parched lips, pointing their

[1] *The Annals of the Christian Commission*, which have now been published by Lippincott of Philadelphia—also the *Report of the U.S. Sanitary Commission* (a kindred organization, which looked more exclusively to the physical sufferings and wants of the army), will preserve an invaluable record of two of the greatest embodiments of Christian philanthropy which this or any other age has seen. I can think of few books by which one could so much wish this age to be known in after times, were its other records to be lost, as by these Annals of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. Of the Christian Commission, George H. Stuart was president from first to last, and there can be little doubt that to the genius, the Christian zeal, and the organizing and executive ability of this remarkable man the success of the Christian Commission was largely due.

eyes to the cross, and taking their dying messages to send to their distant homes.

I had no fewer than four letters of introduction to Mr. Stuart from prominent men in England and Scotland, and being exceedingly anxious not to lose what I thought might be my only opportunity, I forwarded these letters from New York, hoping they would clear the way for an interview when I got on to Philadelphia. Two days after I was writing letters in a friend's office in the city when the door of the outer office opened, and I heard a cheerful voice, with a sprightly touch of Irish in its accent, inquiring for me. On looking round, I beheld a pleasant, active-looking gentleman, in a cut-away coat such as business men very often wear in America, his countenance irradiated with a happy smile that seemed less to be called into his face by any passing circumstance than to belong to it as part of its proper expression, and to be flowing perpetually from a cheerful heart within.

When he said his name was Stuart, it never occurred to me that this was George H. Stuart of Philadelphia, whom I had pictured as a much older man, and one on whose face I should discern, as on a palimpsest, the cares and herculean labours of those long years of war.

When I found that it was really the chief of the Christian Commission that stood before me, I could not help expressing my astonishment at his youthful appearance.

"Oh," said he, with the smile brightening in his face, "work for the Lord makes even old men young."

He sat down near me and began to converse with great vivacity, asking questions about his friends in Scotland faster than I could answer them, and winding

up by saying that on reaching Philadelphia I must go straight to his house, bag and baggage, and make it my home as long as I remained in the city.

He had business to attend to in New York, so he rose to leave, shaking hands as cordially as if we had been friends from boyhood.

This interview, short as it was, went far to explain to me the character and success of this remarkable man. It was easy to see how this youthfulness and buoyancy of heart, this overflowing kindness, this quickness, eloquence and activity, with so much Christian enthusiasm and real love for the work, would enable a man with the requisite amount of brain to organize and personally animate and control even so vast a work as that of the Christian Commission.

On reaching Philadelphia I made my way out through the interminable streets to Mr. Stuart's house. It was late when I arrived, but tea was waiting for me just as if I had got home. Besides Mr. Stuart's family I found Professor Stoever of Gettysburg and Mr. H., a missionary on his way to India. I had a long talk with the Professor about the battle of Gettysburg, which had raged for three days within a mile of his house, and was the battle that turned the tide of the war.

"Mr. Stuart was there," said the Professor, "and prayed with dying men upon the field. He was much loved by the soldiers. One of our poor boys at Gettysburg raised his bleeding head from the ground and said to Mr. Stuart, 'Will you let me kiss you before I die?'"

Looking over the albums on the drawing-room table, I lighted on a number of familiar faces—Spurgeon, Guthrie, Arnot, Newman Hall, and Nelson of Edinburgh; also a number of Mr. Stuart's American friends

and coadjutors—Grant, Lincoln, Howard, Gough, and others. There was another picture that arrested my attention the instant it turned up. It was the photograph of a tall, powerful man of firm lip and eye, big shaggy head and heavy white beard, his hands in his pockets, and his elbows drawn well back. Underneath was the inscription, "Your friend, John Brown." It was the first likeness I had seen of John Brown of Harper's Ferry, who had struck the key-note of the great war.

We soon got upon the subject of the Christian Commission, of which Mr. Stuart's head and heart were full. He took me to his study and brought out a great number of his Christian Commission memorials and relics of the war. They were all in beautiful order—the papers and letters folded, docketed, and arranged so that he could lay his finger on any one of them at a moment's notice. I observed this neatness and method in all his arrangements. He showed me several Bibles and Testaments that had been found in the pockets of the dead, or picked up beside them on the battle-fields. One with the name of "Will Black" on the fly-leaf had verses marked on almost every page, and passages were specially scored that had been read on the Sabbath-days, which were often days of fighting. Another was a German Testament, bearing the name of "Fred von Slumbach," in which the following verses had been scored before going into battle on August 29th, 1862:—"I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him which, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him." The dead soldier may yet preach from that text a sermon that shall stir dead

souls to life. There was another Bible, or tattered fragment of one, all stained with blood, that had been picked up at Gettysburg.

"When you go to Gettysburg," said Mr. Stuart, "you must see Round Top, where the battle was fiercest, and where the dead lay five and six deep. Lee said to Barksdale of Mississippi, 'That height must be taken if it costs you all your men.' Barksdale went, and buried himself and his whole force on that slope. This Testament was found there amongst the dead."

He showed me another little Testament that had saved a soldier's life. "It belonged to one of our boys," said Mr. Stuart. "He always carried it in his breast-pocket. In one battle a bullet struck him and nearly knocked him down. It had struck on the Testament, and pierced it to the back board; there, as you see, it stopped, and his life was saved. There are scores like this scattered up and down the country. Some wives have them, with the stains of their husbands' life-blood on the leaves. I saw one where the ball had stopped at a verse that startled the man, and was the means of his conversion. He was killed afterwards, but his wife preserved the Testament. I said to her, 'I would like to own that Testament; what will you take for it?' 'Oh, Mr. Stuart,' she said, 'there isn't gold enough in the United States to buy it from me.'"

Speaking of the Christian Commission, Mr. Stuart said with enthusiasm, "It was glorious work! and the Lord seemed to touch the heart of the whole nation to help us. Our delegates, hundreds upon hundreds of noble men, volunteered and took nothing for all their labours. We were charged nothing on the railways. The Government gave us tents and ambulances free.

The American Bible Society gave us Bibles and Testaments free—490,000 of them in the first eighteen months! Our stores were carried free. Our messages were flashed through the wires free. Here is one of the telegrams I used to get in thousands. It is marked 'D.H.' That means 'dead head'—nothing to pay. You see how it is addressed—'C.C.C.' That means Chairman Christian Commission.' I used to be known as 'the three C.'s.'"

"We relied," he said, "on the voluntary contributions of the people—and how nobly they responded! After Gettysburg, when tens of thousands of wounded and dying men were thrown upon our hands, I telegraphed in all directions. To Boston I telegraphed, 'Can I draw on you for 10,000 dols. at sight?' The message was stuck up in the Exchange. The merchants formed in line to put down their subscription. In half-an-hour the answer came, 'Draw for 60,000 dols.'[1]

[1] The vastness of the benevolent and Christian work done by the Commission may be judged of from such facts as the following:—During the first sixteen months of its existence—namely from May 1862 to October 1863—it had 1154 unpaid volunteer delegates in the field. It had distributed 10,000 packages (boxes, barrels, etc.) of stores and religious publications—the latter including 496,000 Bibles and Testaments, 400,000 Psalm and Hymn books, 1,300,000 newspapers, and 18,000,000 pages of tracts. Again, in the following year (1864), during the three months of May, June, and July, besides Bibles and religious publications, the delegates in person distributed to soldiers in want 14,500 shirts, 11,500 pairs socks, 23,000 pounds of meat, 28,290 cans of milk, 1800 pounds of tea, 35,000 rolls of bandages, 1252 pairs of crutches, 61,700 cans of fruits and jellies, 300 tons of ice, and 24,000 quires of note-paper and envelopes, to let the poorer soldiers write home. After the single battle of Gettysburg, it was declared by the army surgeons and others that the help given by the Christian Commission delegates, and the stores they distributed, besides an untold amount of suffering relieved, saved more than a 1000 lives on that field alone. What then must have been the result of their labours in all armies and on all fields? "And who," as Mr. Stuart said, "can count the number won

"The children," he continued, "helped us too. They made tens of thousands of little housewives—'comfort-bags,' as the soldiers called them—with buttons, needle and thread, comb, cake of soap, and, above all, a little tract or Testament. Sometimes a whole school of little girls would set to work on an afternoon making comfort-bags. One school in Albany sent us 1800 of them, all filled. They often put little letters in them to the soldiers, telling them how much they thought about them, and prayed for them every night. Often, when we were distributing the bags, some poor fellow would come and say, 'Can't you find me one, sir, with a letter in it? I have no one to write to me, sir.' These letters, carefully preserved, were often found upon the dead bodies of the soldiers afterwards.

"We used to tell the children to enclose along with the letter an envelope addressed, so that the soldier who got it could send an answer. This often led to correspondence, and cheered the soldiers wonderfully, and did them a world of good.

to Jesus, and the joy in heaven over their salvation!"

At every Christian Commission station placards were put up:—

> "SOLDIERS' FREE WRITING-TABLE.
>
> PAPER AND ENVELOPES FREE.
>
> Come in, and send word home; they want to hear from you. If you have no postage stamps, leave your letter in the box; we will stamp and mail it."

The delegates were specially instructed to ask permission of sick and wounded men to write to their friends at home. In time of battle they were to spare no pains to give immediate information of the wounded and dead to those who waited with trembling hearts for tidings: and to get soldiers who came out unharmed to relieve their friends at home by filling on the spot the sheet of paper offered them. After the two days' fighting at Nashville, the delegates at that station wrote 1000 letters, as extra duty, after labouring eight to sixteen hours a day with the suffering and dying. During the year 1864 there were 100,000 letters post paid and mailed to soldiers' friends from the Christian Commission tents.

"Then to see the gratitude of our boys in camp and field, and how heartily they lent our delegates a hand when help was wanted. There was one single week in which we erected fifty soldiers' churches. A regiment of 1000 men would turn out, cut the wood for us, and have everything up in a few hours. We sometimes laid the foundation of a church in the morning, and had service in it at night!

"We had 5000 delegates, most of them ministers of the gospel. They were separated into three classes—delegates for field and camp, delegates for the hospitals, and delegates for the battle-field. These last were our reserve force. 'Minute men,' we called them. They were men in different businesses and professions, who held themselves ready to obey the call at five minutes' notice. If one of them was in the pulpit when the telegram reached him, he was to stop and hurry off to the battle-field.

"Here was our badge," said Mr. Stuart, showing me a little silver brooch in the form of a scroll, with the words "Christian Commission" engraved upon it. "Our delegates all wore this. I have seen 300 of them on one field of battle, ministering to the wounded and the dying. You would see a man all covered with blood lifting himself up on his elbow and looking eagerly about; and begin to beckon, if he saw any man with this badge. They seemed to die happier with one of us beside them. We used to have everything to do. We were often intrusted with men's effects after death. A person would come up and hand over 500 dollars to any man with this badge, though he had never seen him before."

He showed me also what he called the "Identifier"

—a slip of parchment about the size of an address label, with blank lines, where the soldier could write his name, company, regiment, brigade, division, and corps, so that if killed in battle, his body could be identified. There was also a line for the name of the relative—father, mother, wife, or sister—whom the soldier wished written to in the event of his death. One of these Identifiers was given by the Christian Commission to every soldier, and on the back were printed the following directions:—"Suspend from the neck by a cord, and wear *over* the shirt: in battle, *under*."

"We would find men lying dead on the field," said Mr. Stuart, "with these round their necks. We were then able to write to their homes, and send their effects to their wives or families."

He showed me one that had been found on the body of a dead man, and pointed to the Scripture text upon it —"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Poor boy!" said Mr. Stuart, "he would, no doubt, read that text as he had never read it before.

"We couldn't do all this for the rebels," he said, "but if we found them dying we took their last messages and wrote to their friends, just as if they had been our own boys. It was the same in the hospitals. The poor fellows would sometimes burst into tears. One of them said, 'You fight us like the devil; but you nurse us like angels.'"

Mr. Stuart told me a number of deeply interesting incidents of Christian Commission work in the hospitals. I have only room, in the meantime, for one.

"One of our delegates," he said, "making his round at four o'clock in the afternoon, found a soldier who was near the point of death. He spoke to him, but found that the man's tongue was so parched with fever that he could not speak. He went to the nurse and said, 'I would like a word with that man. I think a lemon would loosen his tongue; may I try?'

"The nurse asked the surgeon. 'Do what you like with him,' said the surgeon. 'He will be in the dead-house soon.'

"The delegate got a lemon, and put a slice of it to the man's lips. The dying man sucked it, and his tongue was loosened.

"'Have you a family?' asked the delegate.

"'No, sir.'

"'Were you raised in the Sabbath-school?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Do you remember the story of Jesus being crucified for sinners?'

"The man said he did.

"'Do you remember the story of the malefactor who was crucified along with him?'

"The man paused as if to think, and then said 'Yes.'

"'Do you remember his prayer?' There was another pause. 'His prayer,' resumed the delegate, 'Lord remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.'

"Hope illumined the man's eyes, and he said, 'Yes, sir, I remember it.'

"The delegate then knelt down and prayed. The man wanted him to stay all night; but there were other dying men to see, and the delegate had to pass on. He

promised, however, to return next day and write a letter to his home.

"When he went back next day the place was vacant. He spoke to the nurse, who said the man was dead.

"'At half-past four o'clock,' said the nurse, 'he agonized in prayer. At six, he opened his eyes and asked for the man who had talked to him about Jesus.' The nurse told him that he was not to be found—that she didn't know either his name or quarters. The man asked his fellow-soldiers to pray for him; but in vain. He became quiet, but his lips moved at times, seemingly in silent prayer. At eight o'clock he spoke in an audible voice, and said, 'Amen! It is all right. I am ready to die.' At ten minutes past eight, the spirit of John B. Mitchell departed.'"

I wish I could reproduce along with these facts the earnestness of look, and the wonderful eloquence of voice and manner with which Mr. Stuart told them himself.

Speaking of the Christian Commission practice of connecting religion with all their operations, he said,—

"I never was in a place where I couldn't have prayer. When dissolving the Commission, we went round (more than a hundred of us) and called on Johnson, Stanton, Grant, and all the heads of departments, and had prayer with them all.

"When we went to the White House, some of them said,—'Remember, Johnson is a different man from Lincoln.'

"I said, 'I know it.'

"However, before we left, I said to the President, "Mr. Johnson, you have been called to the head of the nation at a very critical time.'

"'That's so,' he said.

"'No man stands in a position where he more needs Divine help.'

"'That's so.'

"'Dr. —— will perhaps ask the Divine blessing and guidance for you before we leave.'

"The President made no objection, and we all knelt in prayer.

"But when we went out to Culpepper to see B—, Dr. Kirk and the rest of them said there was no hope there. B— was a prominent statesman. He had opposed the Democrats of the South, but he had no sympathy with the movements on behalf of the negro. We knew that; and he had the reputation of being an infidel. I thought it all the more necessary that we should, if possible, have prayer.

"He received us very kindly. When we were preparing to leave, I said, 'You have seen a good deal of fighting here, Mr. B—?'

"'Fighting!' said he, 'I have seen fifteen battles from that window.'

"'You have run many risks.'

"'Yes; you may well say that.'

"'Now, gentlemen,' I said, turning to the others, 'Mr. B— has sacrificed a great deal for the country—he has suffered a great deal—he may have much to suffer still; we cannot tell. I think, before going, Dr. Kirk, you might lead us in thanking God for having preserved Mr. B— through so much, and in praying that he may be spared to see the country restored to prosperity and peace.'

"B—, who had been throwing in prompt words of assent to everything that went before, looked queer at

this. We all began to go down upon our knees. B— looked about with a ludicrous expression of perplexity on his face, but seeing us all kneeling, he seemed to feel there was no escape, and slipt reluctantly down upon his knees.

"When we came out, Dr. Kirk said, 'I never prayed in such strange circumstances before.'

"'Well,' said I, 'you never prayed more powerfully.'

Neither he had. Some of them said that B— was in tears when he rose."

Speaking of Grant, with whom he is very intimate, I asked Mr. Stuart if the General was as taciturn as he was reported to be.

"Quite. He will sit here, or in his own house, with friends round him, and scarcely utter a word. But he reads and thinks; has a keen insight; answers wisely and without waste of words any question put to him; and knows when and how to act as well as any man in the country."

One of the family, who had spent some days with the General's family at Washington, bore the same testimony to his habit of silence and his modesty. She said that at one of the great fairs Grant was called on for a speech. He refused. Sherman was solicited, but with no better result. Grant was then appealed to to exercise his authority over Sherman, and *order* him to make a speech.

"No," said Grant, "I never order any of my officers to do what I could not do myself."

After prayers we separated for the night, Mr. Stuart himself showing us to our rooms. I think I still hear his cheerful voice at the door of Mr. H.'s room, which was next to mine.

"All right, brother H—?"

"Yes."

"Got everything you want?"

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"Quite."

It was the index of the man—all kindness and solicitude for others.

Mr. Stuart is one of the self-made men of America. He was born in Ireland, and was a poor lad when he left Belfast to find his way to New York. At Liverpool, his little box, containing all he possessed in the world, fell between the steamer and the pier and was smashed. Nothing was recovered but a shirt. Mr. Stuart told me how he stood on the pier and wept like a child. His marbles and toys that he had played with—all the relics of his schoolboy days, and all the little things he had been able to scrape together, were gone. He was sixty-three days on the way out, the vessel being becalmed. They had to board several other ships to get provisions. On the 1st of September 1831, he landed at New York with nothing in the world but the clothes upon his back. Now he is one of the best-known and most highly esteemed citizens in the United States.

X.

THE QUAKER CITY AND THE CAPITAL.

THE city of Philadelphia amazed me by its vastness, its mathematical beauty, and the evidences you see throughout its whole extent of comfort and steady prosperity. It has a population as large as Glasgow, and covers a much wider area. Everywhere you see evidences of its Quaker origin, in its long, straight, clean streets, numbered 1st Street, 2d Street, 3d Street, away out to the 40th or 50th parallel; in its beautiful rectangular network of street railways spread through the whole city; in its interminable rows of clean-shaven warehouses and shops—in its long streets of prim but costly dwelling-houses, miles upon miles of them, with their white lattices screwed back into the wall, and their flat, cold, white marble doorsteps, that seem to implore you not to step on them with dirty boots—no balusters or hand-rails to relieve their bareness, save here and there, at long intervals, a solitary, stiff, brittle-looking cast, sticking up at one side of the step, and evidently not intended to be touched. There is also in Philadelphia a grateful absence of the feverish high-pressure life of other great cities like New York and Chicago; a certain demureness of look about the people, and a tendency to quietness of colour and simplicity of

pattern in the ladies' dresses. But all this is gradually wearing away.

The Quakers though still numerous, and forming perhaps the best educated and most intelligent and moral class of the community, are not increasing. They make no converts; and any Quaker marrying an outsider is lost for ever to the gentle sect. Patrick also is getting his hand into public affairs; and Patrick is apt to interfere with rectangles, and with quietness and demureness of every sort.

Philadelphia is rich in works of charity, has numerous homes for the deaf, dumb, and blind; homes for old men, old women, widows, and orphans; has also a Day Nursery, where poor people going to work in the morning can leave their children for the day—the children so left being fed, taught, and cared for as in a Christian family. In her City Almshouse—the pauper's palace, as it is sometimes called—there is provision for 3000 boarders, most of whom, when I was there, were Irish. If I remember rightly, less than one-fifth of the 3000 were American poor—the rest were foreigners. It goes very hard with a native American before he is found in the poorhouse.

The Orphan Home (Girard College) is one of the principal sights of Philadelphia, and is the apotheosis of orphanhood. It is a magnificent and massive building of white marble, so vast that 20,000 people could stand upon the roof. In this palatial home the orphan inmates are fed, clothed, and educated, and at the age of eighteen are taught a trade. I learned a curious fact in connection with this institution. Girard, the founder, who had no love for "the cloth," made it a stipulation in his bequest that no priest or minister

should have anything whatever to do with its management, or be allowed within its gates. As American ministers dress like other people, this regulation does not interfere with their visiting the institution unofficially; but some ministers from England who went to see the place had to go first and take off their white ties. One good effect of the stipulation is that it has thrown the management of the institution into the hands of business men.

In the Quaker city I had the pleasure of meeting the venerable commentator, Albert Barnes. He is no longer in active work, having resigned his charge some years ago, less on account of age than of the failure of his eyesight, consequent on too incessant application. He lives now enjoying well-earned repose in his quiet home in the suburbs, miles out from the heart of the great city, amongst his flowers and his books. His daughter reads to him to save his eyes; and when he writes, as he still does (for his mind remains too active to desist altogether from work), he uses the writing-frame on which Prescott, the historian (who suffered from the same cause), wrote his last works. It is a frame with wires across to guide the glass pencil, so that one can write with eyes closed. Poor Prescott used sometimes to take it and begin to write without remembering to feel if the copying-paper was in; and only on coming to the foot of the page, and proceeding to change the sheet, discovered that he had been making no impressions, and had the whole work to do over again.

Barnes is a tall thin man, with white hair hanging in light curling locks to his shoulders. He is more clerical in appearance than most of his brethren,—dressing in black, with a white stock,—a rarity amongst ministers

in America. His lips are thin and firm, and his dark eyes keen and lustrous, giving no indication of being nearly blind. I remember the strange impression this made upon me the first time I met him. When he came into the room and advanced slowly towards me, his dark eyes seemed to be gazing into mine, and yet there was no look of salutation or recognition of any kind. One would have imagined him approaching something which he took to be an apparition. The fact turned out to be that he could make nothing out till he was within a few feet; then, suddenly arriving at the focus, he recognised me, the expression of his face changed, and with quiet courtesy he welcomed me and bid me take a seat. His voice is quiet, but lacks music, and almost tends to harshness. I was told that as a preacher he was cold and polished, wanting point and fire; going smoothly on, without gesticulation, his hands folded behind him.

He said he had been to Scotland many years ago, having taken the voyage for the sake of his eyesight. He had heard Guthrie preach on several occasions, and once breakfasted with him. He was as much struck with his table-talk as with his sermons. Guthrie was well known in America. There was much disappointment at his not being able to pay his intended visit.

Dr. Norman Macleod, he thought, was chiefly known as editor of *Good Words*. But his speech on the Sabbath question had excited much interest.

Speaking of American divines, he thought Beecher brilliant, but not safe in his doctrine. Bushnell was "off the track altogether." He was, however, a good preacher, earnest, thoughtful, and practical. He never introduced his speculations into his preaching.

It will be remembered that Barnes himself was a New School Presbyterian, and had been charged in the Old School Assembly with Pelagianism.

He regretted the narrowness of some good Churches. A Reformed Presbyterian who had been invited to preach in his church, asked him if his people could sing Rouse's version of the Psalms; and on learning that they could not, refused to preach.[1] But changes were going on. Presbyterian ministers were beginning to use pulpit gowns—a small thing in itself, but part of a larger movement.

He was sorry to find congregational singing diminishing. The organ, he thought, helped to destroy it. And yet the Episcopalians, who always had it, were singing more than the Presbyterians. It depended much on the spiritual condition of the Church.

I passed south from Philadelphia by way of Baltimore, traversing part of two States (Delaware and Maryland), where slavery existed up to the time of the war. Already a change was discernible in the aspect of things. The negroes were becoming more numerous, the white people about the farms looked more indolent, and at the stations and the adjacent groggeries I began to see a class of darker and fiercer-looking fellows than I had been accustomed to in the North, some of them belonging, no doubt, to the ignorant and idle class formerly known as "mean whites" and "white trash." It was a ludicrous effect of slavery that even the slave despised a white man who couldn't afford to own "a nigger." The houses too looked dingier and the farms

[1] It was this denomination that recently suspended George H. Stuart (one of the most eminent Christians in America) from the eldership and membership of the Church for singing hymns!

more slovenly. The eye searched over the landscape in vain for any of the clean white farmhouses that lie scattered like shells over almost every district in New England.

From the busy city of Baltimore I passed on to Washington. I remember the impression it made upon me, looking out in the clear night as we approached the city, and dimly discerning the Capitol, with its imperial dome, standing up like a white phantom against the sky.

I spent the next day in wandering about through the straggling city—city of unbuilt streets and magnificent distances—with its immense public buildings and its wide field-like avenues, along which the people moved like insects.

At the head-quarters of the Freedmen's Bureau I met General Howard, chief of that department—a brilliant speaker, a great friend of the freed slaves, a champion of temperance, and a good soldier, all in one. It was he who had the terrible distinction of receiving that last tremendous charge of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville.[1] It was he who selected the position at Gettysburg, which probably secured victory to the North, and turned the tide of the war. Afterwards, in the "grand march to the sea," Howard commanded the right wing of Sherman's army.

When I met him at the head-quarters of the Bureau,

[1] On my return from America, I brought with me, amongst other interesting relics, the coat worn by Howard, and the overcoat worn by Jackson in that battle of Chancellorsville—the latter bearing the marks of the bullet that laid the Southern hero low. They had never approached before except from hostile sides, amidst the fire and thunder of battle. May the peace in which they lie together now be a foreshadow of North and South happy and reconciled!

he was dressed in uniform—dark blue coat, with gold buttons, and major-general's shoulder-straps. The right sleeve, emptied by a bursting shell at the battle of Fair Oaks, was looped up to one of the breast buttons. I was much struck with the cordiality of his manner. Immediately on entering, he came forward, and, giving me the only hand the Confederates had left him, welcomed me to America. His countenance is very pleasing. His gentle eyes make one think more of a minister of mercy than of a soldier.

After some conversation about my plans, and the missionary work to be seen amongst the freedmen, one of his secretaries wrote an introduction for me to the Bureau officers at the South, which his orderly laid before him, and held in its place, while Howard, taking the pen in his left hand, attached his signature.

As Howard wished me to see some of the black schools in Washington before leaving, he introduced me to the Rev. Mr. Kimball, Superintendent of Education for the district of Columbia, with whom I rode out to see the negro schools at Georgetown, one of the suburbs of the city.

Here I found eight schools clustered together under one roof, or rather, one school "graded," that is, divided into separate grades or classes according to proficiency, each grade having its own room, and its own teacher, who has therefore to deal only with pupils at one stage which she has to see them carefully and thoroughly carried through before sending them up to the next. This is one of the most important features in the educational system in America. The Georgetown school-buildings looked unpromising, being of rough wood, and having more the appearance of whitewashed sheds than

school-houses. Better buildings, I was told, were in contemplation, but the work of educating the coloured population is a new and vast work, and it will be many years before everything is in shape.

The first grade we entered was for one of the more advanced grades, and was better furnished than the rough exterior of the building led me to expect.

The room was crowded with black children, boys and girls very orderly, and busy at their lessons. It was to me a strange and interesting sight. Till coming to America, I had never seen more than three or four black faces at a time; and even in the States up till that moment I had only seen negroes scattered in the crowd, or passed here and there a negro cabin with a little swarm of piccaninnies at the door. Now for the first time I found myself in a crowd of little frizzly-haired darkies, looking, to my unaccustomed eyes, like a roomful of imps.

The teacher (a white lady) gave us seats on the platform, and while she exchanged a few words with Mr. Kimball, I took a more leisurely survey of the place.

The walls were covered with maps, charts, and short proverbs in large type, such as "A stitch in time saves nine," and "Well begun is half done." There might be fifty or sixty scholars in the room; and in the corner I observed four boys with dunces' caps of the sugar-loaf pattern on their heads, standing up in a row against the wall, and evidently much ashamed at being caught in disgrace by visitors. Some of the black children were looking with quite as much curiosity at me as I was at them. I caught the eyes of one droll-looking little fellow, and could not repress a smile. The little fellow instantly grinned with delight from ear to ear, and

immediately half-a-dozen others were looking up eagerly, with their faces all ready for a similar exhibition of delight, if I would only give the slightest encouragement.

The teacher now, at our request, went on with the lesson we had interrupted. She turned to the scholars.

"Tell these gentlemen," she said, "what book you are reading in."

"*Second Reader*," cried several voices at once.

"And the caption of this piece?"

"'The Boy Lost in the Snow.'"

The little black girl whose turn it was now began, and to my surprise read as accurately, and with a great deal more expression than I should have looked for in one of our own schools from a girl of the same age. Several others read after her, some of them as well, some even better. The way in which they divided the sentences into clauses, and the precision with which they articulated their words, showed how successfully careful teaching was overcoming the natural and almost universal defect of negro utterance.

When reading was over the teacher said, "Books closed!" and touched the bell upon her table. The children, closing their books, rose simultaneously, and stood facing us with folded arms, ready for spelling.

"Spell 'your,'" said the teacher, turning to the first boy.

"Y-o-u-r, your," cried the boy.

"Y-o-u-r, *your!*" repeated the whole class, making the roof ring with the last word. A round of spelling was put in this way. When the word "exactly" was repeated by the class the teacher held up her finger.

"Who said 'zakly?'"

A little black girl, grinning from ear to ear, hung her head and rolled her eyes up to the teacher's with a droll expression of conscious guilt.

"Spell it, Julia."

The child began—"E-x, ex, a-c-t, act;"—then paused doubtfully, waved her head, smiled, paused again, and then

added abruptly, "l-y, ly—exactly," and grinned in delight at her own success.

When the word "paling" (referring to the paling of a garden) was given, the boy whose turn it was spelt it "p-a-i-l-i-n-g."

Instantly a little black fellow, two or three down, who seemed to be all eyes and excitement, held up his arm and worked it eagerly towards the teacher, to show that he was ready to correct, glancing with intense nervousness at a girl who had also held up her hand, and who, he was evidently fearful might deprive him of this chance of distinguishing himself gloriously.

"Well, George?"

"P-a-l, pal, i-n-g; paling, a fence," cried the little fellow, as if speaking to a thousand people; and having fired off the word in this triumphant style, instantly resumed his place with an air of unspeakable satisfaction.

"What is a 'pail' as you spelt it?" Mr. Kimball asked of the boy who had gone wrong.

"A bucket," said the boy."

"Then do you think the paling of the garden was made of buckets?"

The boy grinned and the whole school shouted with laughter. Negroes, young and old, are always ready for a laugh.

The arithmetic class was now called. I was specially interested in the arithmetic exercises, because I had often heard it alleged that the negroes could make nothing of figures. As the class had got the length of multiplication, I gave amongst other questions the following:—987,654, to be multiplied by 4, and noted the time on my watch. In twelve seconds one of the boys jumped up and cried "First!" Immediately after, another boy cried "Second!" Then came a girl; and in twenty seconds half the class were on their feet. The first and second boys were right, as were several of the others: and the first boy was one of the purest negroes in the class—so black, as Lowell would have said, that charcoal would make a chalk mark on him.

We then tried them with a number of extempore questions to be worked mentally without use of the slate. For instance, add 11 and 9 and 8 and 2 and 7 and 7. The answers were given instantly, and for the most part correctly, especially by six or seven of the cleverest. I should have considered the answering sufficiently creditable to a class of white children of the same age.

Two or three of the children were nearly white, and most of them had at least an intermixture of white blood; but I did not observe that these as a rule were any cleverer than the others. I directed Mr. Kimball's attention to a graceful young girl of eleven or twelve, conspicuous amongst so many black children by reason of her having blue eyes and yellow hair, and a face and neck as white as you could have found in Scotland.

I said, "You surely do not call that a coloured girl."

"O yes," he said, "she must have black blood in her or she would not be here. She is what some call a white black."

"But would that girl have been bought and sold like a full-blooded negro?"

"Certainly. And would have brought a higher price by reason of her colour. That girl in a few years would have brought 1500 dollars."

After making a few remarks—for in America wherever you go you are expected to make a speech—we visited the seven other grades in the same building. I was struck with the proficiency of many of the classes in acquaintance with America and American institutions before they had learnt anything of other countries.

In one room, when requested to say something to the pupils, I began by asking if they knew where Scotland was.

No one answered. One black girl put her hand half up in a wavering manner for a moment, as if a faint recollection had struck her, but drew it down again.

"Do any of you know, then," I said, "where England is?"

Two hands were held up.

"Well, where is it?"

"In Europe."

"Can you show it me on the map?"

One of the two boys came up, took the pointer, and pointed to Great Britain.

"I'm sorry," said the teacher, "you didn't *happen in* before my last class was promoted; they would have known more about Scotland. But if you try the children here with America, you will find they know a good deal."

I called up a very black-skinned boy, with the thorough African face, and asked him if he could point out the State of Pennsylvania. He did it at once.

"Do you know the seat of Government there?"

He answered promptly—"Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna;" and pointed to it on the map.

I tried him with Delaware, Minnesota, Connecticut, and some half-a-dozen others. He pointed to them all with equal promptness, and named their principal cities, with, I think, only one slip.

"What form of Government have you in this country?"

"Republican."

"And in England?"

No answer.

"Have you never heard of Queen Victoria?"

No answer.

"Who stands at the head of this Republic just now?"

He answered at once—"President Johnson."

Mr. Kimball then directed the attention of the school to a picture of Lincoln that hung on the wall.

"Who is that?"

"President Lincoln," cried the whole school in a breath.

"Was he a good man?"

"Yes, yes!"

"What good thing did he do?"

"He set the coloured people free."

It was now time for the interval. The bell was touched, and the children took their places, while a boy and girl, whose duty this was for the day, stepped softly along dis-

tributing the caps and shawls. The bell was touched again, and the whole school, rising to their feet, filed out in beautiful order, walking elaborately on their tiptoes to avoid making any noise. As we passed out a few minutes after, we saw great numbers of them at their lunch, which they had brought in handkerchiefs and little cans.

Mounting horse, we rode next to the Barracks' School, where not only the scholars but the teachers are coloured. The interval for play was not over when we arrived, but many of the children had remained at their lessons, and others, when they saw us go in, came crowding after us. The teachers here, as at Georgetown, were all females. The one into whose school we passed first was very dark-skinned, but had a finely shaped face, with prominent nose and thin firm lips. Mr. Kimball said this was often the case with even full-blooded Africans of high caste; but that education and the development of intellectual power and activity was found to have a marked effect upon the features even of the lowest type of negroes, assimilating them more or less to the European. I have heard Melville Bell, the well-known elocutionist and inventor of visible speech, make a similar assertion in regard to the effect of articulative exercises on the appearance of persons who came to him with loose thick lips, and slovenly utterance.

Order was called, and the black children put through various exercises in reading, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. One little girl, perfectly black, not only named the different States, but pointed out England and Scotland on the map, and the cities of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. I observed that here, as in all American schools, great attention was paid to method and rhythmical movement. For instance, when the arithmetic class was called the class rose simultaneously, marched to the black-board, arranged themselves, with their faces to it, at regular distances, and stood thus for several seconds, perfectly still, awaiting the signal. When the teacher cried "One!" every child put its fingers on a piece of chalk—chalk pencils lay for this purpose in a groove at the foot of the

board. When the teacher cried "Two!" every hand was lifted at the same moment to the board, and held there with the point of the chalk pencil touching the board, waiting for the question to be put.

When all the exercises were over, I asked the school what message I was to take from them to my friends in Scotland. There was a pause, and a good deal of grinning and looking about, one to the other.

"Send some message, won't you?" said the teacher.

"Tell 'em this is a good school," cried one.

"Tell 'em we're going to be good citizens," said another.

"Tell de Scotch people," said a third, "we'se going to be like *dem*."

"And tell 'em," cried a bright-eyed, earnest little fellow, with bare black feet, and pants that terminated raggedly at the knees, "tell 'em I'se gwine to be a teacher!"

Spending an evening with Mr. Alex. Williamson, of the Treasury Department, he showed me some interesting relics of President Lincoln, in whose family he had been tutor during the time of the war. One was the dressing-gown and slippers which Lincoln had worn in the house on the night of his assassination. "I went to bed that night about ten," said Mr. Williamson, "and had been in bed about twenty minutes when we heard a ring and a violent knocking at the door. My wife and I jumped up, thinking it was a fire. On going down-stairs we found it was our son, then employed in the Military Telegraph Office, come in hot haste with the fearful intelligence that the President had been shot at Ford's Theatre. My son had been there, had seen Booth after firing the shot leap upon the stage, and rush out at the back, brandishing a formidable bowie-knife to clear his way. I pulled on my clothes, and hurried first to the President's house, to find Robert (Lincoln's

eldest son). On the stairs I met Thaddeus, his second boy—'little Tad,' as his father used affectionately to call him—running down, in charge of one of the messengers. On seeing me, poor little Tad, who was tongue-tacked and had a difficulty in pronouncing, cried out piteously—'Oh, Mister Wi', Mister Wi', papa's tot!' I ran for Mr. Robert and Major Hay, who hastened to the theatre; by this time the President had been carried across to a house on the other side of the street. Drs. Barnes, Stone, and Crane were in attendance; but, on examining the course which the ball had taken, they said—"It is fatal. There is no hope." At seven next morning he died.

One of the relics which Mr. Williamson showed me was Lincoln's copy of Helper's *Impending Crisis*, one of the most remarkable books that has ever been written against slavery. Lincoln had read this book with care, and scored the passages that struck him most, and it had helped no doubt to prepare him for the great and perilous step of Emancipation. In one chapter he had drawn his pencil twice opposite the following verses:—

"Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry, but shall not be heard."

And again, "Let the oppressed go free—Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Mr. Williamson said that Lincoln had a deep reverence for the Scriptures, and would sometimes search out half-remembered passages that seemed to promise guidance in some dark and critical hour. Some of these were embodied in his messages to Congress.

"One day," he continued, "I was in the library reading, when Mr. Lincoln came in with a candle in his

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hand—the afternoon being dark and hazy—and began looking over the shelves, as if in search of some book.

"By and by he said, 'Tad is a terrible fellow. He puts everything in confusion.'

"I said, 'What are you seeking for, President?'

"'I want,' said he, 'a book I saw here once—Crode's or Crude's *Concordance*.'

"I said he must mean Cruden's, and knowing where it was, I went over and got it for him, saying at the same time, 'That is a book that in Scotland you would find in almost every library.'

"'Ah,' said he, 'you Scotch folks know your Bibles better than we do. The more pity for us.'

"Lincoln had a great love for Scotland. He named his youngest boy William Wallace Lincoln. Poor Willy! he died of typhoid fever in '62. He was the brightest of them all.

"I remember another time," said Mr. Williamson, "how pleased the President was with a reply made by the Scotch Presbyterian Churches to the pro-slavery Church in the South. The pro-slavery Presbyterians there had sent an appeal to the Presbyterians in Scotland. They were especially sanguine of sympathy from the Free Church, because the slaveholders had helped that Church a good deal with money at the outset. The reply from Scotland was brief but crushing, and the Free Church went in with the others.

"Mr. Lincoln, I remember, was conversing with Newton, the Commissioner of Agriculture, when a copy of this Reply was put into his hand. He glanced at it, and then, turning to Newton, said,—

"'I must read you this paper, Newton; it seems of more than ordinary ability.'

"He commenced reading, but had not got half through it before the tears began to come into his eyes, so deeply was he moved to find that, in spite of all her apparent sympathy with the South, Scotland was still sound on the question of slavery.

"'That,' said he, emphatically, when he had finished reading, 'is one of the most complete arguments against slavery I ever read. It puts the whole question into a nutshell.'

"With that he went and placed it amongst his papers '*To be kept.*' I have often heard him refer to it afterwards."

Speaking of Lincoln's character and personal habits, Mr. Williamson said he never knew him do a wrong or a mean thing; and though there was little of the courtier about him, there was infinite tenderness of heart. He had known him listen to the pleadings of women and children till the tears ran down his cheeks.

The same testimony was borne by others. I heard of one young soldier, belonging to a Pennsylvania regiment, who was condemned to be shot for sleeping at his post. The news reached his home, and almost killed his poor widowed mother, who lay helplessly bedridden. She struggled to rise, and cried piteously, "Oh, if I could only see the President! He would not shoot my boy."

Her only other child, a brave little girl of nine, heard what her mother said, and the thought took possession of her mind that she would go and beg the President for her brother's life. She ran to the station, and got the next train to Washington—the conductor, when he heard her story, passing her without charge, and when they got to Washington getting some one to show her to the White House.

In the large waiting-rooms there, crowded with people, the little girl was lost. She waited long, every minute an hour, no doubt, to her poor little throbbing heart, and when there seemed no prospect of her getting in, her courage and hope gave way, and she began to cry bitterly.

Lincoln was sitting in his room engaged in important business when he heard the piteous cries of a child. After a little while he heard them again, and calling the messenger, he said,—

"See what disturbance that is outside. I hear a child crying."

The messenger returned with the intelligence that a little girl was there whose brother was to be shot, and she wanted to see the President.

Lincoln told him to bring her in. The child entered, her face wet with tears, but full of passionate earnestness. She looked at the big ungainly man upon whom her brother's life depended, and when she saw the kindly light that shone through the deeply-marked and careworn visage, she threw herself upon his neck, and begged her brother's life. Lincoln was deeply moved; he put his big hand kindly on the little supplicant's head, and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks.

He called his secretary; inquiry was made. Lincoln put some questions to the child about her mother's circumstances, and then, taking his pen, he wrote out a pardon for her brother, and gave instructions to have him brought to Washington, and sent home with her to his mother.

Here is another incident, illustrating in a different way the same phase of Lincoln's character:—One day, driving through a village, the people ran out

from shop and store to see him pass. One huge grimy blacksmith, who had come out from his forge, with bare head and half-bared chest, was conspicuous by reason of his immense size and stentorian cheers.

"Stop!" cried Lincoln to the coachman, "Stop! I must get out and shake that man's hand. These are the noble fellows that are the strength of the country."

When the blacksmith saw the President look at him and get out, he stopped his cheering; and when he saw the President coming straight towards him, began with a look of concern to move off. Lincoln waved and cried to him to stop; but the big blacksmith, now thoroughly alarmed, ran back into his smithy. Lincoln, however, followed him, and told him he only wanted a shake of his hand, shook it with great goodwill, and some little amusement, and drove off amidst great cheering.

Mr. Williamson gave me the following particulars about a Scottish, or rather a Highland, regiment (the 79th New York) that served with some distinction in the war:—

"Soon after the war broke out, we heard that the men of this militia regiment had mustered into the regular service, and were preparing to start for Washington. We who were Scotch anxiously awaited news of their coming. They had to run the rebel gauntlet at Baltimore, where the 6th Massachusetts had been fired upon by the Secessionist mob. They were all prepared for a similar reception. The men carried their muskets loaded; the officers were ready with their revolvers; and the advance line reconnoitred as they marched through the swarming city from the one depôt to the other. But there was no provocation given them. The mob said, 'These are Scotch—none of the d—d Yankees!'

"I remember well their arrival in Washington. They got here about half-past two on a Sunday morning, and

marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, their band, led by Sandy Robertson, playing 'Hey, Johnny Cope, are you waukin' yet?' As they neared the President's house, they suddenly struck up 'The Campbells are coming.' 'Old Abe,' who slept very slightly, awoke at the sound. He knew the tune well, and told me afterwards that it instantly filled his mind with thoughts of the relief of Lucknow. He got out of bed, pulled on his dressing-gown, and stept out to the portico. His appearance was the signal for a wild hurrah, and it was some time before the cheering subsided. The President made a short speech, the band at its close struck up 'Hail to the Chief,' and the regiment resumed its march to Georgetown. The 79th was 1100 strong, and 500 of them were in kilts. 850 of these men were real Scotchmen; the rest were hardy fellows from the North of Ireland—Scotch-Irish, as they are called here. The officers were principally mechanics and masons, and many of the privates had been clerks and shopkeepers in New York, where they had been earning from 70 to 100 dols. a month, but had turned out to help in putting down the rebellion. During the time they were in the city my house was like their head-quarters. The city was full of Secessionists, and both officers and men seemed glad to find a countryman who was enthusiastic about them and their cause.

"By-and-by they got orders to march to the front. I was out to see them go, and I remember one of the soldiers, Gourlay, an Edinburgh man, and a fine singer, getting on a hay-rick by the captain's orders, and singing 'The March of the Cameron Men,' the regiment taking up the chorus.

"At Bull Run they lost heavily in killed and wounded. Colonel Cameron was among the killed. Captain Laing was one of the officers wounded; Laing was an old apprentice of W. H. Lizars, engraver, Edinburgh. He was first hit angle-ways on the windpipe, the ball traversing the neck just under the skin, and coming out at the back. Almost at the same moment a shell exploded near him, and a fragment struck him, hurting him so badly that he

had to retire, his serjeant (Campbell) helping him. He had not got far when one of the rebel cavalry fired at him and shot him in the wrist. The rebel was taking aim again, when the sergeant fired at him and killed him. They pushed for the rear as fast as Laing's wounds permitted, and were just getting off the field when another rebel dashed up and fired at him, the ball tearing the sleeve of his coat, and crashing through his wrist. The sergeant got at this fellow with his bayonet, and killed him too. Laing presented the sergeant afterwards with a silver medal for saving his life.

"Such a state as Washington was in the day after that battle!" my friend continued. "The people were in a panic; great numbers were leaving the city; the braver and more loyal were hurrying about preparing to receive the wounded. Stands with wine, hot coffee, tea, and bread for the weary-footed soldiers were placed at street corners; ambulances were rattling out for the maimed; artillery was hurrying at a jolting trot through the streets; orderlies were dashing to and fro; bugles were sounding 'To horse;' and the district volunteers, in rather a shaky condition, were panting for glory.

"I was out all day at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth Street watching the excitement and seeing the wounded come in. I saw Burnside, who had gone prancing out in high feather a few days before at the head of his troops, in the midst of cheers and waving handkerchiefs and bouquets, come back on a broken-down Rosinante, with somebody else's cap on his head and the flower gone from his button-hole. It was the best thing that could have happened for the North, that defeat. It let the nation see that serious work was before it. The troops went out with no idea of what awaited them. Parties of civilians went with them to see the rebels whipped. The start was like a great pic-nic. Bull Run put an end to that. The nation set itself seriously then to prepare for a great war.

"When I got home that first night, I found a number

of the officers and soldiers of the 79th in and around my house—many of them wounded. The regiment fought afterwards in twenty-seven battles, winding up with the tremendous battle of Spotsylvania Court House, under General Grant."

Mr. Williamson gave me the following vivid description of Washington during those years of war :—

"The city was in a fearful condition—swarming not only with troops, but with vagabonds, vampires, and harpies of every description. Hundreds of Irish shebeens dotted the suburbs, where poisonous whisky was sold to the soldiers at four or five dollars a bottle, and citizens' clothes were kept for soldiers to desert in. Daily raids were made upon these places by the Provost Guard, the whisky destroyed, and the houses battered down; but others started up like mushrooms, and low women were continually caught conveying whisky to the soldiers in bottles suspended from the hoops of their crinolines. Whole streets were occupied by prostitutes, who never numbered less than 20,000 here during the war—5000 or more of them black women. Hundreds of soldiers were nightly turned out of these dens by the Provost Guard; restaurants were closed, rum and whisky run into the gutter, and the proprietors imprisoned. Sundays were like other days. Church-going was almost given up. Churches, indeed, were converted into hospitals, and filled with wounded and dying men.

"Then such a roar as there continually was in the city, day and night. Droves of mules from Kentucky, brought in for drawing quartermaster's stores; horses by the thousand, for cavalry and other service, on their way to the Government corrals; herds of cattle, for feeding the army, driven by horsemen with long whips, bellowing and stampeding through the streets. Then there were the dying and the dead, arriving in ship-loads at our wharves: long mournful trains of ambulances moving to the hospitals; crowds of people running after them to see if any of their

friends were amongst the wounded; columns of rebel prisoners, heavily guarded, passing to head-quarters; companies of rebel officers guarded by black soldiers; regiments innumerable crowding through the city on their way to the front. I remember when Burnside's corps of 45,000 men was on its way to join Grant in Virginia, it passed in review before the President and Cabinet, occupying two days. There were three or four coloured regiments in this corps, and, as they passed 'Old Abe,' they sang 'John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,' marching with their caps on the tops of their bayonets. Poor fellows! they didn't know it, but they were on their way to be buried in the crater at Petersburg."

It is considered the correct thing for a stranger in Washington to pay his respects to the President. Accordingly, one forenoon I went up to the White House. It was a time of great political excitement, and the reception rooms were crowded with people from all parts of the country—office-seekers, politicians, senators, military and naval officers, strangers (like myself), and a sprinkling of enlightened and long-legged citizens from the far West, dressed with Republican freedom, and wearing hats of every style, from the slouched and the rowdy hat to the tall stove-pipe and the Golgotha.

The rooms were spacious and richly carpeted, and the principal articles of furniture, omitting half-a-dozen slim chairs (capable of accommodating about one in six of the persons present, and never vacant for a moment), were two stupendous spitoons, which were gracefully planted in the middle of the floor about ten yards apart, on large squares of oilcloth. There was another and more elegant waiting-room for the ladies, who are treated everywhere in America with a consideration

and courtesy that might put this country to the blush.

Some of the freest and most enlightened of the citizens had evidently been waiting a long time, and were striding uneasily about, sometimes talking, sometimes looking out of the window at the end of the gallery, sometimes, on their way back, taking a squirt at the spitoon, or stopping to drop into it a chawed-up plug of tobacco. Others of a more refined order lounged about, or stood conversing in groups, thickest at the end nearest the door of the President's room, towards which, as often as it opened to let anybody out or in, all eyes were instantly turned. The person who excited my sympathy most was the usher whose business it was to take in the cards and come for persons who were sent for specially by the President. Every time this unfortunate official passed through the reception rooms on his mission, he looked like a fly trying to make its way through cobwebs. He was hitched aside here, clutched at there, arrested everywhere,—all being impatient to ascertain when their turn was to come, and seeming to regard the usher as the malicious cause of their detention.

It became very wearisome this waiting. It was dreary enough hanging on in such a crowd for one's turn; but when some senator or commanding officer suddenly appeared on urgent business, and had to get in next, interrupting the routine, and remaining closeted with the President for what seemed an interminable time to us, who had no chairs; and when we knew that other senators on urgent business might arrive at any moment, all calculations as to time were felt to be visionary.

At last, when I had begun to despair of getting in at all, and was reduced to the condition of leaning from sheer fatigue against the balustrade, and would have gone away but for the thought that it would be throwing away the chance which it had taken three hours of patient waiting to secure, suddenly the usher came for me, and I was shown into the President's room.

President Johnson, when I entered, was standing at the corner of his table, which was covered with books and papers. He is tall, dark-complexioned, broad-shouldered, stands erect, and has much more of dignity in his manner and appearance than I had expected to find. He shook my hand, and when I had paid my respects, began with the usual questions,—

"How long have you been in the country, sir?" and "How do you like the country, sir?"—with a few others of a like kind.

After a brief interview not likely to affect permanently the destinies of the world, I took my leave. The impression which Mr. Johnson left upon me, both on this occasion, and when I saw him again on my return to Washington, was that of a keen, ambitious man, with a strange combination of furtiveness and power. There is a good deal of the bull-dog in his broad, heavy, strongly-marked face, with an expression of dogged obstinacy, especially about the lips, which are firmly pressed together as when a man is facing a cold blast. His eyes are small, quick, restless; peering and glittering from between his puffy eyelids like the eyes of an Indian, conveying the idea of deepness, vigilance, and subtlety. He wore a look of anxiety, but there was nothing of that dissipated appearance about him

which I had been led to expect from the charges of habitual drunkenness which were continually brought against him in the public prints. One has to receive with great caution the charges brought against the character of a public man in America by the organs of a hostile party.

Johnson is a Presbyterian, and attended Dr. Gurley's church in Washington. On the occasion of my visit to the city in the following year, I saw him there, though it was in the midst of the impeachment *furor*, when he was declared by Radical papers to be drowning himself in drink.

Johnson, as is generally known, was once a poor tailor lad, and never learnt even to write his name till after his marriage, when he was taught by his wife. With all his faults, it says something for such a man that, by his own unaided abilities, he should have raised himself up to the Vice-Presidency of a great Republic. It was, of course, the bullet of Wilkes Booth that made him President.

XI.

GRANT.

AT the time of this first visit to Washington, Grant was officiating as *interim* Secretary of War—the conflict between President Johnson and Congress being in progress. I called on him with introductions from Beecher and George H. Stuart, and was very kindly received.

When I entered the small and unpretentious room where Grant was at work, I found him sitting at his table in the corner, with piles of letters and documents before him, a half-smoked cigar beside him on the edge of the table, near his elbow, and the omnipresent spittoon at his feet. A few old prints of the Revolutionary war adorned the walls, and over the mantelpiece hung a dark mournful-looking print of Abraham Lincoln. Grant rose and shook hands quietly. He is a small man, with a grim little mouth, looking all the grimmer by reason of his reddish-brown moustache being cut across as with a scissors, leaving it square and bristly. He has a shrewd, grey, impenetrable eye, but, on the whole, a pleasant expression of countenance, as if he had something in him which he was amused at your trying to find out.

I had heard so much of his reticence that I scarcely expected to get a word out of him. It struck me as

probable, however, that his extreme reserve might be owing, in part, to people approaching him on the political side, and trying to get him to speak on topics on which he might not wish to commit himself. Accordingly, I began to speak of Scotland and Grant's family connection with it, on which he opened out at once, telling me that he was Scotch on both sides, his mother being a Simpson, and that though his father and grandfather had both been born in America, they were fond of tracing their Scotch descent. This led to a pleasant conversation, in which the General spoke without the least reserve. Grant is a thorough Republican. One sees it in his manners, his language, and his expressed sympathies. At the time of the Mexican disturbances, he urged the Government to support Juarez, and declared that the attempt to establish a monarchy in America by foreign bayonets was an act of hostility against the United States.

When he was asked how that principle held with regard to British power in Canada, he said,—"Britain was there before us, and is slackening her hold. France has no business here at all, and is trying to get hold. That makes a mighty difference."

His attitude towards this country will, however, be determined to a great extent by the feelings of his countrymen. "I shall have no policy of my own," he said himself, "to interpose against the will of the people."

I was therefore delighted to find, wherever I went, that the mass of the American people seemed so heartily desirous of international fraternity and peace. I cannot express too strongly my conviction, from what I heard and saw in America, that the anti-British feeling

which shows itself so much in some quarters, comes *not* from the native American population, but from people who have gone out from our own country with feelings of disaffection that ripen there into jealousy and hate. The feelings of the native Americans, and especially of the great party which has elected Grant to the Presidential chair, are those of cordial good-will.

Grant's reticence made him a new and bewildering character in the political arena, when his name came up for President. Nobody seemed to know exactly what he was—whether Radical, Republican, or Democrat.

I heard Wendell Phillips say in one of his public addresses, referring to Lincoln,—"We had first a man with his face turned heavenward; then we got a man with his face turned hellward; and now we are offered a man about whom the only thing we can say is that we don't know which way his face is turned."

Ben Wade was equally at a loss.

"I foresee," he said, "that the Republican party will take Grant up and run him in with a hurrah. The trouble is, you don't know where he stands."

He was asked if he had never conversed with him on political subjects.

"I have tried, but it was no use. When I saw the popular current running in his favour, I wanted to know whether he was for Johnson or for Congress, or what the devil he *was* for; but I never could get anything out of him. As quick as I'd talk politics, he'd offer a cigar, and begin to talk horses."

Grant, however, has said enough and done enough to show his character, and what may be expected of him.

In 1861, when he re-entered the United States army, because, as he said himself, "the country is in peril,

and I feel bound to offer my services for whatever they are worth," he added, "I would like a regiment; yet there are few men really competent to command a thousand soldiers, and I doubt if I am one of them."

Three years after, he was in command of an army, and had proved himself the most successful commander in the North.

When, therefore, we find him in '66 declining to go to Mexico with the embassy, because, as he said himself, "it is a diplomatic service for which I am not fitted—a thing that can be very much better done by others," we are left to hope that the analogy will hold, and that—

> "Successful counsels may him now approve,
> As fit for close intrigues as for the field."

In '63, when Grant was in command in the West, a commercial house in which Grant's own father was interested, applied to him for a special permit to trade on the river. Mr. M—, a member of the firm, went to head-quarters, secured a private interview with the General, and presented the application, backed up by a letter from the General's father.

"Sir," said Grant, "I am always glad to give any proper help to my friends; but I cannot do this. I am a servant of the United States Government here, and as such I cannot favour one citizen more than another."

"But these new restrictions," said Mr. M—; "could we not be relieved from them in the meantime?"

"No, sir. You can take out a permit, and trade along the river, as others are doing; but I cannot grant privileges to you which I refuse to others. I do not know why my father should write asking me to do it. It is a request that I cannot listen to from any one."

Grant has never had patience with those who want to use the public grindstone for sharpening their own private cutlery. During the time of the war he wanted a law passed providing that all fraudulent contractors for the Government should be impressed into the ranks, "or still better," he said, "into the gunboat service, where they could have no chance of deserting."

Though silent, he is observant and sagacious, and quick in discerning the meaning of things.

It is told of him, that, when some prisoners were being examined at Fort Donelson, and the result was reported, he said,—"Are their haversacks filled?"

Examination was made, and the haversacks found to contain three days' rations.

"The enemy mean, then, to cut their way out," said Grant instantly. "They don't mean to stop and fight us. Who attacks now will whip; and the rebels will have to be very quick to beat us."

Speaking of his struggle with the Confederates at the Wilderness, he said, "I have noticed that the Southerners fight desperately at first; yet when we hang on a day or two, we get them whipped." Whatever truth there may be in his estimate of Southern valour, this power of "hanging on" describes one of his most obvious characteristics. He is slow to move, diffident sometimes in undertaking a work; but having undertaken it, he perseveres in it with a grim and unflinching resolution that bears down everything before it. He has shown this quality from his earliest years. At West Point Academy, being an unsocial boy, he was treated at first with a good deal of insolence and cruelty by the older scholars. He stood this for some time, till one day, on mock parade, the captain of the company addressed

a very insulting remark to him. Young Grant suddenly stepped out of the ranks, threw off his jacket, and, before the whole company, challenged the captain to fight. The excitement became intense. The two boys went at it, and in three minutes the captain, though he fought hard, was severely thrashed, and had to cry for mercy.

"Now, lieutenant, if you please, I'll take you," said Grant, turning, without any apparent excitement, to another of the cadets who had been most forward in abusing him.

The lieutenant looked as if he would have willingly declined the combat, but his reputation was at stake, and he stepped out. Grant made short work with him too.

"Now," said he, hitching up his pants, and looking as if his blood were only beginning to fire up, "who comes next? I want peace, but I'm willing to fight the whole company, one by one, if that's necessary to gain peace."

There was no more fighting. The boys, delighted with his pluck, poured round him tumultuously, shook his hands, and gave him a hearty cheer. Thereafter he went by the name of "Company Grant," the boy that was ready to fight the whole company. This name he bore till, in 1862, his correspondence with Confederate General Buckner, at Fort Donelson, gained him the new but uncouth name of "Unconditional-Surrender Grant."[1]

[1] On the day after the fighting (Feb. 16, 1862), the Confederate General finding his position desperate, wrote Grant as follows:—"I propose the appointment of Commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation." To which Grant replied,—"No terms can be accepted except *unconditional surrender*. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Buckner had no resource. Swallowing his wrath as best he could, he replied,—"Circumstances compel me to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose." Fort Donelson was the first great victory for the North.

At the bloody battle of Pittsburg Landing (April 6, 1862), when affairs were looking desperate, Buell said to Grant, who had ridden up,—

"Have you provided for our retreat, General?"

"No, sir," said Grant, "we shall not retreat."

"But we may be forced to do it, and we should at least be ready for all contingencies."

"Well, there are the boats."

"The boats!" exclaimed Buell; "the boats will not hold 10,000 men, and we have 30,000."

"They will hold more," replied the grim General, "than we shall retreat with."

The year after, in the operations against Vicksburg, Sherman gave it as his opinion that it would be necessary to shift their base and advance upon Vicksburg from the North.

"That would require us to return to Memphis," said Grant.

"Of course."

"Well," said he, "I shall take no steps backward. It would look like a retreat, and would dishearten the country. No, sir, I have considered the plan, and it is my purpose to carry it out."

One day he stopped to water his horse near a dilapidated building. The lady of the house, a rebel, asked him if he ever expected to take Vicksburg.

"Yes, I mean to take it," he said.

"And when?" said the lady, with a scornful laugh.

"I don't know when," said the General quietly. "But I shall take it, if I stay here thirty years."

The same grim resolution characterized him all through the war. Everybody remembers his reply when it was proposed by some of his officers, after

the desperate but unsuccessful attempt to storm Lee's position in the Wilderness, that some other way of advancing on Richmond should be tried.

"No," said Grant, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

"Fighting it out on this line" has become a household phrase in the North ever since.

Grant is capable of great severity if his purpose can thereby be more readily accomplished.

When Sheridan was pushing up the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, where the Confederates had so often come to gather the harvests, Grant's orders were more severe and peremptory than had been issued even when the South was in the fulness of her strength.

"Leave nothing," he said, "to invite the enemy to return. Destroy whatever cannot be consumed. Let that valley be so left that crows flying over it will have to carry their rations along with them."

It was done, and the vast and fertile valley was converted for that season into a howling wilderness.

It was the same with human life. It was declared to me by many Southern officers, and accepted as probable by many in the North, that Grant sacrificed more men in the series of blows he struck at Lee between the Wilderness and Petersburg than all the men Lee had to begin with. But then his end was gained. The North lost heavily, but the South was conquered.

If Grant was terrible in war, he was generous in victory. When Lee surrendered at Appomattox, Grant allowed the Confederate officers to retain their side-arms, distributed rations to the famished troops, and permitted the officers and men to return to their homes.

The Southern people, many of them officers in Lee's

army, speak of Grant's conduct at Appomattox Court House with admiration and gratitude.

After the downfall of the Confederacy, he appealed to President Johnson on behalf of the chief of the Confederate armies.

"It would meet with opposition in the North," he said, "to allow Lee the benefit of amnesty, but I think it would have the best possible effect towards restoring good feeling and peace in the South to have him come in." And in his official report he closed with these words, as honourable to himself as they are appreciative of Southern heroism,—"Let us hope now for perpetual peace and harmony with that enemy whose manhood, however mistaken the cause, drew forth such herculean deeds of valour."

Grant's views on the negro question have not been very clearly expressed in words, but it will be remembered that in 1863 he enjoined his commanders to organize black regiments, and do their best to remove all prejudice against them. It will also be remembered that in all dealings with the enemy he declared that black troops must stand on the same platform with white troops, and be equally protected by the Government.

On his being spoken to on the subject of slavery, and asked if he had gone for abolition, he said "No."

"But you were for gradual emancipation?"

"No; not at first. The rebellion opened my eyes. I saw then that slavery must go, and ought to go. I wanted peace, and I saw that we could never have peace with slavery."

"You had a large number of black soldiers in your army?"

"Yes."

"Did they fight well?"

"Yes; they fought very well."

"Do you think the black people will be able to hold their own in the South?"

"I think they will; but we shall see."

"Do you approve of giving the suffrage to coloured people?"

"Yes. It has become a necessity. I should have gone against it once; but there is no other way out of the difficulty now. The South will do well to accept it. The sooner the South accepts it, the sooner the country will be at peace."

XII.

PURPOSE AND HEART IN THE WAR.

BEFORE passing into the South, where the devotion of the people to the cause they were led to espouse is well known, let me say that I think this country has never realized the spirit of earnestness with which, on the other hand, the North took up arms. It is no part of my belief that the North went into the war to put down slavery. No doubt with that question the whole difficulty from first to last was bound up; and when the boom of that "first gun" at Sumter rolled in ominous thunder over the continent, there were quick ears that heard in it the death-knell of the domestic institution. Wendell Phillips heard it in the North; Alexander Stephens heard it in the South. But what the mass of the Northern people heard, was a shot fired on the symbol of National Unity,—a blow struck at the fundamental principle of government by majorities—the principle of submission to the national will. If this principle was repudiated, the Constitution was waste paper, and the Union, the glorious Union, which had flushed the American brow with pride, and made that country the wonder and hope of the world, was a stupendous farce. So at least the North believed, and the people (including multitudes who despised and damned the nigger as well as those who felt for him)

sprang to arms to save the national life. But God's hand was in the war, and the national life could not be saved with slavery. As soon as this became apparent slavery was doomed; and public attention being called to the question under new conditions, anti-slavery feeling spread with a rapidity previously unknown. But from the first, the question of the national life had stirred the North to its centre, and brought the best blood of the country into the field. The impression in this country was, and to a large extent still is, that the North won merely because of her unlimited ability to replenish her armies with foreign mercenaries. One cannot travel in the States even now without discovering how much of error there is in this impression. It seemed to me as if every American family I met, from Maine to Mississippi, and as far beyond as I travelled, had sent into the army one or more of its members. I found people in every walk of life—merchants, lawyers, ministers, theological students, and Sunday-school teachers—bearing military titles earned by actual service. Some colleges swarmed with captains and majors. In one I heard a small colonel (who, if he helped to put down the rebellion, must have known more of war than he seemed to know of Greek), standing up before the professor and stumbling through a sentence of Xenophon. At the Union Theological Seminary, New York, during my last visit to that city, five out of the nine licentiates going out to Kansas had military titles.[1]

[1] One of these was a Colonel Lewis, whose father and three brothers had all been in the army. An officer, visiting one of the brothers in camp, said, glancing at the soldier who stood sentry, "That man at the door, captain, has a face uncommonly like yours!" "He ought," said the captain; "he is my father." The father, rather than do nothing

All the religious denominations were largely represented. Churches got up companies, and ministers volunteered with their people. One Illinois regiment was almost entirely officered by clergymen. Bible-classes emptied themselves into the ranks; and some young men's Christian Associations supplied whole regiments. Statistics have shown that, notwithstanding the large number of Germans and Irish that either enlisted or were brought up "to be food for Confederate powder," *seventy per cent. of the Eastern, and ninety per cent. of the Western troops, were native Americans.*

If there were large numbers (as there were) who kept out of the way, or provided substitutes from unworthy motives, there were others who, unfit to bear arms, and therefore exempt, provided "representative recruits;" and more still who not only enlisted themselves, but paid for others also. Connecticut farmers volunteered and took their hired labourers with them. One Rhode Island millionaire (able therefore with a stroke of his pen to have provided a substitute, and kept personally clear of the war) *enlisted as a private,* and paid for the outfit of his regiment.

Those who remained at home not only met the demands of the Government, but showed their eagerness in multitudes of cases to do more. There was a poor woman in New York who presented sixty shirts of her own making to a regiment of Zouaves. There was a tinsmith who equipped a whole company with tin plates and cups free of expense. These are cases out of thousands. Tradesmen, whose clerks enlisted, kept

for "the cause," was fighting as a private in his son's regiment. "I wish," said the other officer, "I had my father under me. I would pay him off for the whippings he used to give me when I was a boy."

their places open and continued their salaries. An eccentric patriot in New York sent a ton of sugar-plums to Fortress Munroe, giving the soldiers a spoonful a piece. The police of the same city not only furnished recruits but voluntarily assessed themselves to pay fifty dollars a month to each of their families. M. Aspinwall, a contractor, handed over to the Secretary of War the entire amount of his commission on the Enfield rifles he had purchased for the Government, in the form of a cheque for twenty-five thousand dollars. In the meantime the women of the North were everywhere forming themselves into Soldiers' Aid Societies, and tens of thousands of eager fingers, all over the country, set in motion by the love and tender solicitude of womanly hearts, were scraping lint, rolling bandages, cutting, sewing, and knitting things for the boys who had gone forth to fight, and preparing medicines and jellies and whatever they could think of that would comfort the wounded and the dying.

The increasing magnitude and horrors of the war stimulated these efforts of mercy, and showed the necessity for more united action. It was then that the leaders began to speak of the work that had been done by the British Government, and by Miss Nightingale and her Sisters of Mercy, in the Crimea. The practical genius of the Americans took hold of the idea, and speedily developed it to an extent undreamt of by its originators. The result was the organization in 1862 of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions.

We have seen how the Christian Commission wrought —looking in all its operations to the spiritual as well as the temporal good of the soldiers. The Sanitary Commission confined itself to matters of physical health

and comfort; had its agents and medical officers in every army, looking to the camping grounds and hospitals, the tents and ambulances, the diet, clothing, and equipments of the men, supplying whatever the Government could not or did not supply, and in camp and battle, in health and sickness, standing by the soldier like a personal friend. During General Gilmore's attack on Fort Wagner, the relief agents of the Commission—as brave in deeds of mercy as the troops were brave in fight—marched with the assaulting columns to the very moat around the fort, and under the hot fire of the enemy picked up and carried back the wounded almost as they fell, making no difference between the black and white troops, taking them to be cared for in hospitals which the Commission had provided with every appliance and every comfort which the solicitude of the nation could supply.

After a battle at Elizabeth, Kentucky, a number of dead and wounded were left on the field—many of the latter writhing in helpless agony. Instantly on news of the fight, the Sanitary Commission despatched the officers of mercy to the spot with beds and clothing and other comforts. Amongst the poor fellows who were picked off the field was one, almost a boy in years, who had become unconscious.

When the surgeon made his round next morning he found this lad sitting up in his little cot with a bright but utterly bewildered expression of countenance. He had closed his eyes in agony on the wet field amongst the dead and dying, he had opened them to find himself in a comfortable cot, between clean sheets, and something to read lying on his pillow.

The surgeon asked him pleasantly if he felt better.

"O yes," said the poor fellow in a faint whisper, "I 'm better;"—adding, as he looked around, "*Seems somehow as if mother had been here.*"

This was the realized idea of the Sanitary Commission—to follow the soldiers everywhere with the comforts and attention of home.

During the bloody and protracted battle that raged for three days around Gettysburg, where the Christian Commission delegates did so noble a work, the medical officers of the Sanitary Commission tended 13,000 Federals and 7000 Confederates; and immediately after the battle distributed amongst the needy soldiers 72,000 dollars' worth of clothing and provisions, including 1000 blankets, 10,000 shirts, 11,000 pounds of mutton and poultry, 600 bushels of vegetables, and 12,000 loaves. Immense supplies of money and goods were necessary to carry on such operations; but the heart of the nation was in the work, and the hands of the Sanitary like the hands of the Christian Commission were kept full.

If nurses were wanted, thousands of patriotic women were ready to volunteer. If blackberries were wanted to make tonics, the telegraph sent the news all over the country, and next day thousands of children were away blackberry-gathering for the soldiers. If onions were wanted to save the men from scurvy, or fresh vegetables to keep them well in hot weather, thousands of baskets and barrels poured into the depôts. The organization of the Commission was wonderfully perfect. Every city, town, and village had branch societies for receiving and directing the voluntary offerings of the people. These societies sent them on to the central committees; the committees passed them on to the main depôts at New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, and St. Louis,

whence they were being continually forwarded to the different armies, which were accompanied in all their movements by the agents of the "flying depôt" of the Commission.

Money poured in as copiously as goods; and though the work was attended with great difficulty, and all the officers were paid, the working expenses were under three per cent. of the income. Some of the ways in which contributions were raised, illustrate the enthusiasm of the people. Fancy a small sack of flour being made to fetch £15,000 to the Commission. The story is worth telling, as an illustration of the American character:—

In April 1864 a Mr. Gridley, in Nevada, made a little bet with a friend over a local election, the condition being that whoever lost was to march through the town with a 20lb. sack of flour on his back to the tune of "Dixie" in the one case, and "John Brown" in the other. Mr. Gridley lost the bet, and, in the midst of a great concourse of people, marched through the town, with ten musicians in front playing "John Brown's Body," and with the sack of flour upon his back. With the ready wit of an American, he had no sooner fulfilled his pledge, than he suggested that the sack of flour should be sold for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. He started the auction himself with a bid of $200. It was knocked down for $350 to a Mr. Noyes, who paid the money, and returned the sack to be sold again. The process was repeated over and over, till $4000 and several acres of land had been netted for the Commission. The affair got wind, and the sack with music and procession ("the Army of the Lord," as it came to be called) was sent on to the neighbouring

"city" of Gold Hill to be sold again. Crowds assembled; a platform was erected; Marshal Arnold jumped up as auctioneer, knocked down the bag to himself for $300, returned it, and began again. It was bought and returned with the price seventy-nine times, realizing $6750 more! Away it went now, "Army of the Lord" and all, to the next town, where it brought $1375; to the next, where it brought $12,995; and so on, till on the Pacific coast alone the famous 20lb. bag of Nevada flour had brought to the Commission the immense sum of $63,000. Dr. Bellows, the chairman of the Commission, said, writing to Mr. Gridley,—"The history of your sack of flour is more interesting and more peculiar than that of any sack recorded short of the sack of Troy, and it would take another Homer to sing it. I rejoice that you have not to carry on your shoulders all the money it has made."

Immense sums were also made by bazaars or "Sanitary Fairs," which were got up in almost all the great cities of the North, some of them on a scale of magnificence probably unseen before on this planet. People who get up bazaars in this country would find the record of those fairs a storehouse of novel ideas. It was said (but I cannot vouch for the story) that at one fair a patriotic and exceedingly pretty young lady got up on one of the stands and sold kisses at $10 a piece; and that an old gentleman, who purchased one, liked it so well that he went in for $50 worth more! At another fair, to avoid the objection of many Christian people to lotteries, and yet gain the end, a handsome sword was put up, which (instead of being raffled for) was to be voted to some one at the fair—every vote costing a dollar. Hundreds paid their dollar to be enfranchised; many

paid ten, fifty, and a hundred, to secure as many votes. Candidates were then nominated, funny speeches made, and the vote taken; the successful candidate was begirt with the sword of honour; and the bagful of dollars emptied into the capacious lap of the Sanitary Commission.

Amongst the multitude of things sent to these fairs by all classes of the people, to be sold for the good of the soldiers, some were singular enough. At Chicago, five barrels of potatoes, "planted, hoed, and dug by six young ladies of Illinois," went at a high price. A little bit of knitted work, made of worsted that had been bought with a few cents found in the pocket of a dead soldier, and knitted by his mother, sold for a hundred dollars. At another fair there was a pillow with the following inscription:—"This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died resting on it. It is a precious treasure to me, but I give it for the soldiers." On several pieces of old linen, put up together to be used for bandages, the inscription was as follows:—

"A hundred and fifty years ago, at the open window of a little farm-house among the Ochil Hills in Scotland, the passer-by might have seen a young blooming lassie working merrily at her spinning-wheel, preparing for the most eventful change in her life. Little did she dream, as she merrily drove her wheel, that her handiwork would be used in 1864—more than a hundred years after her death—to bind up the wounds of heroic men fighting for freedom in a far-off land."

Immense sums of money were realized at these fairs. The one at Brooklyn brought $400,000; at Philadelphia $700,000; at New York upwards of a million, or say £150,000 sterling. The total amount of money and

produce with which during the three years of its existence the Commission was supplied to carry on its vast operations of mercy, was estimated at *from sixty to seventy millions of dollars*—surely a noble voluntary offering to be made by a people who were at the same time taxed to pay the three thousand millions ($3,000,000,000) and more needed for the prosecution of the war by the Government.

Let it be also remembered that in the very midst of the war (December 1862 and January 1863), while America was struggling for life, and was taxing herself to this enormous extent to sustain her armies and mitigate the fearful horrors of the war, she had sympathy to spare for the poor operatives of Lancashire, and sent several ships across the ocean, laden with provisions, for their relief. In flour alone, more than 18,000 barrels were sent; and the contributions were valued altogether at more than £60,000. Some of the minor circumstances are equally deserving of record.

When the *George Griswold*—one of the ships referred to—came round from Boston to New York for her cargo of mercy, the Ballast Masters' Association brought their lighters to discharge her ballast free of expense; the stevedores loaded her without pay; the merchant who procured the flour would take no commission; the pilot who took her out, and the captain who was to bring her across, would accept no recompense. And so the ship of mercy sailed, followed by many prayers that God would not only bless its cargo to the destitute, but make the contribution a fresh bond of brotherhood between the two nations. May that prayer be answered; and may that noble act be ever gratefully remembered!

XIII.

ON TO RICHMOND.

On the 10th of January I took my ticket for Richmond, by way of Acquia Creek, and at eight o'clock that night was steaming down the silent waters of the Potomac under a full moon, nothing but the shuddering of the steamer and the muffled thunder of the machinery breaking the profound stillness. I was entering the region now where the great conflict of modern times had been settled. Everything around me—the air, the water, the phantom shores—spoke dumbly of the past.

"All quiet on the Potomac!" The words came back from 1862 as from the grave of a century, telling of that momentous year when the forces not of North and South alone, but of two mighty civilisations, were gathering to the front, preparing for a conflict that was big with issues for the world. In fancy I could hear along these shores again the roll of battle, the shock of contending armies, the war-thunder that for four long years had shaken these skies above me and filled the world with its reverberations. 1868! All over now. All quiet on the Potomac again. The white-faced moon was looking down on a hundred silent battle-fields, where half a million of dead men lay sleeping their long sleep. The armies of Lee and Stonewall

Jackson had melted away like a dream, the white flag that rose like a phantom in the sky had vanished, and the South, with the older civilisation which it represented, had gone down into chaos for ever.

At half-past ten at night we landed at Acquia Creek, and took the cars for Richmond.

After bowling rapidly over the pale, moon-lit country for several hours, we found ourselves about four in the morning entering the far-famed capital of the Confederacy. I sat close to the window of the car, and looked out with eager eyes upon the silent city. The ghostly houses standing in the cold weird moonlight, the empty streets, the profound stillness over all, made it seem as if we were entering a city of the dead. Great shells of building gutted with fire glided past, looking at us with their eyeless sockets. On one side of the valley, rising alone from what seemed to me a wilderness of grey tombs, a ghastly wall like the gable of a ruined cathedral towered into the frosty sky. Here and there from amongst the seeming tombs a cold light would gleam out for a moment and disappear—probably some fragments of pottery or broken glass reflecting the moonlight as we passed.

At the depot one or two sleepy officials were awaiting the arrival of our train before deserting the place for the night; several hotel omnibus guards, black as their own shadows, were also there, ready to get our baggage for us and drive us to their respective hotels. In a few minutes more we were rattling down a long deserted street, awakening its sharp echoes with the noise and clatter of our vehicles.

On reaching the hotel, and being shown by a dusky waiter to my room, I was surprised to hear at that

ghostly hour the sound of music and dancing. I asked the waiter what it was.

"A hop, sah."

"A ball, do you mean?"

"Yes, sah."

Just then a door at the end of the gallery opened, and a gentleman and lady in full dress, and with flushed cheeks, made their appearance, and passed me on the way out.

When I had seen my room I went on to the door from which the sounds of revelry were coming, and, looking in, saw a spacious hall, where a band in one corner was playing to some twenty or thirty young couples, who were threading the mazes of a dance. These turned out to be the last lingerers of a large and brilliant company that had been dancing there since nine o'clock on the previous night. It was one of the vestiges of Richmond gaiety in the days of her former splendour. The ball was over now, and before I had been many minutes in my room the sounds of revelry had ceased.

Next day I found myself in a new world. The place, the people, the whole aspect of things seemed different. A few hours had brought me from a land of light into a land of darkness; from gladness into mourning; from the victorious North into the vanquished and stricken South.

I had an introduction to a gentleman in Richmond, whom I found boarding in the hotel. In his room I met a Southerner who had fought in the Confederate army from the battle of Seven Pines to the surrender of Lee, when he found himself a beggar, with nothing in the world but a woollen shirt, a pair of Confederate pants,

and a few old law-books at home. He had now returned to his profession, and was practising law in one of the principal towns in Virginia.

"But," said he, rearing himself suddenly with flaming eye, and striking the table with his fist, "I would shoulder a musket to-morrow, and fight those battles over and over again, if we had only a chance to win."

"To perpetuate slavery?"

"Slavery! No, sir; what was slavery to me? I never had a slave, and never thought of having. I fought for my State, sir—my own State, Virginia!"

"But the South," I said, "would never have gone out except for slavery?"

"Perhaps not. I don't know, and I don't care. It was enough for me that Virginia *had* gone out. If she had seceded on the question of the tariff, or on the question of postage-stamps, or on the question of lunar eclipses, it would have been the same thing to me. Where Virginia goes I follow. How could I stand still, sir, when I saw Virginia invaded, and heard her calling on her children for protection? No, sir; this is my native State. I was a Virginian before I was anything else, and I shall be a Virginian to the end."

In the thrilling tone of his voice and the kindling of his eye as often as he named Virginia, I learned more of real Southern sentiment than I had from many a book. Perhaps as a Scotchman I understood him more readily. I had only to imagine a rupture of the British empire—Scotland separated again from England—an English army marching north, and Scotland calling on her sons to defend her. I felt if such a thing were possible, how many there still are who would turn a deaf ear to the questions at issue, whose sole motto

would be, "Scotland and the right! but, right or wrong, Scotland!"

I was struck everywhere in the South with the extent to which a kindred feeling had prevailed, especially in Virginia and the Carolinas. The State came first, the Union next, while in the North it was first the Union and then the State. Even now, if you ask a Southern boy what he is, he will say "A Virginian," or "A Georgian," as the case may be. If you ask a Northern boy what he is, he will say "An American." In the North, the principle of United States nationality is triumphant, and the result of the war will ultimately be to make it so over the entire Union. Sumner touched the root of the question when he asked, "Are we a nation?" This question was decided once, and probably for ever, when Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court-house.

In the hotel I met two planters who had each owned before the war several hundred slaves. Like most of the same class whom I afterwards met farther south, they looked on the country as ruined, and spoke with concern of the coloured people as well as of themselves.

"Emancipation," said one of them, "has sealed the doom of the black race. The nigger himself is finding it a mistake. He was happier in slavery. Many of them would like back."

Thinking that possibly the planters might be looking at the matter from a standpoint of their own, and anxious to see what the black man himself thought of the situation, I spoke to the black waiter who was attending me at tea.

"Were you a slave before the war?"

"Yes, sah."

"I hear you were better off then than now?"

"O no, sah."

"Your people, then?"

"No, sah; we are all better off now. They cannot sell us now. They cannot whip us now. They cannot put us in prison now. Some of our people are poor, but they would rather be poor, sah, and be free."

"Did you ever see General Lee during the war-time?"

"Yes, sah."

"What sort of man was he?"

"He was a grand man, General Lee, sah."

"You were sorry when he was defeated, I suppose?"

"O no, sah; we were glad; we clapped our hands that day."

Going up next morning to see the Normal School, I met a tall, powerful-looking negro, dressed in an old light-blue Federal cloak, striding down the street. He had a retreating forehead, but a quick, intelligent eye, and a bold front. I stopped him to ask the way.

He said, proudly, "I will show you, sir," and, turning, walked with me to the end of the street.

I asked him if he had been in Richmond during the time of the war. He said he had.

"The Confederates began to arm the negroes, I believe, before the war ended?"

"Yes, sir. They armed me."

"And would you have fought for the Confederacy?"

"Not except to be free. We demanded that if we were to fight for the South we must be allowed equal rights with the white people."

"Were you cruelly treated in slavery?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whipped?"

"No; I was never whipped much. There was no reason why I should. I did my work."

"How were you cruelly treated, then?"

"I was cruelly treated," said the man, "because I was kept in slavery."

I found the Normal School attended by a large number of coloured children—many of them in course of preparation for becoming teachers. They seemed to be undergoing an admirable course of training. I was struck with their neatness, cleanliness, growing refinement of manner and intelligence. I asked the superintendent, Miss Canedy, who had been long a teacher in the North, if she found much difference between the white and coloured children.

"I find these children slower," she said. "But we must not forget that they were wholly destitute of mental training till after the war. My conviction is, after fifteen years' experience in white schools in Boston and five in coloured schools here, that all that is wanting to make black children as good scholars as the white children is equally careful training."

In the hotel I met one of General Lee's sons, W. H. F. Lee, who had been a cavalry commander during the war. He was a tall, stout, florid man, with a certain lordliness of carriage oftener met with in the South than in the North. When I asked him about Southern feeling on the subject of slavery, he said, "I think most people in the South expected that a time would come for emancipation; but it was a thing that needed time and patience."

Of his father's views he said,—

"My father does not say much on political questions.

But he was always for gradual emancipation. During the war he was in favour of arming the negroes, and wrote about it: but his advice was only taken when it was too late."

I asked him what the Southern leaders thought of the position of this country during the war.

"We looked anxiously in that direction," he replied. "We knew that we had the sympathy of some classes there. But we suspected that Great Britain would never recognise a nation like ours that seemed to commit itself to slavery."

XIV.

PAST AND PRESENT.

In Richmond (sitting on its hills, and beautiful even in its ruins) it was sad to see everywhere the effects of the war in the wrecked appearance of the city and the gloom that seemed to have settled down upon the people. All the talk in the hotel was about the ruined state of the country and the desperate outlook. On Sunday I attended one of the principal Presbyterian churches—the Rev. Dr. More's. The congregation was composed chiefly of women, most of them in black, and many of them in deep mourning. Everything, even there, seemed to speak of the doom of the Confederacy, and of dead sons, and fathers, and brothers, whose lives had not only been sacrificed but thrown away! When I heard the minister pray with low and tremulous voice that God would sustain those on whom His hand had been laid in heaviness, and who had that day memories of sadness, and when I looked round at the many pale and woe-begone faces that were bent forward in prayer, I found my eyes filling with tears.

Parts of Richmond were still in ruins, though the rebuilding of the city steadily progressed. Beside the State House, where during the war the Confederate Congress met, I saw the blackened ruins of the Court House, with the roof blown off, the windows blown out, and

the lightning-rods still standing. The old trees around it were blasted and half charred.

Hard by, in the adjoining street, St. Paul's Episcopal Church was pointed out to me, with its tall, grey, lance-like spire, the church which Jefferson Davis attended during the war, and which connects itself with the last act in that tremendous drama.

It was here, on the forenoon of Sunday the 2d April, 1865, at a quarter-past eleven, that a messenger came in as the minister was reading the chapter, and handed to the Rebel President the despatch from General Lee, announcing that his lines around Petersburg were broken, and that Richmond would have to be at once evacuated.

The congregation had seen the messenger come in, and as Mr. Davis perused the despatch there was a universal hush, every one watching that calm thin face, and feeling that something momentous had occurred. Mr. Davis rose quietly and left the church, never to enter it again as President of the Confederate States. The news spread like wildfire. In half-an-hour the churches were empty, and people with pale and anxious faces were hurrying through the streets scarcely able to credit the news—that the city was to be evacuated—that the Government which had stood so proudly before the world was preparing for flight, and that the Confederate capital would be in the hands of the enemy within a few hours.

The streets were soon swarming with laden waggons driving in hot haste to the Danville depôt, and streams of excited people "walking as if for a wager," all hurrying one way, and carrying with them boxes, bags, and bundles of every description. Night closed upon the

doomed city. The Council had met in secret session; and, knowing what the result would be if the people in their excitement began to drink, they passed a resolution to have all the alcoholic liquors in the city destroyed. The work was commenced at midnight. Hundreds of barrels of liquor were rolled out into the street and the heads knocked in, till the gutters ran with a liquor freshet, and the air became impregnated almost to suffocation with the fumes.[1] Hundreds of cases of bottled wines and brandies were tossed from third-storey windows, and shivered to fragments in the street below. While the destruction was going on, a number of soldiers retreating through the city succeeded in laying hold of a quantity of drink, and from that time law and order were at an end. Stores were pillaged, and the streets began to ring with the yells of infuriated men and the shrieks of terrified women.

But the horrors of the scene had only as yet begun. Suddenly the darkness over the river flashed for a moment with lurid light, and an explosion followed that seemed to shake the earth. Another and another followed, as the giant rams upon the river were, one by one, blown to the four winds of heaven. And now a cry was heard in the streets that by General Ewell's orders the tobacco warehouses were being set on fire. As some of these were in the very heart of the city, the terrified people could scarcely believe its truth till vast sheets of lurid flame, rising from the region of the public warehouses and the Gallego flour-mills, put an end to all possibility of doubt. Long before dawn the city was lit up with a mighty conflagration, in the glare of which hundreds of jail-birds and plunderers, like a swarm of

[1] See Pollard's *History of the War*, and Greeley's *American Conflict*.

hobgoblins, could be discerned moving about in search of plunder.

"It seemed to me," said a Richmond lady, in describing the scene, "as if the last day had come, and hell had been let loose upon us."

On that same Sunday evening, away along the horizon, the Federal forces under General Weitzel lay facing the Confederate lines that surrounded the city, regaling themselves far into the night with national airs, little dreaming of the scene that was enacting, and unaware that the rebel soldiery had already abandoned the formidable works in front, and were flowing sullenly away through the dark city to effect a junction with Lee.

At two in the morning, long after the music had ceased and the army was buried in slumber, Weitzel himself, still awake, was startled by the sound of an explosion coming from the direction of Richmond, and much more distinct than the dull booming of cannon which had been audible during the previous day in the South. It was the blowing-up of the ram. Another explosion followed, and then another. Satisfied that something unusual was occurring, Weitzel sent one of his lieutenants up to the top of the signal-tower, who reported that there was a great light in the direction of Richmond, but he could not determine if the city were on fire or not.

In the morning the state of things became known, to the amazement and joy of the troops, who at once marched into the city. It was part of the strange drama, which Providence and not man seemed to have arranged, that the first soldiers to enter Richmond as conquerors were Draper's regiments of emancipated slaves!

And now, when I was there, another strange scene of the drama was enacting. The Constitutional Convention was sitting in the State House, under the stars and stripes, and negro delegates from all parts of the State were occupying the seats vacated by the Confederate Congress, helping white men to frame a new Constitution for Virginia!

I went to see the Convention at its work. The Rotunda at the State House swarmed with negroes, who had been unable, on account of the crowd, to gain admission to the gallery. The coloured people were naturally taking an intense interest in a Constitutional Assembly, in the proceedings of which, for the first time in the history of America, people of their own race and colour were taking part.

The sight that awaited me when I entered was a picture of the mighty revolution that had taken place in America within eight short years. It was, indeed, a strange sight this to behold in the United States, and especially in the capital of the Confederacy. Black men and white men sat side by side in the members' seats; the galleries were thronged with woolly heads; and a negro was on his feet addressing the House!

Everything was going on, however, with as much order and decorum as is common in American legislatures. Some of the members were listening; some were listening and lunching at the same time; others were reading newspapers; others were in consultation; others were preparing letters for post; while slippered pages summoned by a double clap of the hands were running hither and thither attending to the behests of all.

I found that the Convention had resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to consider the preamble to

the new Constitution. A motion had been made by a negro to the effect that the words "under the sanction and recognising the authority of Almighty God," should be inserted; and this motion was being discussed with great copiousness of speech on both sides.

A Conservative member rose to protest against dragging the name of Deity into such documents, as a violation of the Ten Commandments. The Commandments said that the name of God was not to be taken in vain, and the work of this Convention was to be in vain. Thereupon several members jumped to their feet in such an excited manner that the President, who was eating something out of a paper parcel, knocked loudly with his hammer upon his desk, and returned the parcel to his pocket, till he should have a more favourable opportunity of disposing of its contents.

A black member now rose and offered another amendment, still recognising the authority of God. He spoke fluently and earnestly, as is the manner with coloured people, and only wanted training to make a very effective speaker. He said that in some courts in Virginia two Bibles were kept—one to swear whites upon, and the other for the blacks. They could not be allowed to kiss even the same Bible!

"This," he cried, "is a mockery of God and an outrage on our race! Black men have played an important part in history, but white men have tried to keep them out of sight, and are trying to do so still. Who was it that fell in Boston before the revolution leading white men to victory? It was Mattox; and Mattox was a black man. Slavery has kept a mine of power buried out of sight for 200 years. But God has helped the black people to freedom. And I want," he said, lifting

up his arm, and speaking with tremendous energy, "I want God's name recognised; and I want my children, when I am dead and gone, to know that I and other black men had a hand in the work of this Convention."

Another delegate got up, with his hands in his pockets, and said, in a careless way, that he thought all this about recognising the Deity in the Constitution was mere clap-trap, but if it would facilitate business he was for putting in the words and going home. The words would do no harm to the State, and God would probably survive them. So the discussion went on: the speaking on both sides rather showy than good.

I made my first acquaintance with a real "fighting editor" at Richmond. The gentleman referred to was on the staff of the *Richmond Despatch*, and only a few days before had exchanged shots with a brother editor, whose duelling propensities had earned him the title of "Pistol Pollard," and who since then has been shot dead by a gentleman whom he had improperly alluded to in his paper.

I visited the *Despatch* office with a friend of the editor's, who wished to introduce me, and followed him into a rude apartment, which turned out to be the sanctum. Bulky files of "exchanges" lay on the floor or were huddled into the corners; the editorial table, which stood knee-deep in litter of all kinds, was covered with piles of papers, cuttings, and manuscripts; and on another table in the corner I observed a Confederate cloak of bluish-grey lined with scarlet, with a revolver lying beside it.

In front of the fire stood the editor himself, a small, lithe, flashing-eyed, gentlemanly-looking man, with a cigar between his teeth, and his hat tipped carelessly

back, revealing a fine face and large expanse of forehead.

My cicerone saluted him with a "Good-morning, Colonel."

The Colonel took his cigar from between his teeth, shook hands cordially, and, on learning who I was, asked a number of questions about Scotland, showed me several English books that he kept for reference in his library, and then unrolled a large engraving of Stonewall Jackson, which he had just received from England.

I asked him if he had seen the General.

"Seen him!" exclaimed the Colonel, "I got my military education from Jackson at Lexington. I went into the army three days after the Secession ordinance passed, and fought under him."

When the subject of the pistol encounter turned up—

"Oh," said the Colonel, with a smile, "it was nothing. Pollard had made a false statement in his paper. I told him through mine that he must either prove that statement or stand convicted as a liar. Next day, when I was passing through the Rotunda, I heard a shot quite near me, then another. I looked round and saw that Pollard was popping at me with his revolver.

"I happened to have my own shooting irons with me," continued the Colonel with a careless glance towards the revolver on the side-table, "and fired back at him two or three shots, but we were separated."

I told him I had often heard of fighting editors, but had been rather incredulous of their existence.

"Oh," said the Colonel with a smile, throwing the stump of his cigar into the fire, "some of us have to write or fight just as occasion calls for it."

On my way through the South and South-west, I met with several gentlemen of this stamp, some of whom seemed to have been more expert with the pistol than with the pen. It was said to have been the practice with some papers (able to do things on a large scale) to have a man on the staff to attend exclusively to the fighting part of the business. If the writing editor branded you before the public as a liar, and you went in Southern fashion to demand satisfaction, he handed you over politely to the fighting editor,—the gentleman who managed the pistolling department. Editors who had no fighting men on the staff, and were not prepared to undertake the work themselves, had, and in some parts of the country still have, need of quick wits or quick heels.

It is told of an editor in Arkansas who excited the fury of the rowdy population by a severe article against the gambling-houses, that the following morning, while clipping "copy" for next day's paper, he heard heavy steps on the wooden stairs outside, and was startled by the appearance of a big ruffian at the door, carrying a bludgeon in his hand.

"Air you the editor o' this noozpaper?" said the man.

"Do you wish to see him?" said the editor.

"I wish to see him," said the man.

"He is engaged, sir; but if you take a seat I shall tell him that you are here."

He gave the man a chair, and darted from the room to make his escape into the street. He had only got to the foot of the stairs when he encountered another ruffian just arriving, armed with a heavy cowhide.

"Whar 's the editor of this here paper?" cried ruffian Number Two, barring the way.

"You'll find him sitting in his room up there," said the editor, pointing towards the place where he had left ruffian Number One. "But you had better not disturb him; he looks dangerous."

"I'll take that out of him mighty quick," said the man with an oath, and passed up. The editor had scarcely got into the street when he heard a terrific uproar in his sanctum, where each ruffian, taking the other for the obnoxious scribe, had begun a furious assault.

Another story is told of a Mississippi editor, who wrote a stinging article against a man who was running for a public office. Next forenoon the enraged candidate appeared in the sanctum, bringing with him in one hand a heavy stick, and in the other the obnoxious article which he had clipped from the paper. After a volley of oaths by way of introduction, the intruder sternly demanded of the trembling editor one of two things—either to eat his article or take a sound thrashing. It was a painful dilemma; but the editor ate the article and saved his skin.

While in Richmond I paid a visit to Cameron's tobacco factory,—the only one in Virginia, as far as I could hear, which had introduced machinery, and substituted hydraulic presses for the old hand-screws. The building was divided into different storeys and compartments, in which the various processes were gone through that convert the dried leaf into manufactured tobacco ready for the smoker or chewer. It was night, and the huge hive of industry, filled with black workers, had a dim and weird-like, not to say diabolical, appearance. In one compartment we saw black women busy on the flour tearing asunder the

leaves that had been crushed into a compact mass in the hogsheads. In another place we saw more women cutting the stem out of the leaf—the leaves to go to the twisters, and the stems to be packed up and shipped to Bremen for the Germans to make snuff of. In another place, the twist-room, we found nearly 150 black men and women facing each other at the long row of tables, all busy making the twist, manipulating the leaves and rolling them up with amazing dexterity, singing in concert all the while.

I asked Mr. Cameron, who kindly went through the factory with me, how much these people got for their work?

"Just now," he said, "only two cents (or a penny) a pound. This is winter, when there is little or no profit in keeping the factory going; but it keeps the hands together, and when summer comes, and the profits justify it, the wage is nearly doubled."

I asked if these men had been his slaves before the war?

"Some of them were. A number of them I had bought, and the rest were hired from their owners."

"How do the men work, now they are free?"

"I think most of them work better. They have the stimulus of remuneration, and they work more heartily."

"How do you like the free-labour system yourself?"

"I like it better than slavery. I would not go back to the slavery system if I could. Labour is cheaper now and more easily managed. Formerly you had to keep order with the cowhide. If a man was stubborn you had to whip him. You had paid six or eight hundred dollars for him, and you could not afford to let him

lie idle. But now, if a man is disorderly, or won't work, you tell him to take his jacket and go. It is much easier and pleasanter. Then, again, in slave times, you had to keep the factory going whether you were making money or not, for the men were always on your hands. Now you have nothing to do, if a bad season comes, but turn the hands off, lock the door, put the key in your pocket, wait for better times, and let the men look out for themselves. Every one for himself is the rule now, and whatever it may be for the employed, it is better for the employer. Saves money at any rate."

This view of the case represented, as far as I could discover, the opinion of the most intelligent employers of labour in the South. In regard, however, to the amount of work done by the negroes under the new as compared with the old régime, I found much diversity of opinion. The owner of a factory in Lower Virginia said that in slave times he got as much work out of 150 hands as he did now out of 200.

"The compulsory task," he said, "was just enough to brace a man up for additional work. My negroes, if they tried, could get their task-work over by one o'clock, and everything they did after that they were paid for. This was a stimulus to work longer than they do now."

He thought, however, that as competition became keener, and the wants of the negroes became larger and more numerous, they might come to work more and work better than they had done in slavery.

I met several persons in Richmond who had come to Virginia to buy land. The changes effected by the war have made a fine opening in the Old Dominion for

skilled labour and for capital. Conversing with the Governor of the State (Mr. Pierpont) on the subject, he said,—

"What we want is men who could purchase 100 or 150 acres. For them there is a chance in Virginia now such as never was before, and, after things are settled, can never be again."

I asked about the cost of land.

"It depends on the sort of land, and where located. In the south-west parts of the State, between Blue Ridge and tide-water, good land is selling for $6 and $10 an acre, that could not have been got for five times that money before the war."

"Is the climate healthy?"

"Yes, everywhere back from tide-water."

I asked about the Valley of Virginia.

"The Valley, sir, is the best location in the State for emigrants with money. The land there runs from $60 to $80 an acre (£10 to £12 sterling). But it is splendid land, cleared and very productive. It will be worth $300 to $400 before long."

"Can you get labour to hire there?"

"Plenty. The coloured people, if paid for their labour, will work, and work well. But the present employers have been beggared by the war and can't pay."

"What is grown in the State?"

"Almost everything. Tobacco, barley, buck-wheat, Indian corn, potatoes, rye, grapes, melons, apples, pears, and Lord knows all what. There is no State in the Union beats it for variety.

"The best grazing country, and the richest land for grain and tobacco, is in the mountain region west of

Lynchburg. But there is a fine rolling country, well watered and well drained, all the way west from Richmond. If any of your Scotch farmers are coming out, now is the time for them. Tell them to keep out of politics and they will find themselves on good terms with all parties, and get on as very few Americans can in the meantime. We Union men meet with coldness and opposition."

When I travelled westward through Virginia, on re-visiting it the following spring, I found almost everything verified that I had heard said in its praise.

Good land was selling at a low figure, fine river lands at £5 an acre—less than a tenth of the price which inferior land would bring in the Connecticut Valley, New England. The productiveness of Virginia has never been fairly tested, slavery having kept agriculture in a very backward state. But the natural richness of the soil may be inferred from the fact that you find lands that have been sown and reaped, year after year, for more than a century without manure, continuing to yield fair crops. It is said that when these lands were new (and lands as good still remain to be broken), sixty-fold of wheat was no uncommon yield. Even this is not equal to the yield of land in some of the Western and North-Western States; but, to compensate for this, the winters in Virginia are much shorter and the market almost at the door.

No doubt the country is in a somewhat unsettled state, and the labour system much disorganized. But I was everywhere assured that emigrants from this country would receive a cordial welcome from the people, would meet with hearty co-operation, and would be able to re-organize labour in their own

districts more readily than either Northern capitalists or the old owners of the soil. Northern speculators (with a few exceptions) did not seem to understand the coloured people, or be able to manage them so well as their old masters; while the Southern planters were not only too poor to pay for labour, but seemed, in many cases, either unable or indisposed to accommodate themselves to the new order of things. Scotch perseverance, Scotch "canniness," and Scotch farming are precisely what Virginia wants; and those who, with a little capital, are prepared to throw in their fortunes with the kind and hospitable people of the Old Dominion, and grapple manfully with the preliminary difficulties of the situation, are likely to find themselves emerging from this transition state in the South in a better position, and with brighter prospects than they could hope for in almost any other part of America.

XV.

"BEAST" BUTLER, SO CALLED.

I CONFESS it was with some surprise that I saw from the Richmond papers that General Butler was coming to make a speech in that city. Southern blood is hot, and Butler is detested in the South more perhaps than any man that lives. There were two things, therefore, that I thought worthy of note—first, that Butler had the pluck to come; and secondly, that he was allowed to come and allowed to go without molestation.

I was across at the Ballard House seeing a friend on the morning of the day on which the General was to arrive.

"Do you know," said he, with a touch of bitterness in his tone, "that Butler is going to stay at the Ballard here?"

"No."

"Well, he is. Apartments are secured."

"And so, I reckon, is the silver plate," said a man standing near.

"I wonder they would let him in."

"Why shouldn't they?" said the man. "Ain't they bound to give entertainment to man and Beast?"

Looking at the cases of prints and photographs exposed for sale in the hotel—some of them shamefully obscene—I was surprised to see amongst them

several pictures of the obnoxious General, in which he was made to figure in horns and hoofs.

I said to the youth in charge—"You don't leave these exposed here when Butler is in the house?"

"O yes," said he; "Butler don't care a curse, if we don't lock up the spoons."

The farther south I travelled towards New Orleans, the stronger this association became. Several times in the south-west I heard people speak of having things "Butlerized."

"Now, don't you Butlerize all that pie," said one little urchin to his sister, who was helping herself rather liberally.

It is curious that Butler should have got his name so specially associated with silver-plate. General Neal Dow, on the other hand, was twitted with a *penchant* for rebel furniture. It is told of him that, being seriously ill on one occasion, an officer asked the surgeon in attendance what the matter was.

"Only a heavy meal of furniture," said the surgeon; "but I have got him to throw up a bureau and a rocking-chair, and I think he will get round."

It was said to be a joke among the Western soldiers that General Dow had furniture on the brain.

How far either the one General or the other merited so sinister a reputation I found it difficult to ascertain. Parton, in his bulky volume, shows that Butler had many things laid to his charge of which he was entirely innocent. But there can be no doubt that in different parts of the South a wholesale system of plundering was carried on—some of the Federal officers and soldiers probably imagining that whatever belonged to the enemy was legitimate spoil. I visited many private

houses in the South which had been literally "cleaned out" by the Federal soldiers; and in the North, I occasionally came upon pieces of furniture that had once graced the drawing-rooms of Southern planters, and had been brought North without any "By your leave." A gentleman connected with one of the Express Companies told me that during the war thousands upon thousands of boxes and bales of plunder from the South were sent North by Union soldiers and officers to their own homes. Some strange scenes resulted. Once, for instance, at a ball in New York, a Southern lady observed, gleaming on the bosom of another lady in the company, one of her own wedding gifts. She went up and said, "Madam, give me that brooch. It is mine. My name is Mrs. ——."

The lady who was wearing it looked at her, hesitated a moment, and then, afraid of a scene, gave it up.

On the evening of Butler's public appearance in Richmond, I made a mistake of half-an-hour as to the time; so that when, through the pitch-dark streets, I found my way to the "First African Church," where the address was to be delivered, the long low building was already crammed, and a seething crowd of negroes swarmed at every door, and hung in masses blacker than the night—from every part of the railing that afforded the least glimpse into the interior of the dimly-lighted church. I got myself into the crowd at one corner, but after working myself up the steps amongst the good-humoured darkies, I could only see, over the heads in front, a bit of dim roof and part of a gallery that was literally loaded with negroes—the dusky faces being ten or twelve deep. I extricated myself with difficulty, and made my way to another place, where,

through one of the windows, I could discern General Butler's feet on the platform. Those around me seemed to consider this a valuable point of observation; but being neither a bootmaker nor a Butler-worshipper, I felt that two hours spent in looking through a window at this small part of the General's person, without hearing a word of his speech, would be an unsatisfactory account of my time. Accordingly I extricated myself from the throng once more, intending to return to the hotel, when, by good chance, Judge Underwood arrived, and as a clearance had to be made to let him in, I availed myself of this to get sufficiently far into the church to see and hear.

A short, stout man, with large bald head, a round body, and short spindle legs, stood at the front of the platform, speaking in a somewhat harsh but very fluent and articulate voice. It was easy, even at a glance, to see how this man had the power to make himself an object of such deadly hate to a whole people. There was power in the big bald head, in the massive brow, in the vulture nose, in the combatively bullying face, in the heavy eyelids, and in the keen, scrutinizing eye. It was literally eye, not eyes, for the right eyeball seemed to be engaged in some business of its own, as if relieved from regular duty, while the spirit of the man when he looked at you seemed to crouch at the other, and (from under the heavy eyelid) glare out keenly and warily. He had in his left hand a pamphlet or bit of paper—I could not see which—but once or twice he brought this paper up to the side of his head, within two or three inches of his eye, as if for reference.

Tastes differ, but I confess Butler's face was not pleasant to me.

His speech, as far as I heard it, was clear, logical, and full of practical wisdom, but was delivered with an audacity of manner that made one reluctant to admire even what deserved admiration.

Speaking of the alleged inferiority of the negro race, Butler said,—"Fifty years ago, Europeans were accustomed to say that Americans were not their equals. 'Who reads an American book?' they said. 'Who looks at an American picture? What poets, what generals has America produced?' The last half century has swept this taunt away. American science rules in the steamboat and in the telegraph, and to-day overshadows the world. Is it fair—is it just—to bring forward those same taunts as arguments against the negro? GIVE HIM FAIR PLAY! It is all he wants, and in fifty years he may answer these questions to America, as America has to the world."

Speaking of the hopes that had been held out to negroes during the war, that the lands of the rebels would be taken and parcelled out amongst them, he said wisely—"Such confiscation is now impossible. And I doubt if it would ever have been a boon to you, for this reason, that anything that costs nothing is not much valued."

It deserves to be recorded that the coloured audience applauded this sentiment loudly, as if to indicate their entire concurrence.

Butler gave it at the same time as his opinion that the men who tilled the land should own it; that the vast landed estates in the South should be broken up; that the owner, instead of clamouring for foreign immigration, should use the black labour that was waiting at his door, and if he had not money, should

give each labourer, as wages, thirty or forty acres of land until such time as it could be paid up, and the rest he would by and bye be able to cultivate fully himself.

I was sorry to find that the general moderation and wisdom of this speech received little acknowledgment from the Southern press. One prominent organ, exceptional in its wit but not in the abusiveness of its language, came out with a leading article entitled "THE BEAST," and referred to the meeting in the following terms:—"Butler spoke, chairman Wardwell smiled, mob applauded. Sublime occasion! Hen-roost and pig-stye thieves forgot their avocation, and chickens and pigs for two hours slept in undisturbed security, while the petty pliers of smaller trades vied with each other in doing homage to the more successful rascal!"

The character written in Butler's face seems to have developed itself at an early age. When a lad at college, it was binding on the students to attend the college church—a duty which to Benjamin was very irksome. On one occasion he heard the college preacher (who was also a professor) advancing propositions like the following:—(1.) That the elect alone would be saved. (2.) That amongst those who by the world were called Christians, probably not more than one in a hundred belonged really and truly to the elect. (3.) That the others, by reason of their Christian privileges, would suffer more hereafter than the heathen who had never heard the Gospel at all.

Butler, whose audacity was always more conspicuous than his reverence, made a note of these positions, and on the strength of them drew up a petition to the Faculty, soliciting exemption from further attendance

at the church, as only preparing for himself a more terrible future.

"For," said he, "the congregation here amounts to 600 persons, and nine of these are professors. Now, if only one in a hundred is to be saved, it follows that three even of the Faculty must be damned." He (Benjamin Butler), being a mere student, could not expect to be saved in preference to a professor. Far, he said, be it from him to cherish so presumptuous a hope! Nothing remained for him, therefore, but perdition. In this melancholy posture of affairs he was naturally anxious to abstain from anything that might aggravate his future punishment; and as church attendance had been shown in last Sunday's sermon to have this influence upon the non-elect, he trusted that the Faculty would for all time coming exempt him from it.

The result of this petition, written out in an imposing manner and formally presented to the Faculty, was that Butler received a public reprimand for irreverence, and, but for the influence of one or two friends in the Faculty, would have been expelled.

Butler from the first has been noted for a quickness of repartee that backs up his audacity, and prevents it from bringing him to grief. In one of his first law cases (most readers are probably aware that Butler practised law in New England), he said, in the usual way, when the case was called, "Let notice be given!"

"In what paper?" asked the venerable clerk.

"In the *Lowell Advertiser*," said Butler, selecting a small local paper detested by the Whig party, to which the clerk and the judges belonged.

There was an awful pause.

"The *Lowell Advertiser!*" said the clerk, with

difficulty restraining his feelings, "I don't know such a paper."

"Pray, Mr. Clerk," said Butler, "don't begin telling the Court what you don't know, or there will be no time for anything else!"

When in command at Bermuda Hundreds, one of the Petersburg Volunteers, who had held General Kautz's Brigade of Cavalry at bay for two hours till the advance of Lee's army arrived, was brought before Butler for examination, having been captured in the trenches.

"What are you by profession?" asked the General.

"A lawyer."

"How many soldiers were in Petersburg when Kautz first appeared?"

The prisoner declined answering.

"If you won't tell me," said Butler, "I'll tell you. There was none."

The lawyer took the liberty of asking how he had arrived at that conclusion.

"By this infallible deduction," said Butler:—"If there had been a soldier in Petersburg, we should never have found a lawyer in the trenches."

In New York, Butler was once addressing an immense crowd in front of the City Hall in favour of the election of Horace Greeley to Congress. For some time after his appearance there was a terrific storm of hisses, groans, and cries of "Spoons! spoons!" and "Down with the Beast!" Butler stood facing the mob with an expression of the coolest effrontery, and occupied his time till they should subside into quietness in picking his teeth with his gold tooth-pick.

At last there came a lull, but Butler had scarcely got his first sentence finished when the storm burst out

afresh, and an apple shot from the crowd struck Butler full upon the brow. He caught it as it fell, and bowing his thanks to the man who had thrown it, commenced in the most deliberate manner to eat it. There was a roar of laughter; the mob felt that it was outdone, and gave the General a hearing.

When in command at New Orleans, Butler was standing one day smoking a cigar in front of the building which he was using as his head-quarters, where, as usual, the United States flag was flying. A Southern lady passing down the street stepped off the pavement as she drew near, and kept the other side of the street till she was past the flag.

Butler turned to the sentry.

"Arrest that woman," he said, "and bring her here."

The sentry obeyed.

"Madam," said Butler, taking his cigar from his lips, "what did you step off the pavement at this part of the street for?"

"To avoid that rag," said the lady, defiantly.

"I thought so," said Butler.

He called a guard, and said,—"You will walk this woman up and down under this flag for half-an-hour. If she is fatigued you will give her a chair directly under it;" and, resuming his cigar, while the guard set about their work, he tranquilly watched the indignant lady till his cigar was finished.

It was sometimes less the result which Butler aimed at than (as in this case) the intensely aggravating means by which he effected it, that made him the object of such execration and hate throughout the South.

Everybody knows about the order by means of

which he put an end to anything like insult being offered to his soldiers by the ladies of New Orleans.

An Englishman who met Butler some time after in a railway car spoke to him of this.

"Do you know," said the General, "where I *got* that famous order of mine?"

"No."

"I got it from a book of London Statutes. I changed 'London' into 'New Orleans;' that was all. The rest I copied *verbatim et literatim.* The London papers, of course, didn't know that, and called me 'Beast Butler' for adopting one of their own laws."

Whatever truth there may be in this, and whatever may be thought of Butler's taste in issuing his order, there can be no doubt that this much-execrated man possesses administrative ability of a high order, and that the city of New Orleans was never within the memory of its inhabitants kept so clean, and in consequence so healthy, and was never more orderly and more free from those riots and outrages for which it used to be notorious than during the time when it was in the hands of General Butler. Let us not withhold from this unlovable, but acute and sagacious man, his due.

XVI.

PETERSBURG AND ITS MEMORIES.

FROM Richmond I passed on to Petersburg, situated about twenty-two miles farther south, on the Appomattox River, and famous as the place where Lee and his war-worn veterans made their last desperate stand against the overwhelming forces of the North.

The fortnight I spent there was a time of mingled gladness and sorrow—gladness in the society of warm-hearted and generous friends, sorrow at the evidences that met me everywhere of the fearful ravages of war. Not a road, or ridge, or ravine, for miles around the city, but had its tale of heroism and death; not a field but had been sown with bullets, and ploughed with shot and shell, and fought over again and again, and drenched with human blood; not a point in those interminable lines of breast-works and rifle-pits that surrounded the city but marked the spot where ragged and half-famished Confederates, hopeless of their cause and yet unconquered, stood shivering through nights of driving sleet and biting frost, glaring across at the Union lines, and giving and receiving the deadly fire that never ceased, day or night, for eleven months, till the end came.

In the city, too, every home had its memories of sadness. Here was a family that had lost its head; here were sisters who had lost their brothers; here was

an old man who had lost his boy; here was a mother whose son had followed the white flag to Gettysburg and never been heard of more: one widow, I remember, who had lost her husband, her father, and her only son, and had the bitterness of poverty added to her cup. No heart but had some grave within it; and a single word of sympathy would often unseal dumb lips and bring forth tales of suffering and desolation, which, notwithstanding all differences of opinion about the lost cause, it was impossible to listen to without tears.

Spending one evening at the house of a Confederate officer, I met three Southern ladies, whose descriptions of what they had seen and experienced during the war help one to realize so well what war is when brought too near home, that I shall introduce one of them, which the lady, who was the wife of a captain in Lee's army, read from her journal. I am only sorry that they must now lose the additional interest and vividness they derived on that occasion from the voice of the reader, her pale and interesting face, and the lustrous eyes that now melted with tenderness, and now kindled with Southern fire.

The following was her account of the first darkening of the war-storm around their city, as the armies of Grant and Lee, fighting all the way, rolled farther and farther south from the Wilderness and Spottsylvania:—

"Such troops as we had some days before had been withdrawn from Petersburg to points more threatened with immediate attack. We had left us for our protection only one regiment of Wise's brigade, one battery of artillery, and 170 militia, composed of the older men and boys under eighteen. These were to hold eleven miles of breastworks in case of attack, which the military authorities

evidently did not anticipate. But already a large force of cavalry, under the command of Kautz, was swooping down upon us. How brightly dawned that lovely summer morning upon our devoted city, whose light was so soon to be dimmed with blood and tears! An unusual quiet at first prevailed, but at an early hour a sound broke upon our ears which sent a tremor through our hearts. It was the sullen roar of cannon and musketry along our lines! And now we heard the tolling of the town-bell, the signal which summoned grandsires and boys to the defence of their homes: our young men had all gone to meet the foe elsewhere. Truly might the enemy say of us *that day*, that we 'robbed the cradle and the grave for our defenders.'

"And nobly did they do their duty. No shrinking because the feet of some were tottering with age, while the hands of others were almost too delicate and girlish to handle muskets. As a little band of these boys passed a group of sorrowing mothers and sisters who were trying to smile and cheer them on in spite of their tears, one noble lad exclaimed, 'Do not weep, ladies; do not fear; we will fight for you as long as we have a cartridge left.' Ah! how many of these poor striplings were in a few hours mutilated and maimed for life, or sent to languish in a Yankee prison, and to how many more the bright sun above us went down at mid-day! . . . I was ill, but all that long, weary day, as I lay burning with fever, I could hear the roar of the fierce conflict going on, as it seemed, at our very doors—the firing sometimes so near that our hearts stood still, expecting every moment the in-rushing of the enemy. Each volley seemed to fall upon our own hearts and brain, for we felt that at that moment death had come to some beloved one. But that wall of brave hearts was standing firm.

"About three o'clock the battle reached its height; the artillery of the enemy made for a commanding eminence; our forlorn hope gained the ridge before them, and checked the advancing column. Just then, as if a mountain had been lifted from our hearts, a body of our own cavalry—

being General Beauregard's advance—dashed unexpectedly into the city, at sight of which the enemy gathered himself hastily up and withdrew. Thus did the God of Battles again stretch forth His hand and deliver us! But, oh! such a dearly-bought deliverance! Towards evening, the battle being now over, anxious wives, and mothers, and sisters, with pale faces and trembling hearts, looked for the return of loved ones, or for tidings of their fate. We felt that some hearts must mourn, but whose should it be—from which of us had the Angel of Death torn our idols? Soon the ambulances and waggons began to come in from the battle-field, rumbling along the silent streets, leaving now at this house, now at that, the mangled or dead body of some dear one. At such moments you could hear, breaking the awful stillness, the wail of some mother over her dead boy, or the piteous cries of children over mutilated and bleeding fathers or grandsires. It was a still summer evening—how well I remember it!—and the sun as it sank to rest seemed to touch us lovingly and gently with its last rays, as if in sympathy with our great sorrow. Night closed in, and we sat down face to face with our woe—some to watch the dying, others to keep sad vigil beside their dead; while numberless hearts agonized in prayer for loved ones torn from home, and now on their way to pine, and perhaps die, in some Northern prison.

"God help us," the lady said, in tremulous tones, "if in recalling the scenes of that sad day our hearts burn within us, and we feel that we have no love as yet for our enemies!"

The following paragraphs describe some of the experiences that followed:—

"*June* 16*th.*—Have been up for the first time since my illness. Mother and sisters have been out all day ministering to the wounded. Troops have been passing all the afternoon on their way to the left of our lines, where there has been sharp fighting during the day.

"*June* 17*th.*—What a night we have had! The enemy

opened upon us, shelling a city of defenceless women, children, and wounded soldiers. It was a lovely moonlight night, and I had just gone to bed after listening to a band belonging to some brigade encamped across the river, when I heard the sound of heavy firing, and by and bye a shell flew with a whiz over the house and exploded near by. My heart sank within me! But what could I do? I could only commit myself and my poor stricken country into 'Our Father's' keeping. I lay till nearly one o'clock listening to the booming of guns and the sound of bursting shells, when one exploded so near that the light flashed in my very face, a fragment striking the porch in the rear of our house. This so frightened my sister, that she insisted on going to a neighbour's for safety, so in my weak state I made an effort to dress, and taking our two servants with us we went. Oh, what sad weary hours were those as we lay listening to the fearful sounds that seemed to threaten us every moment with destruction. Some even of the dying had to be moved from place to place during the night, to spots where they might at least die quietly.

"*Saturday.*—To-day we sent off mother and sister to Raleigh. I must manage to remain here till I can know the fate of my dear husband, who is with General Lee, and has been through the terrible conflicts of the Wilderness and Cold Harbour.

"*June 18th.*—I shall never forget this afternoon. We were just sitting down to dinner when we heard the sound of martial music, and knowing that General Lee's army was momentarily expected we hastened to the door. Sure enough, the head of the column (A. P. Hill's corps) was just turning into the street, and what regiment should come first but our own gallant 12th Virginia—but oh! so worn with travel and fighting, so dusty and ragged, their faces so thin and *drawn* by privation that we scarcely knew them. It made one's heart ache to look at them. Ah! how many dear familiar faces we missed from those ranks of war-worn heroes! It was a sad home-coming, and even now they were hurrying on to the front to save their homes

from the enemy. How my eager eyes searched through those ranks for one! As the column moved up the street I saw a poor, thin, travel-worn figure step out of the ranks and wave his hat *to me.* In spite of rags and emaciation I knew my own ——; *he,* then, thank God, was safe—still spared to battle for his beloved South. I felt frantic with joy to see him, though, alas, in such a plight, and even now marching towards danger and death! They were passing so rapidly, and the crowd was so great, that I could not reach him. But our faithful servant Becky, when I pointed out her 'Mars,' ran with lightning speed up another street, in order to *flank* the column, which she succeeded in doing, rushed up to the ranks, and seizing her dear young master by the hand, went as far as she could with him, cheering the poor fellow with news of home and dear ones there.

"What would the Yankee philanthropist have thought," said the lady, "had he observed that scene between an 'oppressed slave' and her 'tyrant' master?"

"And that," she said, "is not the only proof I could give you of Becky's fidelity. When we were forced to fly, Becky could not be prevailed upon to seek safety with us. She insisted on remaining here, in spite of danger and privation, to take care of such property as we had to leave. When the city was given up to the enemy, Becky still kept 'watch and ward' over our things, though threatened with Castle Thunder and even death by some of the Yankee soldiers if she did not give up her master's property. Our other two servants were equally faithful. They followed us into our 'refugee' life, and were like other daughters to our invalid mother. Even after they were free they remained with her—one nursing her tenderly, the other hiring herself out daily that she might earn money enough to buy such little comforts and luxuries as her mistress had been accustomed to, and which she could so ill want in her feeble state of health.

"They are with us still," said the lady. "That was Becky that waited on you at tea."

She resumed her journal:—

"My darling boy came in from camp this morning to spend the day with us, looking worn, weary, and dusty; but I got him a bath and clean clothes, which was a luxury indeed to one who for thirty days had never got his coat taken off, and his shoes only twice. We managed, too, to get him up a breakfast, to which he did full justice with his soldier-like appetite. But, poor fellow! he has not got peace to enjoy his day. The enemy has got the range of the city, and has been shelling furiously. These dreadful missiles fly over and around us like great birds with wild rushing wings bearing destruction. We hear one coming, and can only clasp our hands in silent prayer, and when it passes, oh! how heartily we exclaim, 'Thank God!' How this ever-abiding presence of death makes us feel our entire dependence on our Father! But this wear and tear of the nerves—this constant dread of the fate that next moment may bring upon us—is itself a slow death.[1]

"*June 19th.*—It has not seemed like Sunday. The stillness of the Sabbath has been broken by the continuous picket-firing along our lines, the passing of troops through

[1] The house in which I found a home during my stay in Petersburg stood on the heights, within a mile of the picket lines to the north. One night at supper, the lady of the house, speaking of the incessant firing that was continued night and day during the siege, took the knife from her plate, and striking the haft quickly and irregularly on the tray, said the picket firing went on like that all night. At first it kept them awake, but after a few weeks they got so accustomed to it that if it ceased even for a minute they began to get alarmed, wondering what could have occurred, and dreading that something worse was about to befall. They were taught this lesson on the fatal night preceding the 30th of July (1864), when a sudden and mysterious cessation in the picket firing was followed by the tremendous explosion of Burnside's mine, within two miles of them, shaking the house like an earthquake, and nearly throwing them out of their beds. During the day, the artillery took the principal part in the thunderous concert, and though the fighting was supposed to be confined to the army lines, shells were continually dropping into the city, and exploding with terrific noise in the streets. When people heard a shell coming, they used to throw themselves flat on the pavement till the explosion was over, to diminish the

the streets, and all the confusion and noise attending the presence of a large army. Still the Sabbath bells called us to the sanctuary, where, attending to heavenly things, we might forget earth and all its woe.

"As the shells did not seem to be falling in the street, my aunt and I ventured out. Suddenly I heard the multitudinous sound of horses' feet, and on turning round, beheld a grand-looking man riding up the street, escorted by a suite of officers, couriers, etc. I knew by intuition that it was our great chief, the Christian warrior, General Lee. I felt as in the presence of royalty. And does he not indeed wear a crown of fame, glittering with the priceless gem of a nation's confidence? I exclaimed aloud, 'Oh, aunt, look! —General Lee!' She shared my enthusiasm. So did every one around. You could see the faces of citizens and soldiers light up as the great commander passed. He also was on his way to the church, where by and bye we saw him. How humble and devout was the demeanour of this great and good man as he humbly knelt in God's holy temple and 'kept silence before Him.' Surely heaven's blessing is, and will ever rest, upon him.

"General A. P. Hill knelt beside him. He is a small

chance of being hit by the flying fragments. The terrified negroes, who looked upon the shells as flying demons coming in search of human prey, declared that they came crying "Whar's you? whar's you?" (Where are you?) A shell striking a house often plunged through it, burying itself in the earth below. A lady gave me the fragment of a shell that had passed right through her house, and exploded in the yard behind. It had been loaded with nails, and left the yard littered with those useful articles. The lady said, "I happened to be just in want of nails at the time, but I did not relish the mode of transportation."

Charles Campbell, the historian of Virginia, who lives at Petersburg, told me that his house was struck several times. One shell plunged through the roof and exploded in his study, shattering the furniture, blowing out the windows, and bringing down the plaster. Fortunately for the hope of another chapter of Virginian history from the same pen, Mr. Campbell had gone down to the basement with his family. Sometimes at night he used to go up-stairs to watch the shells rising like rockets all round the horizon, and often crossing each other's tracks. He said it was like a grand pyrotechnic display.

man, but has a very military bearing, and a countenance pleasing, but inexpressibly sad.

"Ah, I know the reason now," said Mrs. W—, looking up, with the tears in her eyes; "I know why he looked so sad. It was the shadow of his early death. He fell in the last battle around Petersburg, the very day that the city was evacuated."

She resumed:—

"General Lee, to our great gratification, shook hands with several of us as he left the church. He has a beautiful eye, benevolent but clear and searching in its expression, a noble countenance, with hair and beard which the terrible burden of a nation's cares seems to have prematurely whitened."

I found Petersburg full of memories of Lee. Everybody had some little incident to tell about him, to illustrate his nobleness, his Christianity, his solicitude for his men. One family which, during the siege, had twice sent up a present of fruit and vegetables to Lee's head-quarters, hoping to add a relish to the scanty fare which he shared with his officers, showed me a warm note of thanks which he had returned; but they said it turned out that, instead of tasting the things himself, he had distributed them amongst his wounded and dying men.

A Petersburg gentleman told me that during the war he was one day travelling by rail to Richmond in a carriage (the Americans call it a "car") full of soldiers. It must be remembered that these American railway cars are like long narrow rooms, with a passage down the middle, and no separation of classes. A poor fellow with his arm in a sling got up and tried to pull on his overcoat. He had to use his teeth along with his sound hand, but once and again the coat fell back. His

efforts attracted the attention of an officer at the other end of the car, who rose, went forward, tenderly assisted him, drawing the coat very gently over the wounded arm, and buttoning it up comfortably for him before he went back to his seat. That officer was General Lee. The gentleman who described the circumstance said, "It was a picture of his whole character. The men used to call him 'Uncle Robert.' They loved him as if he had been a father."

Illustrative of the feelings with which Lee's presence inspired the troops in battle, he mentioned the following incident. At Fredericksburg, a position of vital importance having fallen into the hands of the enemy, Lee gave orders that it should be immediately retaken at all hazards. Thrice it was assailed with fury; but the leaden storm that met the assailants tore their ranks to pieces, and drove the remnants back. The carnage and repeated failures were rapidly demoralizing the troops, and at every attempt it became more difficult to make them return to the charge. In the meantime reinforcements were hurrying up to the help of the assailed. It was a critical moment—one of those moments that decide great events. At this juncture General Lee rode to the front, facing the enemy's fire. The sight of this man produced an instantaneous effect. The scattered troops began to rally with shouts, fugitives turned, became inspired with a new courage at sight of their chief, and flowed back into the ranks. Lee took off his hat, and pointing to the enemy, called on his men to follow. The troops were ready for another charge, but they refused to move unless Lee went back.

Regardless of their entreaties, the General had begun

to move forward, when several of the men, acting on the universal impulse, rushed round him, seized the reins of his horse, and implored him with passionate earnestness to go back. "Go back, General, for God's sake! Give us one chance more. Go back and see us do it." His horse was held; the ranks with a wild cheer swept on, and in a few minutes the place was theirs.

I met several of Lee's officers in the city, some of them pious men, who testified to the high Christian character of their chief. One of them showed me, and allowed me to copy, a letter he had just received from Lee, to whom he had written on behalf of the Sunday-school, for his signature on some photographs which it was proposed to distribute amongst the children. The following was Lee's reply:—

"MY DEAR * * *,—I am very glad to learn from your letter of the 27th that the Sunday-school of St. Paul's Church is in so flourishing a condition. My interest in the citizens of Petersburg is as great now as when I was a daily witness of the dangers to which they were subjected from the siege of their beloved city; and my admiration of the fortitude and courage they displayed has not in the least abated. The children of the city will always have my warm affection; and I rejoice that they so early possess a desire for that knowledge which leads to righteousness and eternal life; and in comparison with which all other learning is valueless.

"If it will gratify them, I will with pleasure send the autographs you desire.

"Please present my regards to your good pastor, and with my best wishes for your own welfare.—I am, with great regard, your obedient servant, R. E. LEE."

Amongst the friends I met in Petersburg was Mr. K—, a man of somewhat eccentric character, but full of generous impulses, and one who had always shown himself ready during the privations of the war to share whatever he had with those who were worse off than himself. On one occasion he had been seen taking off his shoes and coat in the street to give to a poor Confederate soldier, and going home himself in his stockings and shirt sleeves!

During one of the pleasant evenings, of which I cherish so many delightful recollections, reference was made to an interesting case, in which Mr. K— had saved the life of a German soldier, and we got him to give us the narrative himself. Here it is as nearly as possible in his own words:—

"One Sunday morning I was in my room preparing to go to church, when a knock came to the door, and I was told that a man wanted to see me. I went out and asked him what he wanted.

"He said,—'There is a German prisoner going to be shot on Tuesday morning, and he wants you to come and pray with him.'

"I put my German Bible in my pocket, and went. When I found myself alone with the prisoner, I said, in German,—'What is your name?'

"'Henry B—.'

"'What has brought you into this plight?'

"'I was charged, sir, with deserting.'

"'And were you not guilty?'

"'No, sir.'

"On questioning him further, I found that he had been caught trying to leave Petersburg just after a very severe order had been issued in reference to desertion, which, however, from his ignorance of English, he had not been able to read. Further, he assured me, earnestly and

solemnly, that he never meant to desert—that he only wanted to run the blockade—that is, to escape through the lines—and go to Charleston to get his clothes, of which he was sorely in need, and to recover $1000 that were due to him there, and which the woman of the house where he boarded had in charge for him. When tried by court-martial, it was declared that he had deserted from Charleston before; but he assured me that it was not true—that he had served his time and got an honourable discharge.

"I asked who had defended him at the court-martial.

"'No one.'

"'And what decision was come to?'

"'I was condemned, sir; I am to be shot on Tuesday morning.'

"I prayed with the man; and when I had questioned him again, I said,—'If all you have told me is true, you will not be shot if I can help it.'

"'It is true, Mr. K—,' he said earnestly; 'true, as I hope to see God!'

"I went away determined, if possible, to save this poor fellow's life.

"I went to a man here who hired out buggies, and said,—'I am going to Richmond. You must give me your buggy on credit.'

"'What are you going to Richmond for?'

"'I am going to try and save a man's life."

"'Then,' said he, 'you shall have it, and not pay a cent.'

"When I got to Richmond I found Jefferson Davis coming from church. I laid the case before him, and said,—'I have pledged your word, and the honour of the Confederate Government, that if that man's statements are found true you will reprieve him. Now, sir,' I said, 'I want you to postpone this man's execution for a week, till I can go to Charleston and find out the truth or falsity of his story.'

"Mr. Davis granted this at once.

"Back I came to Petersburg, and was off next morning

to Charleston, where I arrived the day after. I procured a permit to go to Fort Sumter, got the password, and hired two boatmen to take me down. I was so excited that I forgot the password, and when the sentinel cried 'Halt!' I could only cry out 'Don't fire—for God's sake don't fire! I got the password, but I have forgotten it.'

"I could not recall it, and had to tell the boatmen to take me back, when suddenly it came to my memory, and I returned and landed under the Fort. Colonel Calhoun received me kindly—he was shot afterwards by Colonel Rhett in a duel—I told him my story, and said,—'The man was charged in the indictment with having deserted here before.'

"The Colonel looked his papers and said,—'There is some mistake there. That man served his time, and was honourably discharged.'

"My heart leapt up at that. I was satisfied now of the man's innocence. I got back to Charleston, and went next to inquire about the $1000. I wouldn't," said Mr. K—, getting more and more excited in his narrative—"I wouldn't have given three skips of a flea for all the dollars in God's creation, but a man's life depended upon it. I found the woman. Yes, the money was all right. The man had told the truth.

"Now for Richmond again! Time was flying past, and there was not a moment to lose. I ran away to the station, and was nearly there when I remembered that I had not paid my bill. I ran back to do it, and on returning found the train was off. No other train till next morning; there was nothing for it but to remain. Next morning I was off. When we got to Florence the cars ran off the track. That detained us twelve hours, and the man's life trembling in the balance.

"It was Monday afternoon before I got back to Petersburg, and the man was to be shot on Tuesday morning. I had tasted no food for three days, and was so dirty and haggard that nobody knew me. I ran over to Pocahontas Bridge to the depôt.

"The man at the gate demanded my pass. There was no travelling to or from Richmond in those days without a Provost-Marshall's pass.

"I said,—'I have no pass.'

"'Then you can't come in here.'

"'Then,' said I, 'a man's life will be lost.'

"'Eh! what's your name?'

"'K—.'

"'K—!' exclaimed the man, staring at me. 'Bless me, what have you been doing with yourself? You look crazy.'

"I told him in a few words; he let me pass, and I got into the cars just as they were starting.

"I reached Richmond on Monday night at seven o'clock. When I got to President Davis's house I was like to faint.

"'Is Mr. Davis in?'

"'No.'

"'Well, I must see him. A man's life is at stake. I will wait inside till he comes.'

"I went in and fell asleep on the sofa. About ten o'clock I heard steps. I jumped up. 'Is that Mr. Davis?'

"'Yes.'

"'Tell him Mr. K—, the person that was here last week getting a reprieve for a condemned man, wants to see him.'

"Mr. Davis received me at once.

"'Well,' he said, 'what did you find at Charleston?'

"'It is all true, sir, what the man said.' I mentioned what Colonel Calhoun had told me, and also about the 1000 dollars.

"'Well,' said Mr. Davis, 'go to General Randolph's head-quarters, and lay these facts before General Lee. I spoke to him about the case. If he consents, the man shall be pardoned.'

"It was 11 P.M. when I found General Lee. Lee received me kindly, and listened to my story, but shook his head.

"'I would be glad if I could do it,' he said, 'but the safety of the country demands that desertion be put a stop to.'

"I pleaded with him, but he seemed to have made up his mind.

"'I have made this a matter of prayer,' he said. 'I have laid this case before God; and, while I cannot say God answered me, I feel that my conscience is clean.'

"I thought of the man's life hanging on this interview, and pleaded with the General for nearly an hour, but in vain. 'The country,' he said, 'demands that an example be made of men who desert their colours, no matter on what ground, and we must begin somewhere.'

"'Begin, then,' I said, 'with one of our own people—not with a poor foreigner who does not know the language, and could not read the orders you issued on this subject.'

"General Lee thought earnestly for a moment, and then said,—'Mr. K—, you deserve this man's life given you if it could be done. But desertion is imperilling our cause. We would have gained that battle of Antietam but for desertion. There were 13,000 deserters that day, and 13,000 men would have turned the scale. This man's life cannot be taken into account when the salvation of the country is at stake.'

"That crushed me. I felt that I could plead no more.

"'General,' I said, 'I asked God's blessing on that man, and I should like before I leave to ask it on you.'

"He bowed his head; I put my hands upon it, and asked God's blessing on him, and on the cause he was so nobly defending. I could scarcely speak. My voice was choked, and the tears were blinding my eyes.

"Then I left him. I went to the hotel, filled with sadness more than I can describe. I washed myself, tried to eat a little, and went to bed, but could not sleep. I thought of that man who was to be shot now in a few hours. I could not rest. I was up at the President's house again at five in the morning. The man was to be shot at Drewry's Bluff at eight. The servant refused to awaken the President. I paced about awhile, and then went up to the officer, who turned out to be a German. I said,—'The servant won't awaken the President. Go you

and do it, for God's sake. If you don't, your countryman will be shot.'

"'I dare not do it,' said the man.

"'Then I will go myself.'

"'I cannot allow you, sir,' said the man. 'It is contrary to orders.'

"I pleaded and wept, and at last he went.

"The answer from Mr. Davis was to send me up to his room. I found him in bed. He shook my hand, and asked me if anything had occurred.

"I said, 'I saw General Lee, and pleaded with him for more than an hour for that man's life, but in vain.'

"'Strange,' said Mr. Davis. 'General Lee was here about two in the morning, and said you had shaken his decision by what you had said about the man being a foreigner and not able to read, and that we had better spare him.'

"Oh, the joy of that moment! I think it was a taste of what heaven must be. I could only say, 'Thank God, Mr. Davis, thank God!'

"But think of General Lee going at two in the morning to see the President about that man!

"I asked the President if the pardon had been sent. He said no, but it would be sent by special courier in good time. I asked him if he would write me out a reprieve now till the regular order was drawn up. He consented cheerfully, and pointed to a hand-desk on a side-table, which I brought him, and he wrote the reprieve in bed.

"I can't tell you," said Mr. K—, "how I felt when I went out with that reprieve in my hand. The man's life was saved. When the courier rode down with the reprieve to Drewry's Bluff the man's grave had already been dug! But it wasn't needed, thank God, and the man is alive yet, and has written me since, and is never going to forget who saved his life.

"I returned to Petersburg, my heart filled with gratitude to God. The colonel of the regiment to which the man belonged met me in the cars. 'Joe,' I call him. He

was one of my old scholars. He pretended to be very angry. 'Here,' he said, 'we came over to see that man shot. Pretty thing, you coming and getting him off.' But I could have stood a great deal of bantering that morning. I entered Petersburg that day like a hero!"

Such was Mr. K—'s story. I have given it not only on account of its own interest, but as throwing a side light upon the character of men who, owing to the nature and issue of the war, are apt now to be misrepresented and misunderstood.

XVII.

A RIDE WITH A CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

I WAS fortunate enough in looking around me at Petersburg to have the companionship of Major Cook, one of General Lee's staff-officers, who rode with me one day over part of the lines, showing me the points of interest, and describing in grim soldier fashion many of the terrible scenes he had witnessed.

With a feeling for the occasion, which to me was touching, he had put on his Confederate uniform once more,—the same in which he had so often ridden through the battle, carrying orders from his chief, or rallying broken regiments for a charge. He knew that I should like to see it, and that it would help me to realize better the scenes we were to be in the midst of again.

I could see how the eyes of the ladies kindled at sight of the "Confederate grey" when they came out to the verandah to see us start on our expedition. The Major himself, when he mounted and took the reins, seemed to look grander than I had seen him look before, and, as we rode out towards the lines, seemed as if riding back once more into the years when the white flag flew, and the Southern hosts were gathering for the battle.

At a turn of the road we came upon a man driving

a waggon. At sight of the Major in his uniform the man started, straightened himself into military attitude, and with eyes of wonder made the salute.

"He must have been a soldier," said the Major when we were past.

I said I supposed the men had betaken themselves to many strange occupations for a livelihood.

"O yes, and our officers too," said the Major. "I knew one man who went back to the Express Company's office, where he had been clerk. His military superior went into the same place as his porter. It was very odd. The clerk could never get over his military discipline, and could not bring himself to order his officer as he would have done another man. People used to be amused hearing him say to a porter, 'Don't you think, sir, we had better do so and so,' or, 'Don't you think, sir, this parcel had better be taken to Smiths,' and so on. General Lee has always been anxious since the surrender to see his old officers and men reconciling themselves to the new state of things and going into useful occupations. When he heard of this young officer becoming a porter, he said, 'He deserves more credit for that than for anything he ever did in the army.'"

We reached the lines and rode along to various points of observation. Crossing the country towards the Federal lines, we had to make our way sometimes through marshes, sometimes through tangled undergrowth, sometimes along deep ruts and water-courses, —the Major, with the quick eye of a soldier, catching at a glance the route that ought to be taken to reach any given point.

"I have been here once or twice before, reconnoit-

ring," he said, as we urged our horses through the brush. "It was ticklish work. It doesn't do for a soldier to say that he was afraid, but it was mighty trying to the nerves reconnoitring over ground like this, not knowing how many sharp-shooters might be watching you from the brush close by, and only waiting till you are a few yards farther on to get a sure aim; or at what moment you might have the bullets whistling about your ears, or crashing into your brain. Fighting in battle is mere bagatelle compared with it. Your blood is up then, and though you may have shells bursting and banging about you, and bullets hopping around like hailstones, you don't care. You think of nothing then but the slaughter of the enemy."

We rode out to the Federal Soldiers' Cemetery at Poplar Grove, and tying our horses in the pine wood outside went in to wander for a while among the graves. The place is laid out in sections, each section with its melancholy forest of white head-boards on which are painted the names and regiments of the dead men below. One of the first head-boards I stopped to read was marked

UNKNOWN
U. S. SOLDIER
REMOVED FROM
FORT DREAD.

I wondered who the man was who lay beneath—where his home was—whether his mother was still alive, away, perhaps, in some far-off part of the world, wondering what had become of her boy, that she had

not heard from him for so long, but still hoping that one day he would return to gladden her heart in her declining years. Here he lay, alas! sleeping his long sleep among the unknown dead. There were long rows of these "Unknown." Altogether 7500 dead men—soldiers of the Union—lay buried in this one cemetery. It was strange to walk through it with one before whom, perhaps, many of them had fallen.

We visited the Confederate Cemetery too—a still sadder spectacle—for here, all down the slope of the hill, the graves were thick as the furrows on a ploughed field, with nothing to distinguish them save here and there a slip of wood, or a rag fluttering from a little stick. But every year, on a certain day, the ladies of Petersburg come out to mourn over their dead, and deck the poor graves with flowers.

On our return we visited the scene of one of the most hideous tragedies of the war. Those who read of Burnside's mine and the Crater fight at the time, are not likely to have forgotten it. It was in the year 1864, in the second month of the fighting around Petersburg. At this particular point, the Federal lines had been pushed up to within 150 yards of a projecting fort in Lee's line of defence. General Burnside, who commanded at that point on the Federal side, secretly sunk shafts, and running his subterranean passages right under the Confederate fort, prepared to blow it up. This grand bursting open of the gates of Lee's position was fixed to take place on the morning of the 30th of July. Accordingly, at 4.45 on that fatal morning the picket-firing ceased at that part of the line, the men were withdrawn, and the mine was sprung. Instantly the earth burst with a roar that seemed to

bring down the heavens, and the fort, with (it was said) 300 defenders, went whirling up through fire and smoke into the skies. At this concerted signal the guns all along the Federal front opened their throats of thunder, assailing the Confederate lines with thunderstorms of shot and shell. Now came the time for the grand charge contemplated by Burnside. The explosion had left in place of the fort a vast crater, 150 feet long, 60 wide, and 30 deep. Burnside's plan was this:—Give the enemy no time to recover from the shock—hurry in through the crater, clutch the Confederate lines right and left, and seize the ridge beyond. That point gained, the city lies at our feet; we take the enemy in rear, and Petersburg is ours.

Fired with this great idea, Burnside, as soon as the explosion was over and the way cleared, poured a torrent of troops into the crater—Ledlie's entire division, then Potter's, then Wilcox's, and finally his Black Brigade, anticipating glorious results, possibly the panic and stampede of Lee's entire army.

But the grim veterans of Fredericksburg and the Wilderness were not to be discomfited by noise and momentary disaster. Though thunderstruck at first by the terrific explosion, which tossed the fort and 300 of their comrades into the air, they quickly rallied; Lee and Beauregard were soon up with reinforcements, and after a bloody conflict the lines were recaptured, and the Federals driven out with fearful loss.

As we approached the scene of carnage I asked the Major where he had been when the explosion took place.

"Away yonder, at Beauregard's head-quarters," he said, pointing across the country. "It was before I had been

transferred to Lee's staff. I remember I was roused from sleep at a very early hour by a booming sound, apparently at a great distance. Soon after, Colonel Paul, one of our staff-officers, came galloping into camp and told General Beauregard that the enemy had sprung a mine under our lines near the junction of the Baxter and Jerusalem plank roads—that Captain Pegram's battery of artillery had been blown into the air—that the enemy was swarming in through the crater, and was developing to the right and left, driving our men from the trenches. Beauregard communicated with Lee, who ordered Mahone's division to the place to dislodge the enemy at all hazards. Mahone got his men together, came up here, and went in with his old brigade and Sorrel's. After hard fighting, Mahone's brigade carried the position yonder in its front, but Sorrel's was almost torn to pieces, and had to fall back. Mahone then put in an Alabama brigade which did the work gallantly. We were all up by that time from headquarters. This way, and I shall show you where we stood and saw it."

We rode some distance to the left, where the Major stopped.

"This is the place," he said. "There, where you are now, was where Lee and Beauregard stood. Yonder, in the ravine, the Alabama brigade formed. As they rose from the ravine, out upon the open slope of the hill, they were met with a terrific fire of musketry. They staggered for a moment. The forest of bayonets waved and shook. Just then I saw an officer on the right flank of the brigade draw his sword from what seemed to be a silver scabbard—it flashed so white—and, waving it, cheered on the men. Up they moved in the face of the fire, leaving the slope littered with dead. The officer's sword was still waving; we could see it flash and flash in the light; up went the men quicker and quicker in the face of that murderous fire, till suddenly we heard their yell, and saw them dash up to the works, swarm in, and disappear. It was as gallant a charge as I

ever saw. We recaptured all our lines, driving the enemy over into the crater like a herd of frantic buffaloes. Then such a scene ensued as I hope never to see again—the crater filled with a seething mass of men—hundreds and thousands of them—some firing back upon us, some struggling wildly to escape. Shattering volleys were fired into the seething abyss, till it became a perfect hell of blood. The frantic mass heaved and struggled like demons. Hand-grenades were tossed in, and as they exploded you could see heads and arms and legs go up into the air. Our men sickened at the carnage and stopped. The enemy lost that day more than four thousand men. They left the crater choked with dead. No attempt was made till long after to take the bodies out for burial. The earth was thrown in upon them where they lay, covering the hideous sight from the face of heaven."

I rode up with the Major to see the fatal spot. A booth had been erected beside it now, where relics of the fight were sold, and 25 cents charged for admission to the ground. The Major's uniform, however, gave an official air to our visit, and we were charged nothing. There is still a vast hollow in the earth, though the look of the place has much changed (the Major said) in consequence of the falling in of the sides. Human bones were still lying about, and shreds of uniform and cartridge-pouches and bayonet-scabbards, some of them scorched and curled up as with fire.

The defeat of Burnside at the Crater fight had postponed, but could not avert, the final crash. For nine long weary months around Petersburg the fierce but unequal conflict was maintained. By the month of March the condition of Lee's wasted and half-famished army was desperate in the extreme.[1] And yet, as late

[1] The poor fellows in the trenches punning on Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, used to laugh at each other with hollow cheeks as Lee's Miser-

as the 31st of that month, when Warren was demonstrating in strong force on his right, threatening to burst in through his weakened lines, Lee massed his infantry on the imperilled point and struck Warren a sudden and terrific blow, hurling him back in wild confusion; but next day, and the day after, assaults were made in overwhelming force, not only on his right, but on his weakened left and front; his lines were broken in three places; Fort Gregg fell; and, to crown all, news came that the Federal cavalry was advancing in force on the Burkesville railroad, "which had now become the jugular vein of the gasping Confederacy."

Everybody knows the rest. On Sunday morning (April 2d), Lee telegraphed to President Davis that Richmond must be evacuated. At half-past five in the afternoon, at Wilcox's head-quarters (Major Cook showed

ables. When reduced to Indian corn for food, they expressed the difference between themselves and their more fortunate antagonists by contracting "Federal" and "Confederate" into "Fed." and "Co(r)n-fed." A brigadier-general told me that for nine days before the surrender he had nothing to eat but a mouthful of parched corn, and on the last day not even that. A captain in the same army said he could have put his day's rations into his waistcoat pocket, if he had had a waistcoat pocket to put them in. He took his men out of Petersburg with nothing upon the upper part of his body but a flannel shirt. I remember once remarking to a Southern officer that the similarity of the two uniforms—the Federal pale blue and the Confederate bluish grey must have led to much confusion. "Oh," said he, "the last year of the war you always knew a Confederate by his having no uniform at all!" It was said that during the progress of negotiations for surrender, Lee, awaiting the arrival of Grant's officer, observed amongst his staff a gallant colonel whose face was besmutted with the powder-smoke of the last battle, and who boasted of no better uniform than a one-sleeved Confederate coat, and a pair of ragged pants. "Are you not going to dress, colonel?" asked Lee. "Dress!" exclaimed the colonel; "this is all that 's left me now on God's earth." "I would suggest, however," said Lee, "that you wash your face." From the commencement of the siege of Petersburg, Lee's army may be said to have been in rags.

me the white wooden house with its faded portico where the thing was done), Lee signed the order for the evacuation of Petersburg.[1] Night closed in upon the scene, and in the morning, to the surprise of the Federals, Lee and all that remained of his army were gone! Then came the pursuit, the Federal forces rolling around Lee from all quarters, heading him off this way and that, Lee shaking them fiercely from his flanks and dashing them from his front, moving for the west. But escape with a half-famished army, cut off from all its communications, and surrounded by rapidly accumulating masses of the enemy, was impossible, and, at Appomattox Courthouse, on Sunday the 9th of April 1865, Lee surrendered to the Federal commander all that remained of the once proud army of Northern Virginia, that two years before had shaken the continent with the thunder of its tread.

Major Cook, in describing the final scenes, said,—

"General Lee ordered us to be ready to move. I think he meant to cut his way out with his last 8000 bayonets, had Grant's terms not been such as would have been honourable to the South.

"A number of us were standing round under the tree when Grant's staff-officer made his appearance. Lee looked as grand that day as I have ever seen him look, but very sad. When his officer said,—'General Lee, allow me to introduce you to Colonel —— of General Grant's staff,' Lee rose to his magnificent height, looked at the Yankee officer, and bowed. The officer was awed—looked more as if he had come to beg than to offer terms.

[1] The Major showed me a plateau where he rode that day with Lee and some of his Generals to reconnoitre. When the enemy opened fire upon them, he remembered Longstreet looking sullenly towards the Federal lines, and riding slowly along the exposed part of the plateau, as if reluctant to retire. "The game was up," said the Major, "and I think Longstreet wanted to die on the field."

"I remember, when it became known that Lee had surrendered, and when he had made his final speech,—'Men, we have fought through the war together—I have done the best for you that I could,'—his veterans pressed round him weeping like children; others, with their cheeks still wet, and their faces white with excitement, leapt up on ambulances and anything that allowed them to see him, and cried out, 'General! we'll fight 'em yet! General, say the word, and we'll go in and fight 'em yet!' Lee stood with the tears in his eyes."

Before riding back to the city, the Major took me to see Fort Hell and Fort Damnation—so named from the long-continued and terrific fire to which these vital points were subjected. Silence hung around them now, broken only by our own voices and the hollow thumping of our horses' hoofs, as we passed warily over the subterranean bomb-proofs. At Fort Hell a negro with a cart was pulling out some of the wicker baskets from the earthen gabions for fire-wood. At Fort Mahone, where the fighting had been terrific, and where the entrenchments (especially on one day of close and desperate fighting) had streamed with blood, we found a little orchard growing peacefully on the formidable earthworks, from the peach stones which the soldiers, after sucking the fruit, had thrown over.

XVIII.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

As I write there lies beside me a precious and yet sad relic of the war. It is a large, heavy waterproof coat, about which, at first sight, there seems nothing remarkable. But if you take it up and begin to examine it, you are struck first of all with the strange appearance of the lining, which is clouded and blotched with stains which some one has vainly endeavoured to wash out. On examining these stains more closely, your interest is excited by the discovery that they are the stains of blood. You discover next at the back of the left sleeve, close to the shoulder, a small round hole, made apparently by the passing out of a bullet. In the front you see where the bullet entered—an almond-shaped hole, stopped up now with a little patch of waterproof sewed upon the sleeve inside. Near the cuff you come upon the track of another of these leaden messengers of death, and from its direction, and the absence of any mark of entrance, you see that this bullet, to come out at this point, must have come crashing first through the knuckles and wrist. Looking inside the sleeve, you see that it has been all saturated with blood. If you are a quick observer, you will detect further, from the sewing, that the whole of this sleeve has been cut open, and been afterwards stitched up

again more roughly. You can see where the knife was applied at the cut of the collar; you can follow its track across to the seam, and all the way down to the wrist.

By this time you have been able to read in the coat itself part of its tragic history. You see from the bullet marks that the man who wore it must have been shot with his face to those who fired; you see that his left arm was shattered—that friendly hands had taken him up and cut open the sleeve to remove the coat with the least possible pain to the mangled limb, and you infer that the man died of his wounds, for the coat had evidently passed into other hands, and been washed clean of the clotted blood, and patched up and stitched along the rent to fit it for another's use. But who was the man that wore it?

You examine it carefully once more, and now, on the lining at the neck, under the maker's stamp, you discover, half washed out with the blood, but still sufficiently legible, written in the handwriting of the man himself, the name of

"T. J. JACKSON."

It was the coat of the redoubted "Stonewall" Jackson, the same in which, on the battle-field of Chancellorsville, the hero fell in the arms of victory! The blood that has left these sad stains upon it was his, and these holes and patches show the track of the bullet that laid the great soldier low, and changed perhaps the destinies of the war. Strangest and most amazing thing of all, that bullet was not shot from the ranks of the enemy, but was one of a volley fired under a mistake

by his own men—men who would joyfully have laid down their lives for his sake.

This coat, which I first saw at Charlotte, in North Carolina, where I had gone with introductions to Jackson's friends, and which I afterwards received as a sacred memento from the one who was dearest to him on earth, brings all that tragic scene to memory again.

It was the 2d day of May 1863. Federal General Hooker, commanding "the finest army on the planet," as it was proudly called, had crossed the Rappahannock to deal a crushing blow to the rebellion and end the war. Sedgwick, commanding his left wing, had crossed below Fredericksburg to hold the enemy there; Hooker with the main force was closing round the Southern army by way of Chancellorsville. The dense timber of the region was felled in front of the Federal position so as to form an almost impassable series of abatis; in rear of this were formidable entrenchments for the infantry, while the hills behind were bristling with Federal cannon. Lee's position was now critical. His line of retreat was in Hooker's hands, and to attack Hooker in front was to risk terrible and irretrievable disaster. It was then that Stonewall Jackson, as fertile in resource as he was tremendous in execution, suggested a silent movement well to the left, which, if successful, would allow Hooker to be assailed on flank and rear, compelled to reverse his plan of battle, and turn his back on the position which he had taken such pains to render impregnable.

While Jackson with three divisions was stealing away on his hazardous enterprise, Hooker, completing the details of his great movement, was boasting that the Confederate army was now his property, and had tele-

graphed on Friday to Washington to prepare the North for a splendid triumph. His hopes were suddenly blasted on Saturday afternoon by the grand outburst upon his right flank of Stonewall Jackson and his 25,000 men. It was Howard's corps—the Eleventh, known as "Siegel's veterans"—on which Stonewall had now descended like a thunderbolt. The result was described as one of the most tremendous scenes of the war. Taken by surprise, the Eleventh corps broke like a herd of buffaloes, and began to roll back in wild and yet wilder confusion upon Hooker's centre. Hundreds of cavalry horses, left riderless by the first discharge, dashed wildly about; batteries went off at a trot; masses of infantry retreated at the double-quick; battery waggons, horses, ambulances, and cannon were tumbling together in wild confusion; droves of panic-stricken men, some of them without hats, coats, or muskets, rushed headlong from under the rebel fire, followed by the wild yells and the shattering volleys of the victorious Confederates. Howard and some of his officers galloped hither and thither trying to stem the torrent, and getting the men here and there to make a stand; but still the tide rolled tumultuously back.

It was now dusk, and the night was fast closing in. Jackson, eager to follow up his success and convert the stampede of the Eleventh corps into the rout of Hooker's whole army, ordered A. P. Hill's division, which was in rear, to press forward and take the place of Rhodes, reserving fire *unless cavalry approached from the direction of the enemy.* He then galloped forward to reconnoitre, but finding the position of the enemy concealed by the forests and the deepening gloom, pushed on past

his line of skirmishers, reckless of the close and dangerous fire.

One of the staff said, "General, don't you think this is the wrong place for you?"

"The danger is over; the enemy is routed," replied Jackson. "Go back and tell A. P. Hill to press on!"

It was almost dark when he turned and rode back with his staff towards his own men. A. P. Hill's corps, advancing rapidly, and watchful for the enemy, suddenly beheld this group of horsemen emerging from the gloom.

There was a cry of "Cavalry!" and in an instant a hurricane of bullets swept the road, and rattled like hail amongst the trees. Stonewall's hands were both shattered; one bullet crashed through his left arm at the shoulder, splintering the bone and severing the main artery. His horse, wounded and frantic with pain, dashed aside; the branch of a tree struck Jackson on the head, and he fell heavily to the ground.

To one of his captains, who leapt from his horse and knelt beside him, he said, "All my wounds are by my own men."

A deadly fire from the enemy was now pouring down the road. Jackson was lifted upon a litter; but almost instantly one of the bearers was killed, and the others had to lie down till the fire slackened.

As they hurried to the rear, the question was often put by the troops,—

"Who is that? who have you there?"

Jackson said in a low voice to his bearers,—"Keep quiet. Don't tell that I am wounded."

All next day the battle raged, but it was only the booming of the distant guns that reached Stonewall

Jackson as he lay dying at Wilderness Run. He had hopes at first that he would recover, and was eager to know from the doctor how long he thought his wounds would keep him from the field.

But the hero had fought his last fight. He was never to be seen on the battle-field again.

His wife, who had been sent for, arrived, and nursed him with tender devotion to the end. He never complained of his wounds. "God knows what is best," he said.

In his last talk with the chaplain he suggested, as a text from which to preach to the soldiers that day, the 28th verse of the 8th chapter of Romans:—"All things work together for good to them that love God." This was a favourite verse, and a key to some of the grandest features of his character.

When his wife told him, with quivering lip, the final opinion of the doctors—that he was dying—he said cheerfully, "Very good; God does what is best. It is all right."

After a little while he said, "Bury me at Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia."

He sank rapidly now, and his mind began to wander. At one time some sound seemed to catch his dying ear; he moved his head as if to listen. Suddenly the old war-look kindled in his face again, and his weeping friends were startled by the words,—"A. P. Hill, prepare for action!" It was some thought of the battle. The light faded; the head sank back; an expression of divine serenity overspread the features, and in a few moments Stonewall Jackson was dead.[1]

[1] As a fresh controversy has been started in America as to whether Stonewall Jackson was killed by his own men, let me quote the follow-

So fell the grandest hero of the South; and with him the sun of Southern glory began to set. Desperate valour was yet to be shown on many fields of agony and blood; but no great victory was ever again to light on Southern banners. "It is all right; God

ing passages from a letter published by a Federal officer (General Revere) who fought at Chancellorsville, and believes himself to have been an eye-witness of the scene. He says:—"Our division was held in reserve near the Chancellorsville House until about five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, which was the time of the furious attack made on the right of our line by Jackson, which broke the Eleventh corps, hurling it back in disorder. We were almost immediately ordered to the front to check the advance of the enemy. . . . As soon as my line was formed and pickets thrown out, I rode to the front to inspect the line, and to rectify my positions if necessary. It was now twilight, but the moon was shining. While engaged in changing the posts of some of the sentinels covering the left of the line, in a comparatively clear part of the forest near the plank road, I heard the sound of an approaching cavalcade from the side of the enemy, which soon appeared, and the foremost horseman, detaching himself from it, came on alone, so near that the soldier beside me levelled his rifle for a shot at him; but I stopped him from firing, not wishing to reveal our position, and judging him an officer making a reconnaissance, in which case it would have been a useless thing to kill him—even if he could have hit him in the uncertain light. After a few moments spent apparently in trying to pierce the gloom, this person slowly turned his horse, and the whole party returned towards the Confederates at a gallop. The clatter of hoofs became fainter in the distance, when suddenly the darkness in that direction was lighted up by a flash, succeeded by the well-known rattle of a volley of musketry from at least a battalion, on the right of the road, and after the interval of about twenty seconds came another volley from the left. Being apprehensive that some of our troops might possibly be in that direction, I rode forward to satisfy myself, as, if called into action, there might be danger of firing upon our own troops. Emerging from the thick undergrowth upon the road, a riderless horse dashed past me towards our lines, and I reined up near a group of three persons, two of whom were supporting the third, who was stretched on the ground, apparently grievously hurt. . . . I saw at once that these were Confederates, but reflecting that I was well armed and mounted, moreover, that I wore a private's grey overcoat and slouched hat, which were common to both parties, I sat still, regarding the group in silence, but prepared to fly if necessary at the first warning. The silence was broken by one of the persons, who

knows what is best." When the South accepts readily and cheerfully, as he would have done, God's verdict on the Southern cause, the work of reconstruction will already be half accomplished, and the way to peace and good-will made plain.

seemed to regard me with surprise, and, speaking as one having authority, he directed me 'to ride up there and see what troops those were,' indicating the direction of the enemy, to which I gave a sign of assent, and, too happy to escape, I rode in that direction until out of sight of the group, when, making a circuit, I returned within my own lines. Just as I reached our picket line the Federal section of artillery posted on the plank road commenced firing, and I could plainly hear the grape crashing through the limbs of the trees near the point I had left. . . . About a fortnight after the battle, at the camp at Falmouth, I saw the *Richmond Enquirer*, giving a detailed account of the death of Stonewall Jackson, and the circumstances of his receiving his wound, which made it clear, to me at least, that he was the man I saw lying on the ground, and that he was killed by his own men. Other Confederate accounts mention 'some one was sitting on his horse by the side of the wood, looking on motionless and silent.' Captain Wilbourne directed him 'to ride up there and see what troops those were,' upon which the stranger slowly rode in the direction pointed out, but never returned with any answer. . . . As to Jackson having met his death at the hands of the First Massachusetts, that is impossible, as that regiment occupied a position on the left of our division, near the plank road, and completely out of sight and range of the spot he advanced to while reconnoitering."

XIX.

JACKSON'S CHARACTER ILLUSTRATED.

TRAVELLING round the South, I met so many of Jackson's friends, and heard him so often described by those who had known him and fought under him, that he rises before my mind as clearly as if I had seen him a hundred times myself. His old horse "Sorrel;" his faded grey uniform, discoloured with the smoke and dust of a hundred battle-fields; his long, stiff, lank figure; his strange walk and occasionally abstracted look; his habit of sitting on his horse bent forward, with his knees cramped up and his old cadet-cap tilted so far forward that he had to keep his chin up to let him see—his luminous blue eye, clear and searching—his grave, stern look—the terrible kindling of his countenance when, in the midst of the battle, he rode up with what his men called his "war-look" on him—the strange motion of his right arm, lifted every now and then to heaven as if in prayer, and suddenly dropped again—all comes back to me with the vividness not of description but of sight.

It was said that the singularity of Jackson's appearance and the oddness of his manner made him at first the object of much ridicule and contempt. Jefferson Davis, who ought to have seen deeper into Jackson's character, is said to have gone so far at one time

as to bring before his Cabinet a proposition for his removal.

It was very soon after this that Jackson's exploits in the Valley showed not only to Jefferson Davis but to the world that a great military genius had arisen in the South. After repulsing Banks, Jackson was retreating slowly up the Shenandoah, pursued by the converging columns of Fremont and Shields, when, turning suddenly at Cross Keys, he dealt Fremont a staggering blow, driving him back in wild confusion. The first news of this was received by Mr. Letcher at Richmond, who immediately went and read the despatch to Davis.

"There must be some mistake," said Davis. "That handful of men in retreat could never have turned and beat a strong army in pursuit."

Jackson, meantime, having disposed of Fremont, crossed the river rapidly, attacked Shields, who had been pursuing him on the other side, and routed him with great slaughter.

Again Letcher was the first to get the news, and hurried with it to Davis's house. He found Davis and his Cabinet at dinner.

"You would get my news of yesterday confirmed?" said Letcher.

"Yes, Jackson's despatch came in to-day, saying that, 'by the blessing of God,' he had gained the victory."

"Well," said Letcher, "here is another bulletin of victory"—and he handed Mr. Davis the telegram.

Mr. Davis started. "This is incredible!" he said. "It cannot be. It is unprecedented in military history—an army like that in full retreat turning on its track and vanquishing two stronger armies in pursuit!"

Still it turned out to be true. Mr. Davis never troubled his Cabinet with any proposal to remove Stonewall Jackson again.

Jackson was soon the idol of the South. When passing with his command through towns or villages, people poured out eagerly to see him; women brought their children in their arms to point him out that they might tell in after life that they had seen the great soldier. His brother-in-law gave me an amusing instance of this popularity. A Virginian gentleman, on the Mechanicsville Turnpike, near Richmond, had given up his crops and pasture-fields to the Confederate Government, reserving one ten-acre lot of corn, which he guarded jealously. He was excited to fury one day by discovering a group of horsemen, whom he took for cavalry, riding straight through this ten-acre lot. He rushed out—"How dare you ride through my field?" he said. "You vagabonds, I'll report you—I'll report you to the President."

A horseman, in an old dusty grey coat and cadet-cap, rode up and said, "We are on urgent business, sir, and took the shortest cut."

"Do you command this company, sir?" cried the irascible Virginian.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll teach you a lesson. By —— I'll report you, sir. What's your name?"

"Jackson."

"Jackson? What Jackson?"

"T. J. Jackson, Major-General, Confederate Army."

"What! you ain't Stonewall Jackson?"

"They sometimes call me so," said the horseman.

"Bless my soul!" cried the Virginian, rushing for-

ward and grasping the General's hand. "General Jackson! God bless you, sir! If I had known it was you! Ride where you like, sir—ride over my field; go back, sir, and ride over it, every demd inch of it."

Jackson's character and achievements excited even his enemies to admiration. Federal prisoners were always anxious to see him. At Harper's Ferry 11,000 of them, whom he had taken at one fell swoop in September 1862, greeted him when he rode along the line with lusty cheers.

By his own men, Jackson was almost adored; and the sight of his faded coat and cadet-cap was always the signal for a cheer. "They were terrible on us, them hard marches," said one of his soldiers, whom I met as far south as Vicksburg; "but oh, sir," he added, with the tears suddenly starting into his eyes, "how we loved him!"

Jackson himself was a man who disliked, and was ever afraid of, adulation. He once said to a friend, "These newspapers make me ashamed."

When the editor of a public magazine wrote him for his photograph and a narrative of his achievements, with a view to publication, his reply was curt,—"Sir, I have no photograph, and I have achieved nothing."

On another occasion he said,—"The way in which press, army, and people seem to lean on individuals fills me with alarm. They are forgetting God in his instruments."

In his habits, Jackson was extremely simple. He never used intoxicating drinks, eschewing them even when they were ordered as medicine. All the hardships of camp and field he shared with his poorest soldiers. He would lie down contentedly and snatch a few hours

of sleep behind a wall or in the corner of a fence when no better quarters offered. The soiled appearance of his coat and cap indicated that he was no stranger to this soldier's bed. His physical endurance was very great. He has ridden for three days and three nights at a time —sometimes sleeping in his saddle during the march.

In fertility of resource, in quickness and boldness of execution, Jackson had no equal. In his terrible marches, he sped over the country like the messenger of Fate—undeterred by difficulties that would have been regarded by others as insuperable.

One of the marches he made in his mysterious advance upon Romney in 1861 has sometimes been compared to Napoleon's passage of the Alps. A sudden and dreadful change in the weather found Jackson already on his way, with an army unsupplied with tents, overcoats, or blankets. At night the soldiers had to keep themselves from freezing to death by lying around the bivouac fires. One man said he built a fire at eight o'clock, went to sleep by it, awoke at twelve, found the fire out and about three inches of snow over him. Jackson shared the hardships of his men, and inspired them with his own enthusiasm. On they pressed, over roads heavy, wet and slippery with half-frozen sleet. Men were continually falling and their guns going off. The long trains of waggons dragged heavily along—some of the horses crippled, and blood streaming from their knees. Hundreds of men had to be detailed to steady the fainting animals and help to push the waggons forward. With unwavering purpose, through blinding storms of rain, hail, and sleet, Jackson pressed on, till reaching Bath, with an army that might have been tracked by the innumerable prints of naked and bleeding feet, he en-

countered the Federals, attacked them with fury, routed them and drove them across the Potomac. Leaving Loring at Romney, he had just carried his old brigade back to watch the enemy at Winchester, when President Davis, not understanding these movements, and, at this early stage, mistaking Jackson's genius for madness, ordered Romney to be evacuated—leaving Jackson's purpose a mystery to this day.

All his great movements were veiled in mystery. So important an element did he consider this to be that he would mask his designs with elaborate care—often instituting minute inquiries in regard to roads and watercourses in a direction which he meant *not* to take. Having in this way thrown spies upon the wrong scent, he would suddenly strike camp and march off in the opposite direction—his destination unknown even to his own officers. For the same purpose, he would often camp at cross-roads, so as to make it impossible for any one to infer which way he would go to-morrow.

He said himself, "If I thought my coat knew what I intended to do, I would take it off and burn it."

Jackson's war policy was aggressive action, prompt, fierce, decisive. Strike the enemy before he can strike you. If repulsed, be watchful, ready in an instant to surprise with another stroke, and change defeat into victory. If you succeed, and as often as you succeed, pursue the enemy, cut him to pieces, and by decisive blows end the war.

When Manassas was won, Jackson, though wounded, was for instantly following up the victory. "The work is but half done," he said to President Davis, who had come upon the field. "Give me 10,000 men and I will take Washington."

After the battle of Fredericksburg, a courier from Lee found Jackson, who had got no rest the night before, snatching an hour's sleep in his tent. The courier awoke him, described the position of the vanquished enemy, and asked advice.

"Drive 'em in the river, sir; drive 'em in the river," said Stonewall instantly.

Of Jackson's personal courage many stories are told. At Chapultepec, during the Mexican war, his battery was exposed to so terrific a fire from the castle that the men were demoralized and ran aside for shelter. Jackson called on them to return, and, to inspire them with confidence, walked back and forward before the abandoned gun in the midst of plunging shot, to convince them that it was possible to do so and yet live. Whilst striding to and fro in this fearful position a booming cannon-ball passed between his legs, and tore up the ground beside him, but seemed to make no impression on his iron nerves.

This battery was commanded by Captain (afterwards General) Bee, who never forgot this instance of Jackson's courage. It was this same officer who, at the battle of Manassas, gave Jackson the name by which he is to live in history. Bee's command, at a critical moment in that battle, was assailed by the Union forces with terrific fury. Bee rode up and down the lines trying to sustain the courage of his men, but the odds were too great, and the Confederate line began to give way. At this moment he encountered Jackson.

"It is going against us, General!" he cried, with uncontrollable anguish. "They are driving us back!"

"Sir," said Jackson sternly, "we will give them the cold steel!"

Bee galloped back to his wavering ranks, and, pointing to Jackson, cried out,—

"Keep at it, boys! keep at it! There is Jackson standing like a stone wall!"

At the battle of Kernstown, in the Valley, part of Jackson's line was beginning to break before the murderous fire of the advancing enemy. Jackson sprang from his horse, called a drummer boy, and, putting his hand firmly on the lad's shoulder, said,—

"Beat the rally!"

The terrified boy began to beat. Jackson, with flaming eye, and what the soldiers called his "war-look" upon his face, stood amidst the leaden storm, with his hand upon the boy's shoulder, holding him to his work. The men cheered, re-formed under fire, and, advancing with the wild yell which came to be so well known in the war, drove the enemy back at the point of the bayonet.

Jackson had a strong and stern sense of duty. It is one of the stories told of him at his old college at Lexington, that after his appointment as chemistry professor there, he continued during the hot summer months to wear the thick woollen uniform he had worn all winter. When a brother professor met him one day grilling in purgatorial heat, and asked in astonishment why he was wearing such clothes, Jackson explained to him that he had seen this uniform prescribed in the regulations and was not aware that he was at liberty to make a change.

He applied to others the same rule that he applied to himself, and was a firm disciplinarian both at college and in the army. This was a marked point of difference between Jackson and Lee, who in dealing with his men was gentle to a fault.

One of his commanding-officers told me that so reluctant was Lee to hurt the feelings of men who might, he thought, be doing their best, that he permitted many incompetent officers to retain their commands, allowing in this way the kindness of his heart to impair the efficiency of his armies.

Jackson on the other hand was stern and remorseless in his discipline. He would not, I was told, hesitate to have a man shot instantly who refused to obey orders. In action his one controlling thought was how to crush the enemy; and if even officers of rank were doing their duty inefficiently, they were thrust aside with as little ceremony as a private soldier.

In one battle, when A. P. Hill's troops did not seem to be moving into action with proper celerity, Jackson rode up, and, with a sharp rebuke to Hill, took command of the men himself.

Hill, who was a soldier of great ability, felt deeply hurt.

"General," he said, "if you command my division, you had better take my sword."

"Retire to the rear, sir!" cried Stonewall sternly, "and consider yourself under arrest."

There was nothing for it but to obey. Stonewall, thinking of nothing but how to turn the battle, hurled Hill's division in upon the enemy; while poor Hill, for his too hasty words, had to remain under arrest until released by General Lee.[1]

[1] Off duty, Jackson was as modest and unassuming as a child; and even in war, when men had done their best, he could be as lenient as his chief. After the battle of Sharpsburg, when his command was crossing the Masanuttin Mountains, some of the regiments in Early's division, finding the district rich in old peach, and thinking it possible that in their exhausting march they were in need, like Timo-

Jackson was a deeply religious man; and the profound calmness with which he was often observed to stand in fires and hurricanes of death, sprang no doubt to some extent from his serene conviction that nothing could touch him so long as God had work for him to do. As one of his friends has said, "Prayer was the breath of his nostrils." Large-hearted and tolerant of all differences of opinion, he was himself at the same time a Presbyterian of rigid orthodoxy, and one who found a deep and abiding pleasure in religious exercises.

At the Military Institute, before the war, when living in barracks, he would rise before the dawn, so as not to be disturbed in his devotions by the cadets, and

thy, of a little wine for their stomachs' sake and their many infirmities, indulged in a good deal more than the apostle would have been likely to sanction. The consequence was that Stonewall, happening to ride in the rear of Early's division that day, found the men scattered for miles along the road, some of them dancing polkas, others sitting by the roadside weeping over their absence from their homes, or cheering themselves with fragments of bacchanalian songs and psalm tunes. Early had tried to terrify the soldiers with a report that the huts on the mountains were full of smallpox, but in vain. He had been along in person, warning, expostulating, and swearing (this last was said to be Early's forte). At last disgusted, he had given it up, had ridden to camp, and was toasting his shins in the frosty night before a rousing fire, when an orderly rode up, and handed him a despatch from General Jackson.

Early took the note and read as follows:—

"*Headquarters, Left Wing.*

"SIR,—General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many stragglers in rear of your division to-day?"

(Signed) "A. S. PENDLETON."

The grim old soldier got a bit of paper, and pencilled the following reply:—

"*Headquarters,*
Early's Division.

"CAPTAIN,—In answer to your note, I think it probable that the reason why General Jackson *saw* so many of my stragglers to-day is that he rode in rear of my division.—Respectfully, J. A. EARLY."

Jackson, who had a great regard for the brave and eccentric soldier, and had probably discovered that he had done all that man could do, made no further inquiries.

spend sometimes hours in prayer, while all around him were buried in sleep.

It was his regular practice to be an hour on his knees twice a day. To a friend and kindred spirit, he once said,—

"When I have great freedom in my morning prayer, everything during the day goes well with me; but if my prayer does not come from my heart, and is cold and formal and constrained, I expect nothing but annoyance and trouble."

He taught a class in the Sunday school at Lexington; and at Winchester, during the war, he often conducted the Union prayer-meeting.

Even in the midst of his most active campaigns, he would sacrifice any personal comfort rather than his intercourse with God—often slipping out in the cold and rain to secure the requisite solitude. It was said that his negro boy knew when a battle was imminent by the time his master spent in prayer.

"Gwine to be a fight, sartin," he said, on the morning of Port Republic; "Massa's bin a prayin' all night."

One of his staff tells how, going to Jackson's tent during the movement of his army from the Shenandoah to Fredericksburg, he found the General reading his Testament. He also mentions the childlike simplicity and earnestness with which Jackson said grace at every meal, with both hands uplifted. Even when leading his men to battle he was often seen to lift his right arm and his eyes towards heaven, and move his lips as if in prayer. His soldiers used to watch the motions of that arm with superstitious awe. Some of them told me that they often felt, when they saw Jack-

son moving on with uplifted arm, as if God himself were moving before them into the fight.

The same spirit of earnest religion showed itself in every part of his conduct. When Virginia went out of the Union a Northern clergyman, dearly loved by Jackson, and connected with him by many ties, went to see him personally, and implored him with tears not to draw his sword against the Union. Jackson took him to his room, and prayed long and earnestly for Divine direction. At last he rose from his knees with strong conviction on his face and said,—"I must go out with Virginia. God's will be done!"

It was the same in all his letters and despatches. For instance, in a despatch dated Winchester, 10th March, 5.55 A.M., he says, asking for more troops,—"I believe Providence will give us a rich military harvest. . . . The enemy has not come within five miles, but may do so at any moment unless prevented by God." What a realization there is here of God's actual presence and power!

General Hill, his brother-in-law, said to me,—"It was never with Jackson 'We have beaten the enemy,' but always 'God has given us the victory.' And the first thing he did was to order a prayer-meeting to give thanks."

He manifested the same spirit in defeat as in victory. He never complained of disaster which the best had been done to avoid. When he was carried wounded from the battle at Chancellorsville, he said,—"Another hour would have enabled me to cut off the enemy from the ford, and compelled Hooker either to cut his way out or surrender. But God knows what is best."

Those who would defend Calvinistic doctrine from

the charge of fatalism, can point to few cases stronger than that of Jackson. His belief in the Divine decrees was firm to rigidness: and yet no man of our time has exhibited a stronger sense of individual responsibility or more vigilance and success in seeking to change disaster into victory, and reverse what would have seemed to most the final decision of Fate.

XX.

" LEXINGTON IN THE VALLEY."

I WENT in the spring of 1868 to Lexington—a quiet little country town far up the great valley of Virginia—to visit Jackson's grave, and to meet General Lee, who was acting there as President of Washington College.[1] I found Lexington full of memories of the great soldier who had for so many years been one of her citizens. Here, off the main street, stood the little house with its white wooden balustrade, where Jackson lived. There, on a rounded eminence behind the town, stood the Military Institute in which he taught. It had been partially burnt by the Federal troops in 1864, but was being rebuilt. The student who showed it me pointed out the window of Jackson's class-room, and the door below by which he used to enter. Everybody about the

[1] The circumstances that have brought the two great soldiers of the Confederacy — the living and the dead—together again in that little town of Lexington, are these:—After the Mexican war, in which Jackson had served as lieutenant, he was appointed to a professorship in the Lexington Military Academy. There, with his young wife and his little child, he spent some of the happiest years of his life, till called again into the field by the outbreak of the war and the secession of Virginia in 1861. Three years before this, his child had died, and he had laid it to sleep in the little village graveyard. Perhaps it was this as much as anything else that bound the heart of the great soldier to his Lexington home, and prompted the wish he expressed when dying of his wounds after the battle of Chancellorsville, that he should be buried " at Lexington in the Valley." His dying wish was sacredly fulfilled. His body after death was taken first to Richmond, and laid out in state

little town had seen him, and remembered his appearance,—his tall angular figure, his awkward gait, and the silent and abstracted air with which he used to go about. Those who knew him said that in private he was a quiet, gentle, and unassuming man; but where duty was involved, stern and rigid in his discipline. In the Sunday-school, of which he took charge, he enforced punctuality by locking the door when the hour arrived, allowing two minutes for difference of watches, but suffering neither scholar nor teacher to enter after these two minutes had elapsed. A citizen of Lexington, who had been intimate with Jackson, said he had a wonderful power of getting at all the knowledge a person had on any subject in which he was interested. He used to get out of *him* all his methods of rearing plants, and then go home and think over them and make improvements, and show him the results. I found, however, that no one in Lexington had ever imagined in the eccentric, odd-looking professor the genius that was by-and-bye to astonish them and the world. When he left the town to join the army of Virginia, and his first achievements were heard of, the Lexington people thought it must be some happy chance, and were disposed to be

at the Capitol, where it is said more than 20,000 mourners looked on the wan face of the great soldier. Thence, through a land of sorrow and tears, the coffin, covered with the snow-white banner of the Confederate States, was borne westwards over the Blue Ridge to Lexington.

In the meantime the war raged on till 1865, when the South was compelled from exhaustion to give in, and the officers and soldiers of the disbanded armies had to seek a return to civil life. Lee would probably have retired to his old family seat at Arlington, but the house and estate had been seized by the Government. He therefore accepted an invitation sent him to become President of Washington College, in the same little city of the mountains where Jackson had taught in the Military Academy, and now lay buried.

facetious over the idea of their old professorial friend having had any merit in the matter. Probably the last people in America to believe in Jackson's genius were his old fellow-citizens.

It was a dull day, and the rain was dropping into the long muddy road along which Lexington is built, when I made my way out to the southern extremity of the village to see Jackson's grave. I came by-and-bye, on the left-hand side of the road, to a plank palisade, dingy and somewhat dilapidated, enclosing, as I could see, a graveyard. The wooden gates were fastened; but I found a stile at one corner and got over. It was a small secluded place with a sprinkling of white monuments, a few pathways through it, and here and there a handful of shrubs or a tree. I wandered about in search of the tomb, at the head of which I was told that a sprig of laurel brought from the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena had been planted.

At last, on a little cross-walk, I came to a grave in front of two cypress trees. It was surrounded by a neat cast-iron railing, through which, at the other end, the branches of a laurel were twisted. In the centre of the plot, over the dead man's breast, there stood an iron urn, half-buried now in a tuft of withered grass. And there, at the head of the grave, on a plain white marble scroll, was inscribed the name of the great soldier. Beside him was the little grave of his child, who had died before the war.

It was a sad and lonely spot. Everything around was still, except the gentle sound of the rain dropping softly from the trees. Nature seemed weeping over the dead hero's grave. Here, then, lay Stonewall Jackson, whose name had once rolled in thunder over the world.

All his marchings, all his battles over now: and the cause, for which he fought, dead and buried with him here under the withered grass.

Near at hand, a willow-tree was putting forth its delicate green leaves, for the spring was now come. And I thought, "There will come a spring-time also to the stricken South, and the nobleness that lies buried in this grave shall blossom into higher life."

Washington College, or, as it is now called, "Lee's College," is a large building with a Grecian façade, standing on a rising ground, in what one man called "the outsquirts" of the town. Close to one end of it stands the house occupied by Lee as President—a handsome house with trees and gardens in front.

The college has a little history of its own. It originated in a classical school, established by the early settlers of Virginia, in the days when George the Second was their King. In 1784, America being then independent, the Virginia Legislature, by way of testifying its appreciation of the patriotism of Washington, passed an Act vesting in him certain valuable shares. Washington, however, declined to take them, except with the proviso that he might transfer the gift to some public object. The result was the transfer of the whole donation to the institution which now bears his name, and over which, by a happy historic coincidence, General Lee, who is married to the grand-daughter of the wife of Washington, now presides. This endowment yields annually to the college the interest on fifty thousand dollars.

When the war broke out in 1861, the students of Washington College organized themselves into a military company, joined Stonewall Jackson at Winchester,

and for four years shared the fortunes of the Stonewall Brigade—the college in the meantime closed, and slumbering amongst the mountains at Lexington, waiting till peace should return, and bring her soldier-students back. She received a rude awakening in 1864, when the Federal troops of General Hunter entered Lexington, sacked the college, and partially destroyed its library. I found, in talking with the librarian, that this in his eyes was the one unpardonable sin. With a rueful countenance, he pointed to encyclopædias and other series of books with only a few odd volumes left. A number of the books taken by the Federal soldiers to read had been picked up afterwards about the fields and returned. He showed me with a much more cheerful face various books that had been received as donations, some of them from publishers in this country. He said the college was poor, and gifts of this kind very welcome.

In 1865, after the close of the war, steps were taken to reorganize the institution, and General Lee's acceptance of the Presidentship gave it at once a guarantee of success. Five new professorships were established, and a full literary and scientific course organized. The degrees granted are—B.S. (Bachelor of Science), and B.L. (Bachelor of Law), besides the usual B.A. and M.A.[1]

At the time of my visit the attendance of students

[1] The philosophy taught in the college is the Scotch (Common Sense) philosophy. The text-books in the mental and moral philosophy class are Dugald Stewart and Hodge's edition of Sir William Hamilton. Professor Kirkpatrick said that Reid was a standard work with them, and Brown was known, but that all through the South, as well as over a great part of the North, Dugald Stewart was the most popular and valued of all philosophical writers.

had increased to four hundred. About a third of these were Virginians; but twenty other States (including Massachusetts) were represented. Many of the students lodge in the college buildings, furnishing their own rooms, and feeding in town; the rest lodge and board in private families.

General Lee's business as President is not to teach but to exercise a general supervision. He is *ex officio* Chairman of the Faculty, presides at examinations, confers all degrees, and distributes premiums. He receives weekly reports of the standing and deportment of every student, and visits the class-rooms from time to time, that he may judge for himself of their diligence and behaviour. The professors, such of them at least as I had the opportunity of conversing with, said that Lee's influence upon the whole college had been very marked. He had diffused a Christian spirit, and made discipline easy. It was one of Lee's duties, as President, to admonish defaulters; and one of the professors declared that such was the profound veneration in which he was held throughout the South, that he believed there were students in college who would rather shoot themselves than appear before Lee in disgrace.

My first meeting with Lee was in the room reserved for the use of the College President, where he is occupied for the greater part of the day in writing. He was dressed in one of his old military coats, stripped of all its former decorations. He is a noble-looking man, tall, straight, and soldier-like, with crisp hair turning white, short trimmed beard, pointed at the chin, and dark imperial-looking eyes, very keen and searching. His manners are quiet and dignified; and

there is a good deal of the old English cavalier in his look and bearing. I was struck, sometimes painfully, with what seemed a hidden sadness in his countenance. It might have been my own thought, but it seemed to me as if the shadow of the past were over him, as if one could read behind the vigilance of his dark eyes the fate of the South, and of the myriads who lay sleeping on the silent battle-fields.

I knew from report that Lee was reticent on political subjects, and wisely so, his position in the country since the war demanding the utmost prudence. I therefore made no attempts during the interviews I had with him to "draw him out;" at the same time I spoke freely on all subjects that came naturally in the way. Political topics were, therefore, referred to; but Lee was on his guard, and I could not but notice the admirable delicacy and tact with which, as often as the conversation threatened to become political, he contrived to turn it into another channel.[1]

[1] Let me mention one instance which occurs to me. I happened to speak of the coloured people during our first interview. Lee, just as if he were going to enter on the subject, said they were flocking in great numbers into the towns—that I should see many of them in Lexington if I went about, as he hoped I would, there being several points in the town and its neighbourhood that would interest a stranger—some of which points he went on quite naturally to speak of till the coloured people were as far away from the line of conversation as if they had never been mentioned.

In the evening, at his house, the negroes happened to be referred to again. Lee, as if interested to know how far my experience corroborated his observation, said,—"Did you see many of them to day?"

I told him I had seen very few.

"The rain," said Lee, "must have kept them within doors. It is unfortunate weather for seeing our little town. But you must wait till it clears up, and visit the Natural Bridge of Virginia. You could ride there and back in one day with a good horse;" and he proceeded to describe a visit he had himself paid to the bridge—the negro silently vanishing from the conversation as before.

At his house I met some of the professors, and conversation went on briskly; but I noticed that whenever they introduced political topics, Lee became silent, and allowed the conversation to go on without him.

One of his sons told me that his father's answer to direct inquiries on vexed questions was that he was a soldier, not a politician.

In speaking of the war, reference was made to the odds against which the South had fought, and the want there was of accurate statistics. I told Lee it was understood he was preparing a history of the conflict himself.

"I have that in view," he said, "but the time is not come for impartial history. If the truth were told just now, it would not be credited."

When I mentioned a book about the war, the proof-sheets of which, it was asserted, had been submitted to General Grant and himself for revision, he said,—

"It is a mistake. I have never read a history of the war, nor the biography of any man engaged in it. My own life has been written, but I have not looked into it." He added, after a pause, "I do not desire to awaken memories of the past."

Speaking of Lexington and its neighbourhood, he said,—

"You will meet with many of your countrymen here. The valley of Virginia is peopled with Scotch-Irish—people who have come from Scotland by way of Ireland. They are a fine race. They have the courage and determination of the Scotch, with the dash and intrepidity of the Irish. They make fine soldiers."

He said it was an old wish of his to visit this country, but it would never be realized now. Stonewall Jackson

had been in Scotland before the war. He had heard him speak of it.[1]

When he spoke of Jackson I was struck with the emphasis he placed upon his piety. One cannot indeed be long with Lee without finding his Christian character revealing itself almost unconsciously in his manners and conversation. I remember with peculiar distinctness the solemnity with which, at table, standing before his family, he asked God's blessing on the food. Also, when he referred to a gentleman whom he wished me to see at Richmond, his saying, that he had rarely met "with a nobler or more Christian man." It was only a word, and yet it showed by what standard he gauged a man's worth.

Lee comes of an old and famous Virginian family. His ancestor in Charles the First's time was Richard Lee, a cavalier, who, on emigrating to Virginia, became Secretary of the colony, and at Cromwell's death got Charles the Second proclaimed "King of England, Scotland, Ireland, *and Virginia*," though the restoration did not take place for two years after. Coming down to later times, we find amongst the champions of American Independ-

[1] In a letter from Mrs. Jackson, received last year, she gives some particulars of Stonewall's visit to Scotland, which seems to have been made in 1856—five years before the war. In his journal, he speaks of visiting Glasgow from Dumfries on the 24th July. He mentions having seen the monuments of John Knox, Sir Walter Scott, and Charles Tennant; of "sailing down the Clyde," of visiting Dumbarton Castle, Lochlomond, Slate Quarry, Lead Mines seventeen miles farther, burying-place of the Macgregors, Rob Roy's Cave, and the Rock of Puritan Worship; and of passing from Inversnaid to Loch Katrine and region. He speaks of "the wild rushing torrents," of Ellen's Isle, Ben Venue, and the Trossachs, and of going thence to Stirling and Edinburgh. His widow adds,—"He was so much charmed with his brief visit to Scotland that he often told me it was his wish to take me there, and although he extended his travels to the Continent as far as Rome, he delighted specially in talking of your interesting country."

ence Henry Lee, who captured Jersey City fort from the British, and received for this service a gold medal from Congress. Robert E. Lee was one of this soldier's sons by his second wife.

Lee was born in 1807. At the Military Academy at West Point he was distinguished for his studious habits and gentlemanly conduct, and as one who never tasted intoxicating liquors nor used tobacco. He graduated in 1829 at the head of his class.

In 1832, Lee (then a lieutenant) married Miss Custis, the grand-daughter of the wife of George Washington. It was in this way that he came to inherit the house and estate of Arlington. He distinguished himself under General Scott in Mexico, and afterwards in war with the Indians.

When the difficulties between North and South came to a head in 1860, and the Southern States spoke of secession, Lee, who was deeply attached to the Union, deprecated the movement in the strongest possible terms. But brought up like most Southerners to put the State first and the Union after it, he felt himself called upon, when Virginia went out, to follow. Montgomery Blair was sent by President Lincoln to offer Lee (it is said) the command of the Federal army, an offer which, had ambition been his motive, he would eagerly have accepted. His reply was, "Mr. Blair, I look upon secession as anarchy. If I owned four millions of slaves in the South, I would sacrifice them all to the Union. But how can I draw my sword against my native State?" As late as December 1861, Mrs. Lee wrote to a Northern friend,—"My husband has wept tears of blood over this terrible war, but, as a man of honour and a Virginian, he must follow the destiny of his State."

Lee, therefore, must not be confounded with the secessionists and fire-eaters who pushed the South into that disastrous war. When he resigned his commission in the National army, Arlington (as has already been mentioned) was taken possession of by the Federal Government; but will, it is understood, be restored to Lee's family. Many people even in the North seemed to expect that it would be restored to Lee himself, and regarded the idea with favour.

At the time of my visit to Washington, the mansion-house was desolate and half-dismantled. Many of its fine old trees had been cut down to make room for a national cemetery, in which thousands upon thousands of the Federal dead lie buried, under long rows of white headboards—a ghastly memento, writing the family of the Confederate chief!

XXI.

A MISSION HOME AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

TRAVELLING through North Carolina in the month of January, I was joined at Weldon by the Rev. E. P. Smith, field-agent of the American Missionary Association, who was also on his way round the South, inspecting the scattered schools and mission stations which this Association has planted amongst the emancipated slaves.

At an early stage of the war, the deplorable condition of the negroes who were flying from slavery, and swarming in thousands within the Union lines, had excited sympathy and anxiety in the North. Long before the establishment of the Freedman's Bureau by the Government, numerous voluntary organizations were at work amongst the "contrabands," trying to get them educated, evangelized, fitted for their new condition, and in the first instance saved from starvation. Of these agencies the American Missionary Association was the most active and the most successful. It had been in existence since 1846, had been anti-slavery from the first, in days when to be so was a reproach; and had devoted itself to the evangelization of the coloured people in Canada, in Jamaica, and in Africa. The war turned its attention specially to the South, which was now to become the great field of its activity. In 1861, at

Fortress Monroe, in the State of Virginia, near the spot where the first cargo of slaves was landed, the Association opened a school for fugitive slaves—the first of the kind which had ever enjoyed in the Southern States the protection of the national flag. Whenever the Northern armies obtained possession, the agents of the Association followed, opening new schools and establishing mission homes for its teachers and missionaries. The work grew apace. The slaves in the last year of the war were liberated by tens of thousands at a time, and, in April 1865, the collapse of the rebellion left a slave population of four millions, equal to the whole population of Scotland, scattered over the desolated South like sheep without a shepherd, multitudes of them in a state of semi-barbarism, and wholly unfit to care for themselves. The Missionary Association working along with other agencies, redoubled its efforts to meet this tremendous crisis. It was sustained by Christian philanthropy in the North and in this country, and by the self-sacrifice and devotion of its own missionaries and female teachers, many of whom left comfortable and even luxurious homes in the North to devote themselves, in the midst of a hostile population, to the task of helping these emancipated millions up into the light.

At the time of my visit to the South, the Association had 530 teachers and missionaries scattered over the *quondam* slave States, and had gathered 40,000 black people into its schools. It had also established several Normal schools and colleges, and was making the important experiment of an Agricultural College, where the black students could support themselves by manual labour during their course of study. To this college I

shall refer more particularly in describing the details of the whole system in the next chapter. It was to visit one of these mission homes of the Association in North Carolina that I turned off at Weldon, and accompanied Mr. Smith to the seaboard.

Skirting the Dismal Swamp, and passing through Newbern to the coast, we reached Morehead City that night (Jan. 28), and crossed to Beaufort in an open skiff—a distance of about five miles—navigating our way in the darkness between long flat shoals, rushing before a stiff breeze with sometimes only a few inches of water under our keel. On landing by the light of a lamp, we made our way through the city along wide, dark, straggling streets, where we were often up to the ankles in loose sand.

A hospitable reception awaited us at the plain but comfortable "Home," where we found a staff of four teachers (white ladies from the North), under the guardianship and superintendence of a clergyman (the Rev. Mr. Beales) and his wife, who had been labouring amongst the freed people for more than five years.

The night-school had just been dismissed, and the family had come in to supper, at which we joined them, and at which, I remember, along with tea, a dish of large and delicious oysters, which are very abundant at Beaufort, and were selling at ten cents (or about fourpence) a gallon. The people gather them in almost any quantity upon a vast shore, which is exposed at low tide.[1]

[1] The American oyster is a glorious monster. It is told of Thackeray, that when a dish of them was set for the first time before him, he gazed at them for several moments, and then asked what he was to do with them.

"Eat them, of course."

"Oh! eat them," said Thackeray, as if a new light had dawned upon

We had to be early astir in the morning to have breakfast and family prayers over before eight, when the schools open. Mr. Beales showed me with much pride round the premises, which stand in an open space in the outskirts of the town, and include dwelling-house, schools, and chapel. These had all been erected by the Freedmen themselves, many of whom, after getting through their own work for the day, had come and toiled at the building of their own little mission church and the school-houses for their children till far into the night. "The whole work is theirs," said Mr. Beales. "Not a white man's hand has been upon these buildings."

In one of the class-rooms connected with the church, I observed on the mantelpiece a boxful of heavy old-fashioned spectacles.

"These," said Mr. Beales, "are for the old people. We hold a Bible-class in this room, and some of our scholars are very aged negroes, who cannot see without spectacles. The old people are very eager to learn. We have a number of them in the night-school. Mrs. Beales has one class in which three generations sit—a grandmother, a daughter, and a grand-daughter, all on the same bench, learning in the same book. There is a woman also that I must show you at the night-school. She was a fugitive from slavery, and carried a big Bible about with her through the woods and swamps,—'toted it around,' as she says herself, 500 miles and more. She couldn't read, but she had got her old mistress to turn down the leaves at the verses she knew by heart, and

him; adding, after a pause, "Well, here goes!"

When he had swallowed one, his friend asked him how he felt after it.

"I feel," said he, "as if I had swallowed a baby!"

often she would sit down in the woods and open the big Bible at these verses, and repeat them aloud, and find strength and consolation.

"She is a woman of tremendous muscular strength," he added. "They say it was no joke whipping her in slave times. She would fight like a lion, and drive men back. One time she held both her master and the Town Sergeant at bay for a long time, though they tried to get her down with ropes. But you must get her to tell the story herself."

When we went to breakfast it was still half-an-hour from school-time, but a crowd of black children had already gathered and were waiting eagerly round the doors. On the verandah we found Mr. Smith talking with two little negro boys who were standing below.

"These two little fellows," he said, "walk five miles to school every morning."

A taller boy, in a dilapidated felt hat and ragged blue trousers, who had been listening, stepped forward and said,—

"I would walk ten miles, sir, to get to school."

"Can't you come, then?"

"No, sir, I have to work all day."

After breakfast, the business of the day began. The scholars all met in the large school-room, to the number of several hundreds, and after singing a hymn and reciting the Lord's Prayer in concert, they marched in sections to the rooms assigned to the respective grades.

I had gone away to get some letters written in a little room attached to the church, when I heard some persons, evidently negroes, talking at the foot of the wooden stair.

"Whar is he?"

"He's up dar."

"I'd like to see him. Whar does he come from?"

"From de North, I. 'spects. He's white anyhow. He come wid Mr. Smif."

"I hear Massa Beales say he come from Scotland."

"Scotlan'! Whar's dat?"

"Dun no."

"Way Norf and dat a way I reckon."

"Well, I wants to see him anyhow. Come, you get up first."

I heard their footsteps on the stairs, and by-and-bye two black men and a stout, laughing-eyed black woman, whom I had seen about the house that morning, made their appearance at the open door. The men took off their hats, and one of them said politely,—"Good mornin', sah."

I found that this last was an old man who had been more than fifty years in slavery. The other had been a soldier during the war, in one of the black regiments. He was at work now at Beaufort, and was a scholar in the night-school.

When our talk turned on slavery, and I mentioned *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, one of the men shook his head. The other said,—

"I know dat book right well. I heard mo' of it read. Dere was good white folks, sah, as well as bad, but when they was bad, Lord-a-mercy, you never saw a book, sah, that come up to what slavery was."

"I used to see 'em whip my mother," said the woman; "yes, sah, till the blood was a-flowing; and when I grow'd up they turned on me."

"O! it was barbareous! Lord-a-mercy, it was dreffu'!" exclaimed the old man.

"How do your old masters treat you now?"

"They treat us better than we 'spected. It's wonderful to see 'em, sah. I haven't one word to say agin 'em, for myself, anyhow."

"But up country," said the old man, sorrowfully, "I hear a woman say the whip is a-goin' and the horn a-blowin' just as it use to be."

"Is it true that you are poorer and worse off now than formerly?"

"Some of us is poorer, sah. We finds it hard gettin' 'long just now. 'But bress de Lord, we's free, anyhow! and better days is a-comin' in de Lord's good time."

"We might a' been better off," said the young man, "if we hadn't fooled away our money in war time. We had always plenty then, and we thought it would be so always."

"Ah, dat's true," said the old man, shaking his head; "I had a hundred dollars, but it slip away. No care 'bout money in dem days. It was come day, go day, and God save Sunday. But we knows better how to save now."

"What we feels most," he said, "is havin' to rent houses. If we had homesteads of our own! But it takes most all we can make to pay the rent. But when we save enough we are lookin' to buy homesteads, if de big fish will only sell us land."

After school was over, Mr. Beales took me away with him to see some of the black people in their homes. Many of them seemed very poor, very ignorant, and very degraded. Others who had been house or body servants, or who had been fortunate in having kind masters, were much more intelligent and active.

As we approached one neat cabin by the road-side,

Mr. Beales said,—"This is the house of a Mrs. D—, who bought herself twice, and yet was both times enslaved again. Her husband is an old man, but he wanted to be able to read the Bible, and began with his A B C, and learned to read in six months."

When we stopped at the door, a cheerful voice from within told us to enter. It was the voice of the old man, whom we found sitting by the fire, suffering severely from rheumatism, but wonderfully patient, and full of gratitude to the Lord for having brought him through so much, and for laying His hand so lightly upon him. Nothing struck me more about many of these freedmen than this devoutness and recognition of God's hand in everything.

"The Master knows," and "If the Master wills," and "De Lord would have it so," are common expressions among them.

The plain wooden walls of the room were ornamented here and there with prints cut from illustrated papers.

When the old man saw me looking up at one of Abraham Lincoln, he said reverently,—

"You lookin', sah," at President Linkum? We call him de Moses of de coloured people. He led us forth out of de land of bondage."

His wife made her appearance by-and-bye, and welcomed us warmly. Her quick dark eye and firm lip made it easy to credit her with the energy and resolution that must have been necessary to enable her not only to purchase her freedom once, but set to work, when re-enslaved, and purchase herself again.

In answer to my inquiries, she told me her history —how she had paid for her freedom 500 dollars, earned

with her own hand; how her "protector" (the *quasi* owner which the Slave Code required every free or freed negro in the South to have) was drowned with her free papers in his pocket, and how, destitute of her free papers, she became a slave again. How, as she said herself, she took up a resolution to buy herself again, or run away North—how she toiled on and paid the price of her liberty once more—how before long her new "protector" died bankrupt—how, as she said, the creditors "'fisticated his property," and sold her along with the rest.

"They even sold my oyster-tongs," she said, indignantly. "Yes, sah, they even sold the bed I had made with my two hands, the mean willains, God forgive 'em."

Then, how she had begun to buy herself a third time, when the war broke out, and left her free, before she had paid more than a fourth of the old price.

"De rest ain't paid yet," she said with a 'cute smile. "No, sah! leave dat to de Judgment day."

I asked her how long it took to buy herself each time.

"'Bout four years, wu'kin' extra," she said. "Yes, sah, they were hard times; and sometimes my feet and ankles would be swole so I could scarce stand. But I had great consolation; I knew dere was a God above looking down upon me."

I asked how she had got on since the war.

"Oh, right well," she said cheerfully. "Me and my husband turned right to and built this house, with a brick chimbly to it."

She seemed to be very proud of the brick "chimbly;" so seemed the old man too, though he told us in a confidential tone, that there was still a debt of some dollars on it.

"But I reckon," he said, "there's strength enough in these old bones of mine to earn enough to pay it all, and leave it to the chill'en free."

"Ef I'd that done," he said, thoughtfully, "ef I only had dat ar chimbly clear, I wouldn't mind if de Master came and called me home to-morrow."

As we left I noticed a quantity of Indian corn drying on a stand near the door. I asked the woman, who had come to see us out, if they had grown that corn themselves.

"No," she said, "that's the Lord's corn."

I found afterwards that two ships had been cast ashore the previous week and had gone to pieces, leaving the shore bestrewn with the grain with which they had been laden. The poor negroes, left very destitute by reason of the bad harvest, had gathered it up, and called it "Providence Corn," or "The Lord's Corn."

That night we had a meeting of all the day and night schools connected with the mission; and, at its close, I remember in the dim light the crowded audience singing that old triumphal song:—

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!"

It is difficult to convey an idea of what it was to listen to this song of triumph, sung in exulting strains by four or five hundred people who had been themselves in slavery. As I watched the dusky throng, swaying in the dim light, their eyes looking upward and onward as if the pillar of fire were moving before them, it seemed as if I could hear the tread of the four millions of freed people moving from darkness and bondage up into liberty and light.

After the meeting, several of the black people waited

to speak to us. Prominent amongst them was a huge negress—a muscular Christian of the most tremendous type—who stood with her brawny arms folded, and her coal-black face lit up with a good-natured smile.

"This," said Mr. Beales, "is Mrs. H—, about whom I told you before. It was she who fought the town sergeant."

The woman laughed. She said she had generally been very kindly treated in slavery.

"But I wouldn't stop, no, not with the best man or the best woman God has put in dis yar world, if I could be free. There was good massas and good missuses; but what was all dat if your chill'n could be sold away from you, and you got to keep quiet?"

I asked her about her encounter with the Town Sergeant.

"Oh," said she with a grin, "dat warn't much to speak on. Ole massa, he use to drink hard, and one day he come and see my boy doing something, and began kickin' him around and layin' on de cowhide, like to kill him. I kep' back and kep' back as long's I could, and at last I cry out, 'Oh, massa, don't; I wish my boy was dead sooner than be treat like that.' Then old massa he turn on me and struck me twice; but my blood was up, and I tore de cowhide from him. Didn't care if I should be whip to death for it. Off went massa in a mighty rage, and by'm by back he come wid the town sargeant and a rope. When I see de rope I backed up agin de wall, so they couldn't get behind me. Up come de town sargeant, and sez he, 'Ain't no use all this; cross your hands,' sez he, 'you's agoin' to prison.' I sez, 'I no objection to go to prison, but I won't be tied, and I won't be whipped.' The sergeant, when he hear dat,

he come right at me, but I druv him back. Then the two come at me, closin' in ; but I knock de sargeant about putty considerable, and fowt my way clean out. They was scared on me now, but dey swore drefful, and said I had to give in, and began to throw the rope at me wid a loop like I was a wild cow. I kep flingin' it off, but they got a catch, and pulled me down. Jus' then up comes young massa—de ole man's son as I had nursed—and tore off de rope, and said, 'I won't see old mammy treat like that.' The town sargeant swore agin, and said he would go right away and get a stronger man, and he went; but de stronger man never came, and de sergeant he didn't come back neither ! No, sah ; neber saw more of dat town sargeant."

I asked her how she had got on since she became free.

"Times is hard," she said, "and we can't get along fast; but we has homes of our own now, and we can't be druv away, and we can send our chill'en to school now, and get 'em teached like de white folks—praise de Lord !"

The Home at Beaufort is a specimen of the others planted by the same Association throughout the South. Some of these in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee I afterwards visited. The teachers are almost all white ladies from the North, thoroughly initiated into the New England system of elementary training as practised in the public schools—a system which I have never seen equalled elsewhere. Teaching of this kind is precisely what the black people need. I was not surprised to find these teachers and missionaries full of earnestness and devotion, for without deep personal interest in the work its difficulties and hardships would have prevented them, in most

cases, from undertaking it. The toil is itself severe—teaching day after day and night after night amongst an ignorant, degraded, and often brutalized people; even Sunday, with its schools and Bible-classes, bringing rather a variety of work than a cessation of it.

But what they were evidently feeling much more than the toil was their total isolation. They are not only far from their home, and from the society that would cheer and sustain them in their arduous labours; they are totally excluded from the white society that exists around them. Southern feeling has been embittered and exasperated by the war; and these schools and teachers, following in the wake of Northern victory, continually remind the white people of their own humiliation and defeat. Many of them, indeed, persuade themselves that these teachers are only there to stir up the black people against their old masters. They would not even visit the schools to see what was actually done. I remember one Southern gentleman accompanying me as far as the school door; but when I asked him to come in, he said, "No; I don't enter nigger schools." A teacher from New England—"a Yankee school marm," as they call her—is looked upon in the South with much the same feeling that an Englishman would have encountered in the Highlands after the atrocities of the Duke of Cumberland. The feeling is perhaps natural, but it is not the less to be deplored. In most places no attempt was made to conceal it; and even in church the teachers were often treated with such obtrusive contempt that they were compelled, for the sake of their feelings, to attend service with the negroes. In some cases the feeling of animosity was carried further. At one station which I visited, the

two ladies who occupied the little mission home were threatened with their lives. They refused to abandon their work; and one of them, who was a very spirited girl, got a revolver, and practised herself daily in its use, determined to defend herself and the home as best she could if an attack was made. In another school shots had been fired through the windows. In two others the fatal warning had been received from the mysterious and lawless organization known as the Ku-klux-klan, in the form of a letter, with skull and crossbones at the head, threatening the teachers with death unless they left the place within three days. Such cases were rare, but the feeling of antipathy was almost universal, and made the missionaries and teachers feel more homeless and exiled than had there been no white people near them at all.

The circles in Northern society to which many of these teachers belong is further evidence of the nobleness of their motives in dedicating themselves to such a work. Though they are all in receipt of salaries, according to the rule of the Association, many of them were in circumstances that made the salary no consideration. One teacher in the Home at Macon was a young heiress; and the missionary superintendent for that district was a gentleman who owns valuable property in Chicago, and who was not only spending his whole time and energy in the missionary field, but was contributing far more to the Association's funds than all the salary it gave him.

XXII.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION'S PLAN.

THE great aim of the Association is not to constitute itself a permanent agency for teaching and evangelizing the black race, but rather to prepare that race for teaching and evangelizing itself. All its operations have this object steadily in view. First in order come its numerous day and night schools, scattered over that vast mission field in the South, and occupying about 400 of its teachers. In these schools a thorough elementary education is given along with religious instruction. Then come its High and its Normal Schools, established at the principal centres of its work, into which it gathers the best pupils from its common schools, especially those who are anxious to qualify for teachers. It has High schools at Beaufort and Wilmington (North Carolina); at Savannah (Georgia); at Memphis and Chattanooga (Tennessee); and at Louisville (Kentucky). It has Normal schools at Hampton (Virginia); Charleston (South Carolina); Macon (Georgia); and Talladega and Mobile (Alabama). In these the scholars are carried to higher branches, are put through a severer course of study, and in the normal departments are required to teach model classes in the presence of the superintendents, who criticise their method, and give them all needed instruction and advice.

Then come its chartered colleges at Berea (Kentucky), Nashville (Tennessee), and Atlanta (Georgia). "Black Universities" they are sometimes called, though at Berea College nearly 100 of the students are white. At these, besides the Preparatory and Normal, there is an Academic and a Collegiate course,—the former chiefly designed for business, the latter (which embraces instruction in the ancient and modern languages, and the higher mathematics), designed to qualify for professional life. The college at Berea has over 300 students, Fisk University about 400, of whom 88 were that year in the higher departments. It had turned out a number of excellent black teachers, and 25 more were on the eve of completing their course and entering upon the same work.

The Association is also engaged in a most important experiment which it began the year I was there. Its teachers had found that many promising black students were compelled, in order to earn their bread, to leave school, and go to places where there were no night-classes or schools of any kind to which negroes were admitted. They found also that the ignorance, degradation, and immorality that often surrounded the scholars at home, made the attempt to elevate and refine them during school hours as hopeless as the labours of Sisyphus.

To meet such cases the Association conceived the idea of institutions akin to Cornell University, with which Goldwin Smith is connected, where manual labour should be associated with study; where, therefore, the students could support themselves, and where they might be surrounded by the refining influences of a Christian home.

Accordingly, as a first experiment, a farm of 120 acres of choice land was purchased at Hampton, in the State of Virginia, at an expense of $45,000; additional buildings were erected upon it, a practical farmer was got to direct the farming operations, and a staff of teachers was appointed for the school and college.

The institution had not been opened many weeks before it had more black students than provision had been made for. It took a step in advance of even its prototype at Ithaca, by admitting students of both sexes. The first season was a bad one for farm produce, but the result of the experiment was most encouraging. The male students earned during the first term and vacation more than a dollar a week above their expenses. The female students during the same period fell a little short of their expenses; but in the next term and vacation they earned nearly a dollar a week over cost, while the male students earned a weekly surplus of about $3. During both terms the students advanced rapidly with their studies, and showed steady progress in character and deportment. This institution, embodying the idea of self-help as a means of culture, and training the negro not only to study, but to habits of cleanliness, industry, economy, and Christian purity of life, is likely to prove the germ of an important movement. It is a little seed planted in a vast field of promise. Provision is made for a three-years' course of study.[1] The students, whose numbers have increased

[1] The following are the studies of the different years :—

"*First Year.*—Reading; analysis of sounds and vocal gymnastics; writing; spelling, with definitions; punctuation; oral arithmetic and written commenced; first lessons in grammar; physical geography, with map-drawing; object lessons; vocal music; rhetorical exercises; general exercises; gymnastics.

"*Second Year.*—The studies of

now to between seventy and eighty, are engaged, on an average, eight hours a day,—four in school, and four in manual labour. Speaking generally, the morning is devoted to labour, the afternoon to classes, and the evening to reading and study. The male students work on the farm and in the mechanical shop; the female students do all the house-work, and are taught knitting, sewing, and dressmaking. There is a Normal department, where those who are anxious to become teachers receive special instruction. They are already the principal teachers of a large and flourishing coloured school in the immediate neighbourhood.

It will be seen from the foregoing sketch that the American Missionary Association has much in common with the Freedmen's Bureau. It has, indeed, worked hand-in-hand with the Government agency; and General Howard, the chief of the Bureau, has been one of its best friends. But the distinctive character of the Association is that it is a Missionary agency, and associates Christian teaching with all its operations. The extreme importance of this will be manifest to every one who is acquainted with the negro character. The negro's strength, and also his weakness, lie in his emotional

the first year continued and carried forward; miscellaneous reading; grammar and analysis; letter-writing and composition; drafts of business papers; lectures on physiology, with charts; lectures on agriculture and agricultural chemistry, with analysis of soils; vocal music; gymnastics; general and rhetorical exercises; exercises in teaching.

"*Third Year.*—General reading; composition and orations; instruction in practical business methods and book-keeping; exercises in oral and written arithmetic, and in geography; natural science, with lectures; lectures on agriculture and agricultural chemistry, with experiments by pupils; rhetorical exercises; vocal music; gymnastics; exercises in teaching classes, to develop power of expression; and actual teaching in the Butler and Lincoln Model Schools, in the vicinity of the institution."

nature. I never saw such religious enthusiasm and such strong Christian faith in the midst even of ignorance and degradation as I saw amongst these freedmen. But this very feature of their character tends to make religion a matter of mere excitement, and convert their religious services into scenes of frenzy and confusion. It also lays the negro peculiarly open to the temptations of intemperance and lust. Hence the necessity there is for a training that shall teach this impulsive nature self-control, and change its religious frenzy into real Christian activity. The Missionary Association has found itself compelled, in the presence of so much ignorance, to devote itself mainly, in the meantime, to common school-work, teaching the negroes to read and write, as a condition indispensable to future progress. But with all this work it associates moral and religious training. It builds chapels where it can along with its schools, it has evangelists at all its centres of activity, and its teachers are all members of evangelical churches, and teach in its Sunday schools. It anticipates that, under proper training, the religious enthusiasm of the coloured man will contribute an important element to American Christianity. It is also of opinion that the best hope for the evangelization of the African race lies in the education of the freedmen. One of its most devoted missionaries—too sanguine, perhaps, but still looking in the direction from which hope comes—said to me, "Sir, I have laboured amongst these people for eight years, and I am full of hope. Multitudes of them are crying for education and the gospel. If we give it them now while they are crying for it, we shall soon have thousands of educated blacks at work amongst their own people here, and going as missionaries to

Africa. Yes, sir, if the Church did her duty now, we should see the gospel in fifty years hence preached by black men over all Ethiopia."

The American Missionary Association carries on its great work at an annual expense of about $350,000, for which it depends entirely, year by year, on the voluntary liberality of Christian people in America and in our own country.

XXIII.

NORTH CAROLINA AND SONS.

I SPENT some weeks travelling through North Carolina, visiting the towns of Raleigh, Charlotte, and Wilmington, and some of the settlements in the interior. The State of North Carolina is about the size of England, and has rich and varied resources, which, in spite of her being so old a colony, are still waiting for development. The "Rip Van Winkle State" has got an awakening now, and slavery will no longer retard her progress by diverting her proper share of white immigration into the Free States. North Carolina has gold, iron, and coal in abundance; she grows wheat, rye, barley, Indian corn, and flax; and in some important points takes precedence of the fertile States around her. She has advantage over Virginia in being able to produce cotton; over South Carolina in being able to produce tobacco; and over Tennessee in being able to produce rice. She has also vast forests of pitch-pine, yielding enormous quantities of tar, turpentine, and lumber. She gets the name, indeed, of the Tar State, and her people are nicknamed Tar-heels.[1] In

[1] During the war, her soldiers used to be quizzed on this score, but they could turn the laugh at times upon their banterers. "Say, got any tar left?" cried some Virginian troops, when a North Carolina regiment was marching past. "No; General Lee has used it all up, putting it in the trenches here." "Ah! what's that for?" "To make the Virginian soldiers stick to their posts."

the back country I went through some of her "turpentine orchards,"—tracts of pine-forest, where the trees are "boxed" for turpentine. A cavity like a bowl is cut in the side of each tree about three feet from the ground; the turpentine gathers in this, and is ladled out into buckets by the "turpentine farmer." In some parts of the forest you find thousands of trees "boxed" in this way. Every year more of the bark immediately above the cavity is chopped off, to stimulate the outflow of juice, till the tree is dying. When no more turpentine is to be got, the pines are hewn down and the stumps set on fire, to clear the land for cultivation.

The soil in some parts of the State is very sandy, but experiments are being largely made in the planting of a native vine called Scuppernong, which is found to flourish in soil where nothing else could live. The scuppernong grape produces a beautiful straw-coloured wine, very pleasant to the taste; and it is anticipated that this will by-and-by become a great and lucrative trade. Land suitable for the culture of this vine was selling at eighteenpence an acre; and in Richmond County I saw a man who was making a capital living out of it on land utterly useless for anything else. It is believed by some of the planters that the scuppernong grape is destined to take the place of cotton in North Carolina.

One thing that has told against the State is her lack of good harbours. She has several navigable rivers,—the Cape Fear River navigable by steam-boats of light draft as far inland as Fayetteville; but their mouths are choked with sandy shoals and bars, that make the channels tortuous and difficult of navigation. She has, therefore, had to ship much of her produce through

Virginia and South Carolina, causing them to get credit for much that belongs truly to her.

At Raleigh, which is the seat of the State government, I found another Convention of mixed black and white delegates, similar to the one at Richmond, sitting in the Assembly House, engaged in revising the Constitution. The agitation connected with the recognition of negro rights was at its height, and the reporters of one of the papers (the *North Carolinian*) had just been excluded by a vote of Convention from the reporters' seat, because the paper headed its daily report of proceedings with the title,—"BONES AND BANJO CONVENTION;" also because it added "nigger" to the name of every coloured delegate; and because it called him, as the practice always was with slaves, by his Christian name, thus, "Jim Harris (nigger)."

I got unexpectedly mixed up myself with a new phase of the agitation in rather an odd way. The Young Men's Christian Association in Raleigh had asked me to lecture for the benefit of the poor, and applied to the Convention for the use of the place in which its meetings were held. I happened to be present that day, and heard the application read. The president said he supposed there would be no difficulty about granting it, when one of the negro members rose to ask if at the proposed meeting the distinction between white and coloured people was to be made. Black men had as good a right to sit in the body of the hall as white men, and if they were to be refused admission or sent up into the galleries as in slave days, he would protest against the house being granted. Thereupon ensued a lively dispute between the two parties, which was stopped by the president declaring

that he would, by the power vested in him, grant the use of the House on his own responsibility. In the meantime, however, word was brought that the Governor had offered the Senate Chamber, where, accordingly, the meeting was held. The papers seemed to regard with a horror which it is difficult for a Scotchman to understand, this attempt on the part of the negroes to initiate social as well as political equality.

From Raleigh I went on to Charlotte, a flourishing little city farther to the west, and celebrated as the place where the Mecklenburg Declaration (of Independence) was issued in 1775. Charlotte had fortunately escaped the ravages of Sherman's army. The people, on the way to Charlotte, declared that her escape was owing to the impassable condition in which she always keeps her roads. The roads are certainly bad, and Charlotte certainly escaped, but the relation of cause and effect between the two facts I will not vouch for.

At Charlotte I met two of Stonewall Jackson's brothers-in-law,—General D. H. Hill, who was one of his corps commanders, and Captain Toe Morrison, who was on his staff. I found Hill editing a monthly journal, *The Land we Love;* and the Captain, a fair-complexioned, blue-eyed youth, acting as his sub-editor, but preparing to leave for California, to find a home in "the sunset land." Hill is a small, lithe, resolute-looking man, was a sharp disciplinarian, and had the reputation of being a stubborn and desperate fighter.

One of his officers, Colonel Hall, said he never knew a man of firmer nerve or one who faced death with more coolness.

At the battle of Seven Pines, he saw him, in the face of a murderous fire from the enemy, ride slowly, with a

cigar in his mouth, across a wide field between the two lines.' When he reached the copse where Hall and another officer were standing, they expostulated with him for so reckless an exposure of his life.

"I did it for a purpose," said Hill, coolly. "I saw that our men were wavering, and I wanted to give them confidence."

Hill was blamed for being as reckless of his men's lives as of his own. His charges were made with great fury, and he would charge again and again, as long as there was a chance of victory. Before the war he was mathematical professor at Lexington; previous to that, I believe, a Judge-advocate. The versatility of the American genius is wonderful. The General is author of an admirable work on the Crucifixion, in which he seeks to establish the accuracy of the Scripture narrative by dealing with it as in a court of justice, calling witnesses, cross-examining, looking at the case on both sides, and summing up. I heard this book highly spoken of throughout Carolina. He had a companion volume ready on the Resurrection, but the outbreak of the war prevented its publication. Hill is one of the rigid old-school Presbyterians of the South.

In the same little city I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing Zebulon B. Vance, one of the most famous orators and politicians of North Carolina.

Vance is a great favourite with the people, and has been the popular candidate at one time or another for almost every office of any importance in the State. Many amusing stories are told about him. On one occasion he was stumping the State against Colonel C—. In one of the western counties, at a meeting in the open air, the Colonel appeared on the ground with

a keg of whisky, which produced such a strong diversion in his favour, that Vance was soon left with a mere handful of auditors. Seeing that something must be done, he stopped his speech, said he felt stiff, and challenged those around him to a jump. The Americans have all a love of the grotesque, and the very absurdity of the proposal made it the more acceptable. A line was drawn, and Vance and his handful of supporters were soon busily engaged in trying who could take the longest jump—a game in which Vance, being something of an athlete, excelled. This singular proceeding attracted the attention of some in the adjoining crowd, who, after a moment's hesitation, came over to see what the fun was. This drew the eyes of others, and presently of more, till in a few minutes almost the whole body of electors was crowding round to see the sport, leaving the Colonel with no auditory but his empty keg. There was no resource but to follow the people and try to get them back.

"Here comes the Colonel," cried some in the crowd. "Clear the way for the Colonel; he 's going to jump."

"On the contrary," said the Colonel, "I consider this a most undignified proceeding."

Undignified?—when some of the Free and Enlightened had just been at it. The remark was not received with favour.

"If you air too proud to jump with us," cried one, "I reckon you air too proud to suit this here county."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said the Colonel. "I 'll jump if the electors wish it."

The pacified crowd cleared a way, and some one, amidst loud applause, proposed that the vote should be given to the candidate who jumped farthest.

This sealed the Colonel's fate. Tall, stiff, and unused to this kind of exercise, he had no chance against his supple opponent, and Vance came in at the top of the poll. Vance speaks of it himself as the time he "jumped into office."

On another occasion his re-election was vehemently opposed, on the ground that he had neglected his official duties. His opponent, whose forte lay in vituperation, compared Vance to the unfruitful tree; fit only to be cut down and cast into the fire, and wound up with a torrent of coarse invective. Vance replied that his opponent had forgotten the rest of his gospel story about the unfruitful tree, for when the lord of the vineyard wanted it cut down, the wise gardener advised him to let it stand another year till he had digged about it and dunged it. "Now," said Vance, making his only allusion to his opponent's coarseness, "last year I had the other candidate digging about me, and this year I have this candidate dunging about me. Let the unfruitful tree stand one year more till we see the result." He was allowed to stand.

My first sight of Vance was in a friend's office in rear of a large hardware store. The ex-Governor, with that disregard of conventional forms which continually surprises and amuses a stranger in America, was sitting astride of a rough wooden chair with his face the wrong way, and while he talked to his friend who kept the store, and was also an insurance agent and a medical practitioner, and possibly various other things, he was amusing himself by carving the corner of the chair with his whittling-knife. He is a tall, handsome man, with hard head and lurid-gleaming eyes of peculiar intensity. In manner he is exceedingly easy and frank, and his

conversation is full of funny experiences and anecdotes.[1]

Speaking of his military experience,—for Vance commanded a rebel regiment during the war,—he said that he and his troops left the place with a baggage train a mile long, and came back with nothing but what they had upon their backs, and not much there. "Only some few," he said, "who expected promotion, retained an extra shirt." Some of the poor fellows had not got their clothes changed for a month. Even officers had sometimes to content themselves with "a dry wash,"—that is, taking off their woollen shirts and flapping them against the saddle, to shake the vermin out. In camp, he said, you would often see men holding their shirts up and examining them in the light. This was called "skirmish drill," or "reading linen."

I attended a political meeting held in Charlotte one

[1] Here are some of them:—Speaking of sticking to one's post, there was an Irish confederate in the 6th South Carolina, who was placed sentry on the beach at Sullivan's Island, with orders to walk between two points, and to let no one pass without the counter-sign, which, for safety's sake, was to be whispered. It seemed that they had forgotten all about the tide, for when the corporal came round with the relief guard, he discovered Patrick, in the moonlight, up to the waist in water.

"Who goes there?" cried Patrick.

"Relief," shouted the corporal.

"Advance, thin," cried the delighted Irishman. "Advance, and give the counter-sign."

"Advance! I'm not going in there to be drowned. Come out, and be relieved."

"I mustn't. The lieutenant tould me I wasn't to stir from my post till I was first relieved."

"Then," cried the corporal, beginning to move off, "I'll leave you there all night."

"Begorra, you won't," shouted Patrick, levelling his musket. "Halt! or I'll put a hole in ye; them's my orders. No one is to pass without the counter-sign, and it's to be given in whisper."

There was no help for it. The shivering corporal had to wade out.

Some of our boys, who didn't know much else, had fine heads for soldiering. After the battle of Sharpsburg, a number of men who

evening, where Vance was one of the speakers. He had not been advertised to appear, but the people saw that he was present, and when the first speaker finished, there were continued cries of "Vance! Vance!" which compelled him to take the platform. His power over the audience was astonishing. The first half-dozen words he uttered—"Fellow-citizens, I once heard of an Irishman"—excited a roar of laughter before any one had the remotest idea of what the story was. He kept the people laughing and cheering almost incessantly. When he came to speak of the oppression of the South, he lashed himself into a state of great excitement, and strode up and down the platform gesticulating with such energy that the chairman had to back his seat more than once to get out of danger. Vance has great power of satire. One picture he drew of a political opponent paddling out in mid-ocean on a single plank,

had won laurels were examined with a view to promotion. One of them was found so wofully deficient in his education that it was moved that the Board pass on to the next candidate.

"President," said the man, excitedly, "I can't read or write; I've never been vaccinated; I don't know about tactics; but, by —, I'll undertake to whip any man on this Board."

Men will have their fun sometimes in the very face of death. During one campaign in Kentucky, the soldiers of one regiment were supplied with mighty tough mutton. It was awful. But the commissary would give them nothing else, and they had to eat it. They avenged themselves on the commissary whenever they saw him, by greeting him with a universal "ba-a, ba-a," as if a whole flock of bell-wethers were at his back. One time, coming up with the Federals at Mumfordsville, the troops were drawn up in line of battle. That fearful pause before a fight generally silenced the most inveterate joker. But as fate would have it, just at that moment the commissary appeared, riding slowly down the line, with a face of awful solemnity, suited to the occasion. Presently the universal silence was broken by a timid "ba-a" from some one in the ranks. Another "ba-a" joined chorus, the cry was caught up all along the line, and in the midst of a universal "ba-a" the commissary, putting spurs to his horse, disappeared.

and warning a majestic frigate to clear the way, elicited tumultuous applause, and caused great laughter at the expense of the person satirized.

The speech was rather a succession of happy hits than a continued argument. Vance said himself, in conversation afterwards, that stump speaking spoiled a man for deliberative assemblies.

"On the stump," he said, "you have to confine yourself to what every man with a ragged shirt and one suspender can understand."

His own rule, if a lengthy argument became indispensable, was, as soon as he saw any one whittling or shifting his position, to say, "But this reminds me of an anecdote."

"The man brightens up at that," said Vance, "and you gain ten minutes for the rest of your argument."

He thought, however, that all true oratory was addressed to the audience before you; and that the newspapers and the telegraph, which made the speaker think of another audience that should get his speech *minus* himself, and "read it in cold blood," was putting eloquence to death.

Vance was Governor of his State during the war, and, to his honour be it said, was one of the loudest in his demand for inquiry into the alleged treatment of Federal prisoners at Andersonville, and in his condemnation of such treatment should it turn out to be as reported.

XXIV.

CONFEDERATE NAVY AND CAVALRY.

AT Wilmington, of blockade-running celebrity, where I spent two or three weeks with hospitable friends, I met the well-known Captain Maffitt of the *Florida*, whose career upon the high seas excited so much attention at the time.

I had heard a good deal about Maffitt in the North, where he was regarded by many as perhaps the ablest naval officer who had lent his sword to the Confederacy.

He held, however, strong Southern views, resigned his commission in the United States Navy, and, in 1862, took command of the *Florida* (then called the *Oreto*), and sailed from Nassau with twenty men all told, intending to make for some Confederate port, where he could have the steamer equipped, and invested with a proper nationality. Two days after leaving Nassau, yellow fever broke out on board; twelve out of the twenty men died, and Maffitt himself prostrated by the plague and not expected to live. Nevertheless, he proceeded to Havana, and sailed thence for Mobile, where the *Florida* made her appearance on the 4th of September off Mobile bar. Here she was encountered by three Federal men-of-war, and ordered to heave-to. Maffitt, who (though scarcely

able after the fever to support himself without assistance) had resumed command, paid no attention, but held on his course. Immediately the squadron opened fire with deadly effect, shot after shot striking the ship, shattering her boats, and damaging her hull, rigging, and spars. Eleven men were wounded, and one man's head was torn off by an eleven-inch shell; but Maffitt held on and got his command into port.

Before the *Florida* was equipped and again ready for sea, the Federal force outside had been increased from three to thirteen heavily armed steamers, and the Commodore reported to the Government at Washington that there was nothing to fear, as the *Florida* was sealed up hermetically in Mobile Bay. Maffitt, however, early one morning got up steam, moved out just before dawn, and was discovered steaming right through the heart of the formidable fleet that had been on the watch for him. Such a firing and racing and chasing ensued, as probably the Mexican Gulf had rarely seen before; but Maffitt, with his little steamer, escaped, and was soon forth on his terrible career, lighting up the ocean with the flames of captured and burning ships.

I heard in New York a story of an extraordinary coincidence in connection with Maffitt.

A gentleman on his way, with his wife, from New York to some port in the Southern seas, was expressing to a friend his fervent hope that no "Confederate pirate" would catch sight of them.

"Well," said his friend, "God help you if Semmes gets his clutches on you. But I'll tell you what I can do. I know Maffitt, and if you like I will give you a note of introduction to him. If you should fall foul of the *Florida* it may serve some purpose."

He wrote out the note more in fun than earnest, and the gentleman, with a laugh, took it, put it in his pocket-book, and thought no more about it. It was on the tenth or eleventh day of the voyage that a suspicious-looking craft hove in sight, gave chase, and brought their ship to with a shot across her bows. A boat came off, seized the ship, took off all on board, and set her on fire. When the gentleman found himself with his fellow-captives on the deck of the cruiser, he asked what ship it was, and found that it was no other than the *Florida*, to the commander of which he had got the introductory note. He lost no time in getting the letter out and presenting it to Captain Maffitt. The Captain read it, laughed, shook the gentleman's hand, gave up his own cabin to him and his wife, and paid them every attention till an opportunity occurred of putting them ashore.

I asked Captain Maffitt himself if the story was true. He said it was, and that it was one of the most extraordinary coincidences he had ever known to occur.

Maffitt is a cultured and gentlemanly man, small-sized, spare in figure, with a fine cast of head, a dark keen eye, a strong tuft of black whisker on his chin, and a firm little mouth that seemed to express the energy and determination of his character. I remember his appearance as he stepped about the streets of Wilmington in his short military cloak. He was in reduced circumstances, having staked his whole fortune and position upon the lost cause; but, like so many of his old military and naval associates, he was trying his hand at business, and striving to reconcile himself to the new order of things.

Speaking of the war, he said,—"The grand mistake of the South was neglecting her navy. All our army movements out west were baffled or embarrassed by the armed Federal steamers which swarmed on western waters. This should not have been. Before the capture of New Orleans, the South could have had a navy strong enough to prevent the capture of that city, and hold the Mississippi and its tributaries. This would have prevented many disastrous battles, and made Sherman's march through the country impossible.

"But nobody here," he said, "would believe at the beginning that a great war was before us. South Carolina seceded first, and improvised a navy consisting of two tug-boats! North Carolina followed suit, and armed a tug and a passenger boat! Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana put in commission a handful of frail river boats that you could have knocked to pieces with a pistol-shot. That was our navy! Then came Congress, and voted money to pay officers like myself who had left the Federal navy, but it voted nothing to build or arm ships for us to command!

"Of course it woke up by-and-by, and ordered vessels to be built here, there, and everywhere; but it was too late.

"And yet," said the Captain, proudly, "the Confederate navy, minute though it was, won a place for itself in history. The credit belongs to us of testing in battle the invulnerability of iron-clads, and revolutionizing the navies of the world. The *Merrimac* did that. And though we had but a handful of light cruisers, while the ocean swarmed with armed Federal vessels, we swept Northern commerce from the seas.

"If only," he added, "the old usage in regard to sea

prizes in neutral ports had been still in vogue, we should have done more, and the pecuniary gain to the officers and men and to the Confederate Government would have been immense."

At Wilmington I had also the pleasure of meeting Confederate General Ransom, who had held command in the cavalry, and who spoke with enthusiasm of the material of which that branch of the service was composed when it first took the field.

"They were almost all," he said, "gentlemen's sons, splendidly mounted, and accustomed to the saddle from infancy. They were used to the chase, skilled in the handling of fire-arms, and full of noble impulses." He added, "It only needed one thing, sir, to have moulded that incomparable material into the finest body of cavalry the world has ever seen. That one thing was discipline. For want of that—from sheer neglect—and a misconception of the magnitude of the conflict that was before us, the chance was lost; and our cavalry, instead of being what it should have been, became at last, in some cases at least, a just reproach to the service."

I found this judgment everywhere confirmed. The Confederate cavalry was immeasurably superior at first to the cavalry which the North had to extemporize, and which was composed to a large extent of men who did not know how to sit upon a horse's back. One lady said that you could know a Federal trooper at any distance by his sitting on his horse like a grasshopper. But year by year the Federal cavalry improved, while the Confederate cavalry deteriorated, partly owing to the impossibility of continuing the supply of such men as took the field at first, and partly owing to want of discipline, till at last it threatened to fall as far below

the Federal cavalry in real efficiency as the Federal cavalry had been below it at first.

The inutility of the cavalry became a by-word in the South; and though it arose to a large extent from the changing circumstances of modern warfare (for it will be remembered that the same charge was brought against our own cavalry in the Crimea prior to the famous charge), yet it did not save them from the derision of the infantry.

When, on the advance of the enemy's infantry, the cavalry were ordered to the rear, the troops generally greeted them with shouts of,—"Here come the buttermilk rangers; there's goin' to be a fight, sartin, when they're clearin' out o' the road."

The poor dragoon who had to ride alone past a force of infantry, would probably have preferred running the gauntlet of a Federal battery. Out of a hundred of the jokes with which he used to be assailed, take one:

Man in the ranks to cavalry soldier riding by—"Say, mister, did you ever see a Yankee?"

Cavalryman (sharply)—"Yes, I've seen a Yankee, and Yankees."

Man in the ranks—"How's that? Your hoss ain't lame?"

Man further on—"Hadn't on your spurs, maybe?"

The cavalrymen were ready enough at times to joke at their own expense. One of them was travelling by rail with two friends belonging to a regiment of infantry. By-and-by a baby in the car lifted up its shrill voice, evidently desiring recourse to what Mr. Micawber would have called the maternal fount. The noise woke another baby, which also began to cry. The soldiers got restless, and began to whisper about a retreat. (The reader will

remember that the construction of the "cars" in America allows people to pass from one car to another, even when the train is at full speed). The cavalryman voted for immediate flight; his comrades hesitated, in case it might offend the mothers.

"Wall, boys," said the cavalryman, "I reckon it's for me to go first. I'm *used* to retreating when the *infantry* opens fire," and led the way.

This story is also told:—When the Mississippi cavalry, retreating from Corinth, had joined Pemberton's army at Grenada, a lad came riding into camp one day crying out to the soldiers that he had brought important news from head-quarters.

"What is it?"

"A flag of truce from Grant."

"From Grant! What does he want?"

"Nothing much," said young Quiz, "only he says he wants to conduct the war on civilized principles; and as he intends to shell this here town, he requests that the women, and the children, and the Mississippi cavalry be carefully removed out of the way of danger."

The lad narrowly escaped with his ears.

It need scarcely be said that the Confederate horse as well as foot could show its mettle when occasion called for it. The achievements of Ashby and Stuart and Hampton will live as long as there is a memory of the war. But the use of cavalry is fast changing, and bodies of horse can never accomplish now what they were capable of before the introduction of the rifle.

During the Confederate war they made several important raids, and often served as eyes and ears to the army. But when fighting had to be done, the cavalry generally fought on foot, merely using their horses for

rapid locomotion. Cavalry engagements were few, and confined to the earlier years of the war. The battle of Kelly's Ford under Stuart, and the Depôt fight under Wade Hampton, were the most noted. General Ransom said that in these engagements sabre-strokes were exchanged freely, but that the revolver was the favourite weapon. He said the revolvers on the Confederate side were mostly those captured in fight, and that, before the war closed, at least a half of the whole Confederate army had equipped itself in the same way with weapons taken from the enemy.[1]

Speaking of Jefferson Davis, the General gave the following personal reminiscence:—"One day when I was with him in his office, a telegram in cypher was brought in. One of his aides was summoned to translate it. When, in the course of a few minutes, it was handed to Mr. Davis, the President looked at it, and suddenly, with more feeling than I ever saw him betray, rose from his seat, and with both hands in his hair, his eye flashing, and every feature indicating passionate disappointment, cried, 'Why did he not fight? Why did he not fight? Every step backward is perilous.' With a strong effort of self-control he calmed himself, and said, with another glance at the telegram, 'He reports himself flanked. Flanked! Why does he not, when Sherman separates his army, fall upon him and destroy him? But it is useless speaking of it now.' He handed me the despatch. It was from General

[1] They helped themselves to more than arms when they got the chance, and in their ragged condition they needed it. It is said that one shoeless regiment got a nickname from the following circumstance:—In driving the enemy out of a copse wood, one of the barefooted men took careful aim and fired. The instant he saw his man fall, he cried anxiously, "Them 's my shoes!"

Joe Johnston, saying in substance that he had been out-flanked and compelled to fall back from Dalton, Georgia, and that 5000 Tennessee, Arkansas, and Missouri troops had deserted."

Ransom had been intimate with Jeb Stuart; was with him at the outbreak of the war; was often his companion in arms; and bore strong testimony to his personal character. He said,—"Stuart has been maligned. He was very deferential to the ladies, but he was chaste and innocent. He was, indeed, a thoroughly Christian man. I have slept in the same room with him often, and never knew him go to bed without going down on his knees first in prayer. He never swore and he never drank. Indeed, he was so rigorous a teetotaller that if there was liquor used, even in the cooking of a dish, he would not taste it."

Stonewall Jackson regarded Stuart as a prince among cavalry leaders. To one of his friends he said,—"Ashby had never his equal on the charge. But he never had his men in hand, and some of his most brilliant exploits were performed by himself and a handful of his followers. He would have done more had he been a disciplinarian; but he was too kind-hearted." He added, "Stuart is my ideal of a cavalry leader—prompt, vigilant, fearless." When he fell at Chancellorsville, he expressly desired that Stuart should take his place in the command.

Stuart's fame as a soldier, combined with his handsome form and graceful manners, made him the idol of Southern ladies. I heard many of them speak of him with the glowing enthusiasm which was excited amongst the Jacobite ladies by the gallant Prince Charlie.

XXV.

HIGHLANDERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

North Carolina was long a favourite field for Highland emigration. More than a hundred and forty years ago, when Alexander Clark, of Jura, went out to North Carolina and made his way up the Cape Fear River to Cross Creeks,[1] he found already there one Hector M'Neill (known as Bluff Hector, from his occupying the bluffs over the river), who told him of many others settled farther back, most of them exiles from Scotland, consequent on the troubles that followed the downfall of the Stuarts, some of them Macdonalds who had been fugitives from the massacre of Glencoe. The numbers were largely increased by the failure of the Jacobite Rebellion in 1745. The persecution to which the Highlanders were subjected after the scattering of the clans at Culloden made many of them eager to escape from the country; and when the Government, after the execution of many

[1] This place has had three names —Cross Creeks, Campbelton, and Fayetteville. It was called Cross Creeks from the curious fact, that two streams which meet there seem to cross one another and pass round a patch of land before meeting again. In 1762, when it was constituted a town by Act of State Assembly, the name of Campbelton was given it, in consequence of many of the settlers in and around the spot being emigrants from Kintyre. In 1784, it had a visit from the famous Marquis Lafayette, in whose honour the inhabitants changed its name to Fayetteville, by which it has since been known.

captured rebels, granted pardon to the rest on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance and emigrating to the plantations of America, great numbers availed themselves of the opportunity. They were followed gradually by many of their kith and kin, till the vast plains and forest-land in the heart of North Carolina were sprinkled with a Gaelic-speaking population.

In 1775 the Scotch Colony received a memorable accession in the person of Flora Macdonald, who with her husband and children had left Scotland in poverty to seek a home with their friends in the American forests. The heroine was received at Wilmington and at various points along her route with Highland honours; and the martial airs of her native land greeted her as she approached Cross Creeks, the little capital of the Highland settlement. She arrived, however, at an unhappy time. The troubles between Great Britain and her colonies were coming to a head, and in a few months hostilities began.

It is somewhat singular that many of these Highland colonists—the very men who had fought against the Hanoverian dynasty at home—were now forward to array themselves on its side. But they had been Jacobites and Conservatives in Scotland, and Conservatism in America meant loyalty to the King. Many of them, however, espoused the cause of Independence, and the declaration prepared in the county of Cumberland, immediately after the famous declaration of the neighbouring county of Mecklenburg, has many Highland names attached. The crafty Governor of the colony, earing the spread of anti-British sentiment, and knowing the influence of Flora Macdonald amongst the Scottish settlers, commissioned one of her kinsfolk (Donald

Macdonald), who had been an officer in the Prince's army in 1745, to raise a Highland regiment for the King, and gave the rank of captain to Flora's husband. This identified the heroine with the Royalist party, and had the effect of securing the adhesion of hundreds of gallant men who would otherwise have held back or joined the other side. When the Royal Standard was raised at Cross Creeks, 1500 Highlanders assembled in arms. Flora, it is said, accompanied her husband, and inspired the men with her own enthusiasm. She slept the first night in the camp, and did not return to her home till she saw the troops begin their march. The fate that awaited this gallant little force is known to all readers of history. It had got down the river as far as Moore's Creek, on its way to join Governor Martin, when, finding further advance checked by a force of Revolutionists under Lillington and Caswell, while another under Colonel Moore was hurrying up in pursuit, it was driven to attack the enemy in front on ground of his own choosing. In the first onslaught its chief officers fell, confusion ensued, and after a severe struggle the Highlanders were routed. Flora's husband was taken prisoner, and thrown into Halifax jail.

Many of those who escaped were said to have joined another Highland regiment which was raised for the King, under the title of the North Carolina Highlanders, which fought the Revolutionists till the close of the war. So deeply had they identified themselves with the royal cause, that when the war was ended most of them, including Flora Macdonald and her husband, left America and returned to Scotland.[1] Those who remained in the settlement, divided by the war, were

[1] The life of Flora Macdonald has been published by her granddaughter, in the form of an autobiography, said to be based on family

soon reunited by peace, became, as in duty bound, good Republicans, and resumed the task of taming the savage wilderness in which they had cast their lot.

When the troubles between North and South were gathering to a head in 1860, the Highlanders, with their conservative instincts, were almost to a man opposed to secession. But, taught to believe that their allegiance was due primarily not to the Federal Government but to the State, no sooner did North Carolina go out than they, with Highland loyalty, followed; and no men crowded to the front more eagerly, or fought more valiantly or more desperately to the bitter end.

Almost every man of them I met had served in the Confederate army, and had left dead brothers or sons on the battle-field. Others, following the example of

records. The following is the passage in which the Scottish heroine is made to describe the episode in her life connected with America:—

"In 1775 my husband put in practice a plan he and I had often talked over—that of joining the emigrants who were leaving their native hills to better their fortunes on the other side of the Atlantic. We were induced to favour this scheme, more particularly as a succession of failures of the crops and unforeseen family expenses rather cramped our small income. So, after making various domestic arrangements, one of which was to settle our dear boy Johnnie under the care of a kind friend—Sir Alexander M'Kenzie of Delvin, near Dunkeld—until he was of age for an India appointment, we took ship for North America. The others went with us, my youngest girl excepted, whom I left with friends; she was only nine years old. Ann was a fine young woman, and my sons as promising fellows as ever a mother could desire. Believe me, dear Maggie, in packing the things, the Prince's sheet was put up in lavender, so determined was I to be laid in it whenever it might please my Heavenly Father to command the end of my days. On reaching North Carolina, Allan soon purchased and settled upon an estate; but our tranquillity was ere long broken up by the disturbed state of the country, and my husband took an active part in that dreadful War of Independence. The Highlanders were now as forward in evincing attachment to the British Government as they had furiously opposed it in former years. My poor husband, being loyally disposed, was treated harshly by the opposite party, and was confined for some time in jail at Halifax. After being liberated, he was officered in a loyal corps—the North Carolina Highlanders; and

those who had left Scotland after the downfall of the Stuarts, and America after the triumph of the Revolution, had left the States altogether, and gone off to Mexico.

Amongst those I found at Wilmington was one who was a fine specimen of the material that the Highlands have given to Carolina, a tall, dark-visaged, soldierly fellow—General William Macrae—whose personal valour and splendid handling of his troops in battle had caused him to be repeatedly complimented by Lee in general orders. He enlisted in the Monroe Light Infantry in 1861 as a private; fought in almost all the great battles of the war; and before it closed in 1865 had risen to the rank of Brigadier-General. At Malvern Hill he

lthough America suited me and the young people, yet my husband thought it advisable, at the conclusion of the war, to quit a country that had involved us in anxiety and trouble almost from the first month of our landing on its shores. So, at a favourable season for departure, we sailed for our native country, all of us, excepting our sons Charles and Ranald, who were in New York expecting appointments, which they soon after obtained; Alexander was already, dear boy, at sea. Thus our family was reduced in number. On the voyage home all went on well until the vessel encountered a French ship of war, and we were alarmed on finding that an action was likely to take place. The captain gave orders for the ladies to remain below, safe from the skirmish; but I could not rest quiet, knowing my husband's spirit and energy would carry him into the thick of the fighting; therefore I rushed up the companion-ladder—I think it was so called—and insisted on remaining on deck to share my husband's fate, whatever that might be. Well, dear Maggie, thinking the sailors were not so active as they ought to have been—and they appeared crest-fallen, as if they expected a defeat—I took courage and urged them on by asserting their rights and the certainty of victory. Alas! for my weak endeavours to be of service I was badly rewarded, being thrown down in the noise and confusion on deck. I was fain to go below, suffering excruciating agony in my arm, which the doctor, who was fortunately on board, pronounced to be broken. It was well set, yet from that time to this it has been considerably weaker than the other. So you see I have perilled my life for both the houses of Stuart and Brunswick, and gained nothing from either side!"

took a regiment in 300 strong, and only came out with 35—the colonel and five out of six captains killed. At Fredericksburg he was posted on the hill in front of Marye's Heights, under terrific fire, lost nearly half of his men, but held the ground. He was in the great battles of the Wilderness, and on the 25th of August 1864, at Petersburg, fought the battle of Reames Cut, in which he captured nine pieces of artillery and more men than he had in his own command. On this occasion he was complimented by Lee. In April 1865, when Lee, with the remnants of his wasted army, was attempting to make his way to the mountains, Macrae's brigade covered the retreat near Farmville. Advancing towards Appomattox, where preparations for surrender had already been made, he attacked and drove off a Federal force which had fallen upon the waggon trains. This was, it is said, the last fight in Virginia, and his brigade was the last to stack arms and surrender. When I met him at Wilmington, he spoke of this with a certain gloomy satisfaction.

Notwithstanding the many battles in which he had fought, he had never been wounded except once, in the jaw, by a ball, though twice he had his sword shot in two, and his hat and clothes much torn by bullets and fragments of shell. On one occasion he had the unhappy distinction of being fired at by nearly a whole division. It was dusk, there was heavy skirmishing going on, and Macrae, making his way through the woods, and riding up to what he thought was a division of Confederate troops, found to his horror that it was Franklin's division of the enemy. He was recognised, and told that he was a prisoner. He said nothing, but turning his horse and giving it a touch of the spur, galloped for the wood. According to report, nearly the whole of Franklin's

division of 20,000 fired a volley after him. His sword was cut in two, his cap shot off, and his horse badly wounded, but he himself escaped unhurt.[1]

He seemed to belong to a fighting family. His eight brothers had all been either in the army or navy. One of them was in the national army when the war broke out, and considered that his oath bound him to the cause of the Union. He and his brothers accordingly fought on opposite sides, and in one battle, it is said, face to face. Their father, General Alexander Macrae, had fought in the war with England in 1812, and, on the outbreak of the Confederate war, though then a man of seventy years of age, took the field again, and commanded what was known as Macrae's Battalion. He died not many weeks after I parted from him at Wilmington. He was the grandson of the Rev. Alexander Macrae, minister of Kintail, two of whose sons fell fighting for the Pretender at Culloden. The others emigrated to North Carolina, and one of them, Philip, who had also served in the Prince's army, cherished so deadly a hate of the English in consequence of the atrocities of Cumberland, that he would never learn the English language, but spoke Gaelic to the day of his death. The family settled in Moore County, which is part of what is still called "the Scotch country."

[1] His brother told me a ludicrous story about his first uniform. The country tailor who got the order for it, and who had confused notions of military costume, prepared, in the glow of his patriotism, and with a noble resolution to sustain the honour of the district, an extraordinary coat, frogged, dashed, slashed, and glorified with every kind of military decoration he had ever seen or heard of. The young soldier had courage enough to face the fire of the enemy, but to face his comrades in this extraordinary uniform was too much for him. The handiwork of the patriotic tailor never made its appearance in the Confederate army. The General declared to me the badge of every rank in the army, from the stripe of the corporal up to the stars of a commander-in-chief, was stuck upon that coat, either before or behind.

XXVI.

VISIT TO THE HIGHLAND SETTLEMENT.

In the month of February, one clear, sharp morning, I left Wilmington on my way up the Cape Fear River, to follow the old track of the Highland emigrants, and see their settlement.

The steamers on that river, as indeed on most of the long rivers in America, are stern-wheelers—large, slim, white, and deck-cabined, with only one paddle, but it of stupendous size, standing out like a mill-wheel from the stern, and making one think, on seeing the steamer in motion, of a gigantic wheelbarrow drawn swiftly backwards. The advantage of the stern-wheel for shallow and winding rivers is, that it allows of a narrower beam than two paddles, and takes sufficient hold to propel a steamer in water too shallow for the screw. Our steamer that morning (flat-bottomed, of course, as all American river-steamers are) drew only eighteen inches of water, and went at great speed.

We had not been steaming long up the broad pale earthy-brown river, through the flat expanse, with its rice plantations, its forest land, and its clearings, with the black stumps still standing like chessmen on a board, when I was struck with the extraordinary appearance of the leafless woods, which looked as if a

deluge had just subsided, leaving the trees covered with masses of seaweed.

I gazed on this phenomenon with much wonder, till it suddenly occurred to me that this must be the famous Carolina moss (*Tillandsia*) of which I had often heard, but which I had not yet seen in any quantity. I satisfied myself by asking a tall, shaggy man, in leather leggings and a tattered cloak of Confederate grey, who was standing near me.

"Don't it grow whar you come from?" asked the man, with the usual inquisitiveness of thinly peopled regions. On learning that I was a stranger from the old country, he became exceedingly courteous, and told me that the moss I had inquired about was very common in that State, and was much used by the people for stuffing seats and cushions and bedding, being first boiled to kill it. He said it seemed to feed upon the air. You could take a handful and fling it over the branch of another tree and it would grow all the same.[1]

After a sail of some hours we reached a point from which a railway runs in a south-westerly direction, traversing part of the "Scotch country." Here we got

[1] In subsequent journeyings through North and South Carolina, I saw great expanses of forest loaded with this moss. In wet, swampy tracts, it becomes dark in hue, and hangs in heavy masses from every branch, giving the trees a dismal and funereal look. In other places less swampy it has a lighter and much more graceful appearance. When at Savannah, in South Carolina, I went out to the Cemetery of Bonaventure, where the woods are all hung with the moss, which festoons itself from branch to branch, and loads every tree with its grey drapery, giving the place a very melancholy look, and yet beautiful—the beauty of mourning. A handful which I brought home with me and hung upon my study gasalier, hangs there now, retaining all its silvery beauty. I sometimes saw Carolina ladies wearing little tufts of it under their brooches. More frequently I observed it hung round pictures on the wall, adding to the ornamental appearance of the frame.

into the "cars," and were soon bowling through the lonely forest on the narrow iron road, sometimes over tracts that were irregularly covered for miles with still water, in which the trees and bushes that rose from it stood reflected as on the bosom of a lake. Now and then, at long intervals, we stopped at some little way-side station in the forest, with its cheerful signs of human life—its casks of turpentine and its piles of corded wood, around which the pines were being hewn down and cut, some of them into bars, others into cheese-like sections, for splitting into the shingles that are used for roofing instead of slates or tiles. Occasionally the train stopped at places where there was no station at all, to let some one out at the part of the forest nearest to his home. The conductor, who was continually passing up and down through the cars, stopped the train whenever necessary, by pulling the cord that is slung along the roof of all American trains and communicates with the engine.

We now began to get up into the higher country, amongst forests of giant pines, where the ground was rough, and where the sandy soil, looking in some places like patches of snow, seemed for the most part untouched by the hand of man. It was into these vast solitudes, of which we had as yet but touched the skirt, that the Highlanders, driven from their native land during the religious and political troubles of last century, had come to find a home.

Instead of describing the rest of the journey, let me introduce here the first letter written home from the settlement, in order to give a picture taken from life of the home and surroundings of a Scotch planter in the backwoods of North Carolina :—

"*February* 6.

"I am writing by the blaze of a great pine-wood fire. There is a lamp on the table, but the blazing pine-sticks fill the room with such deluges of flamy light, that the extinction of the lamp would make no difference. A rifle hangs over the fireplace, and a shot-gun is standing in the corner behind me.

"This plantation is in the heart of the great forest, and near one of the biggest swamps in the State. If you want to picture the appearance of the place by day, imagine an oblong clearing in the forest; a comfortable though somewhat faded-looking frame-house, with a garden in front, and negro quarters behind; the cotton fields, with their long straggling snake-fences stretching away on one hand; and beyond, on every side, the great sombre forest shutting in the plantation as with a wall of pine-trunks. You would be amused to see what a lot of pigs there is about the place. They call them 'pigs' when they are little, and 'hogs' when they grow big. They are allowed to run about where they please, and in summer feed themselves; but just now they are called in twice a day to be fed. A 'hoop-hoop!' brings them swarming from the woods.

"The house and gates and fences are all more or less out of repair. The place has shared in the general wreck of the war, and had also a visit from Sherman's 'bummers,' who plundered the house and destroyed a good deal which they could not carry away.

"The family here consists of M., Mrs. M., and three girls. M. is connected with an old Highland family in Ross-shire. He is a dark, thin, sad-looking man, and has taken the disasters of the war to heart. This season, too, has been very bad, and has made his first

experiment in free labour a failure, and swept away almost all that the war had left. He is sitting in his rough rocking chair gazing into the fire. He has fallen into a deep reverie, and I can see from the expression of his face that he is brooding over his broken fortunes.

"Mrs. M. is sitting at the table, opposite me, busy with her needle. She is tall, thin, sharp-featured; very active and vivacious, and with a spirit not easily depressed. She speaks of the quiet times before the war as the golden age of the South; but she says times are changed, and the women as well as the men must work now if they are to live. She has accordingly set herself bravely to the task, is up early and late, teaches a little school in the parlour in the forenoon, and manages all the affairs of the house. 'I am getting Yankeeized,' she says herself. She has very strong opinions on the subject of Secession, and still stronger on the subject of those 'bummers' who plundered the house, stole her silk dresses, slaughtered the chickens, smashed her waggonette, and carried off the horses. She says, whatever the chief end of man may be, the chief end of a Southern woman now is to love God and hate the Yankees. But her animosity is chiefly in her speech, and my private conviction is, that even a 'bummer' in distress would nowhere be surer to find mercy than here.

"It seems odd in a house like this—buried in the heart of the trackless forest—to find a piano. Yet there is one in the corner; and M.'s eldest daughter is taking a set of Scotch airs out of it. Her task is no easy one, for the piano has not been tuned since the year 1861—the tuner who used to visit the settlement once every two years having fallen in the war.

"The two little girls are in the other room just now teaching a small and very comical black girl of about their own age, called Betty, who does little things about the house, and seems to belong to it, like a kitten. Betty is a great amusement. Every morning before I am up, she comes into my room with an armful of sticks to kindle my fire. She wears a red handkerchief tied turban-fashion round her head, and bobs about noiselessly at her work like a little black imp. She is in and out of the room several times before she gets the fire made, but as soon as the pine-sticks have begun to blaze, she steals noiselessly out, and shuts the door after her with elaborate care. At meals she waits at table, and runs for anything that may be wanted; and though she has a knack of bringing the wrong thing, she is so eager to please, and so intensely delighted when she does anything aright, that no one can be angry with her. Even Mrs. M. only admonishes her in a philosophical way, telling her, as a rule for future conduct in life, to keep her eyes always open (which seems to me superfluous advice), and to listen attentively to all that is said, and be very particular in bringing exactly what is called for—to all which little Betty listens with doubtful comprehension, but with intense delight at being paid so much attention to. In the evening, when we are all gathered round the pine fire, little Betty comes in and creeps up to the corner of the hearth and sits there as quiet as a little black puss, listening to us with her droll face and her big bright black eyes. I am so amused at little Betty that I have several times been betrayed into a smile when her eyes caught mine. Little Betty evidently takes this as a sign of friendship, and sits watching me with eyes on the alert, and face

ready to expand into a grin of delight the instant I give the slightest sign of encouragement.

"The little girls are very regular in marching Betty off to the other room after tea, but it is suspected that more fun goes on than study. About ten minutes since we heard a sudden rush and scuffling of feet in the passage, ending in the bursting open of the door and the irruption of the two little teachers. 'Why are you playing just now?' Mrs. M. said; 'are you not giving Betty her lessons?'

"'Yes, but she wants into the A B abs, and she don't know her ABC yet,' said one of the little preceptresses. 'I told her "J" twenty times last night, and she can't point it out yet.'

"'We gave her about a thousand slaps,' said little preceptress Number 2, 'but she only laughed.'

"'What did she laugh for?'

"'She said the slaps tickled her.'

"All this time little Betty, with eyes dancing with fun, stood grinning at the door.

"'There must be some fault in your method,' said Mrs. M., philosophically; 'you should show her the formation of the letters, and explain.'

"The children carried off little Betty to make this experiment—with what success we shall hear when they return.

"Mrs. M. says that little Betty is the grandchild of an African princess, who was brought here as a slave. She was yellow, was tatooed all over, and had silver anklets. According to her own account, she had been wandering on the shore gathering shells, when she was captured and carried away. She had twenty-three children here: fifteen of them are still alive. Betty's

mother also has a great many children. The last baby she had, she wanted Betty to nurse; but Betty said, 'No, I won't nuss a nigger child.'

"She and several others who were slaves here before the war, have remained with the family, and live in their old quarters behind the house. I have spoken to one or two of them. They must have been treated kindly in slave days, for they seem to know little difference between slavery and freedom. It is said, indeed, that one of them who has seventeen children, with prospects of more, and no idea of how to support them, offered to dispose of a few of them to M. at a low figure if he would have them. M. had to explain that transactions of this kind are no longer legal.

"We have three meals a day—breakfast at eight, dinner at one, supper at six. All the meals are pretty much alike. Take to-day, for instance; at breakfast we had coffee, biscuits, and corn-cake, with syrup and butter; salt fish, hash, and sweet potatoes. At dinner we had beef, sausages, sweet potatoes, pie, coffee, and milk. At supper, tea instead of coffee, but the rest a second edition of the substantial breakfast. No liquor is used in the house. One scarcely ever sees liquor in a house here. After breakfast and dinner the dishes are washed at the open window, a negro woman washing them outside and handing them in to Mrs. M., who dries them, and stimulates the servant to greater activity.[1]

"There is a thin white woman who occasionally ap-

[1] The fashion of washing the dishes in the eating-room immediately after meals is not confined to the backwoods. I found even in some Virginian families that it was one of the duties (or rather, as it seemed to me, one of the amusements) of the ladies to wash the dishes at table after a meal, even when there were plenty servants.

pears in the house in a serving capacity—a thing very rare in the South, where service is considered degrading. The difference between the white and black race, however, is carefully marked, and I notice that Mrs. M. always says 'Ma'am,' when speaking to the white servant. 'How are you to-day, ma'am?' "Will you see, ma'am, if so and so is there?' and so on.

"M. and I are out all day about the plantation, or away visiting friends in other parts of the forest. As the 'bummers' carried off his horses and destroyed his waggonette, we make our expeditions in a spider-wheeled and very loose-jointed 'buggy' (or 'gig) drawn by a meagre mule with a foxy tail, and rejoicing in the once honoured name of 'Jeff. Davis.' These mules have wonderful endurance. They have need of it here, for some of the roads are terrible. Yesterday we were away seeing some plantations about fourteen miles from this, and passed through the skirt of a swamp. These American swamps are no mere marshy patches of ground such as we call by that name in Scotland. They are immense tracts of country, bigger sometimes than a whole county in Scotland, and densely wooded. In some places the trees stand deep in water, and are so close, and have such a tangled undergrowth of holly, bamboo-briar, and all kinds of rank vegetation, that the water beneath, as far as the eye can penetrate into the gloom, looks black and unfathomable. They say that fugitive slaves used sometimes to plunge into these thickets to put the dogs off the scent, and make their way to islands in the heart of the swamp, where, if they kept close, they could live in comparative security for months and even years. I was told of one fugitive slave in Mississippi who penetrated into the heart of a

vast swamp there, and lived in it like a wild beast for nineteen years; and only in 1865, when he chanced to meet another black man on the skirt of the forest learned that there had been war in America, that slavery was at an end, and that he might come forth a free man to dwell again with his own kind.

" Part of the road we travelled yesterday was cut straight as an arrow through a dark forest, which rose into the heavens like giant walls close on both sides of us. In some places the water from the brimming swamp was flowing sullenly across the road, gurgling and eddying, and looked so dark and deep, as ' Jeff' waded cautiously on, that I should have felt more comfortable if the buggy had been a boat. About three miles farther in, at a point where another track crossed ours, I saw on one of the huge black gum-trees a placard stuck, advertising ' Hayes & Co.'s Dry Goods !' The man that carried his paste-pot and posters there deserves to be ranked with the firm that advertised boot-blacking on the Egyptian Pyramids.

" The woods are chiefly of pine—great giants, with bleached trunks and tufted tops, a little like palms in shape; but walnut and cherry trees of prodigious size, ash, bay, and black gum-trees, are all abundant. I was much impressed by the noise the wind made amongst the pine-trees. It was so like the roaring of the sea, that when I shut my eyes I could scarcely believe that we were not near some shore.

" I notice that there are no names to properties here. People ask, ' How far is it to Black Duncan's ?' ' How do I go to get to Big Archie's ?' and so on. We visited some fine plantations of from two to six hundred acres in extent, which had become worth from £500 to £2000

a year before the war—all cleared and occupied by Highland settlers. Everywhere I meet with a warm reception and pressing invitations to remain. It seems enough that I have come from the old country. The hospitality is wonderful. . . . We are generally home in time for supper, and spend the evenings here in front of the pinewood fire."

The plantation described in the foregoing letter is in Robeson, which, with the adjacent counties of Moore, Cumberland, Bladen, and Richmond, forms "the Scotch country." The population is thin and scattered over a vast area; but the clearings are numerous, and here and there in the forest one comes upon a village—the houses, as usual in America, built of wood, but many of them neat and commodious.

Almost all the people I met were "Macs," generally Macdonalds, Macleods, Macraes, Macnairs, and Macneils, indicating descent from the clans of the West Highlands and the Hebrides. They are a fine race of men—tall, strong, and handsome—so hardy and unaccustomed to disease that they say the old people, even when sinking under the infirmities of age, refuse to take to bed, and generally die in their chairs by the fireside. Many of them are wealthy, and almost all in comfortable circumstances, owning their houses, lands, and teams. They have more schools than I found in any other country district in the South, and they boast of having helped North Carolina to produce more teachers and ministers than any other Southern State.

There is a Scotch fair which is chartered by the legislature, and held twice a year at a place called Laurel Hill. The November gathering used to be attended by

a great concourse of people, often eight or ten thousand. Stalls were erected, and goods of all kinds exposed for sale or barter. The fair, however, has degenerated of late years; roughs and vagabonds from all quarters attend it; and its principal features now are gambling, drinking, and what they call "horse-swopping." There is a broad road in the centre of the fair, where those who have horses to dispose of ride up and down, showing off their paces, and shouting, "Here's your fine saddle-horse!" "Here's your trotter!" "Here's your buggy-nag!" as the case may be.

In consequence of the amount of drinking that goes on at the fair, ladies have ceased to attend it. It is said they used to be present in great numbers, and gave the scene a very gay and festive appearance.

The capital of the settlement is Fayetteville, which was a flourishing little town till wrecked by the late war. It had become famous in Carolina for its candy—a trade begun by a Mrs. Banks, who went out from Scotland nearly thirty years ago and established a factory there. Part of Sherman's army of 80,000 men, on its way from Savannah to Raleigh, passed that way, plundered Fayetteville, and destroyed the factory. The business, however, has been resumed. It was at Fayetteville that Flora Macdonald lived. The place where her house stood is still pointed out. Some of her descendants are in Carolina still, persons at least who claim to be so. There was one man in the settlement of the name of M'Q— (they call him "Colonel M'Q—," though nobody seems to know if he had ever been in any army), who declared that he was a grandson of the heroine's, and who, on this account, always wore an immense pair of ruffles. He would never put

his hand to work, considering manual labour beneath the dignity of a person so highly connected. He was exceedingly poor in consequence, and sometimes went about with bare feet, but never without his ruffles.

Gaelic has almost entirely died out in the settlement. For a long time it was the common language. The early settlers taught it even to their negro slaves; but English seems now universal. I met with very few who could either read or speak the Gaelic; though many had been more or less familiar with it in childhood. One lady gave me a very old Gaelic psalm-book which she had often heard her mother read aloud in the old sing-song fashion by the fireside.[1] A gentleman, the son of one of the ministers of the settlement, told me that his father, though American born, kept up his Gaelic to the last, and though English was his language for every-day life, yet when he and any of his old cronies got together in the evening, after a Presbytery meeting, they would go back upon their Gaelic, and sit up half the night talking it.

I was told that in some parts of the settlement

[1] The same lady gave me an old paper, called a "Lie Bill," which illustrates one of the old practices of the settlement. It is a bill confessing falsehood or slander, signed by the slanderer and given to the person slandered, who could, therefore, if he found the slander circulating, show the signed confession, and so refute it. This saved unnecessary exposure, and also the time and trouble and expense that a lawsuit would have incurred.

The following is a copy of the one I got, with the mere omission of the retracter's name :—

"STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
RICHMOND COUNTY.

"Whereas Daniel M'Lean, of said State, and County of Robeson, came to me this day, and says that he was told that I said that he, the said Daniel M'Lean, swore to a lie in a cause between Neil M'Lean, of Robeson County, and Daniel M'Lean, of said Richmond County, I hereby affirm that I do not remember of saying such; but, if I said it, it is false." (Signed) "——."

"*January the 7th*, 1811."

This bill is attested by two witnesses, one a namesake of the complainant, the other a namesake of the confessor.

which I had not the opportunity of visiting, Gaelic is still understood, and cherished by a few enthusiastic Highlanders with a romantic attachment. The story is told of a man, who, travelling through Moore County and finding himself likely to be overtaken by the darkness, called at a farm-house and asked shelter for the night. The farmer taking him for a "buckskin," or one of the idle vagabonds who are found in abundance everywhere in the South, called to him to go about his business.

The man, speaking in Gaelic, said, "Good-night," and turned away.

At the sound of the old and cherished language the farmer started to his feet, hurried after the man, and brought him back, welcoming him in Gaelic to all the hospitalities of his house.

It is also said that in the Court at Fayetteville on one occasion, Mr. Banks, the State Solicitor, and brother of the Mrs. Banks already referred to, finding that the jurymen were all Highlanders, addressed them in Gaelic. Not a word was intelligible to the Judge, but the jury were intensely delighted, and it seemed certain that Mr. Banks would carry his case.

It happened, however, that Mr. Leech, the prisoner's counsel, was even a better Gaelic scholar than Mr. Banks, though nobody in Court was aware of it. Mr. Leech, to conciliate the Judge, began in English, and then said that as the State Solicitor had addressed the jury in Gaelic, he would crave permission to follow him in the same language. He first upbraided Mr. Banks for his bad Gaelic, and declared that if he heard one of his own children speaking the ancient and noble language so ungrammatically he would take the tawse to him. He then took up the case, made a magnificent

speech in Gaelic, carried the enthusiastic jury with him, and got a unanimous verdict for the prisoner.

Even after English became the language of ordinary life, Gaelic was continued in the pulpit. A congregation within a few miles of Fayetteville had Gaelic services regularly till within the last few years, but they are now discontinued.

Highland songs and dances were once common; but "Dixie's Land" is better known now than the pibroch, and the Church has done a great deal to put dancing down, though its zeal has often been more than its success.

One staunch Highlander, of the name of M'Gregor, who was a great dancer, kept himself, during the New Year festivities, in a chronic state of alcoholic excitement, and put in an appearance wherever there was hope of a reel or strathspey. He was remonstrated with, and at last threatened with the Session. "You may Sayshun and you may Sayshun," cried the obdurate Celt, "but when New Year comes M'Gregor is on the floor."

The settlers are almost all Presbyterians; and though distances are often great, and the roads through swamp and forest very bad, the churches are well attended. One planter with whom I stayed drove through the rough forest six miles to church; and an old lady in the same district, who had been robbed of her horses and conveyance by Sherman's "bummers," went four miles every Sunday on foot to the same place of worship. The last minister there, though not himself of Scotch descent, was exceedingly fond of the Scotch people, and refused to leave, though called to other and wealthier congregations, one of which offered, if he went, to triple his "salary." He used to carry about a snuff-

box, made of the Wallace Oak, which he prized highly; and a stick which a Mr. Witherspoon had brought out to him from Scotland.

The oldest existing churches in the settlement are at Fayetteville and Barbacue. They were formed upwards of a hundred years ago by a Gaelic minister of the name of Campbell, a native of Campbeltown, Kintyre, who emigrated to America in 1730, joined the Highlanders, and travelled to and fro in the settlement for some years, acting as an evangelist. He got the church at Barbacue formed in 1730, five elders were ordained, and the old Scotch fashion of visiting and catechising adhered to. The elders were so strict that they came to be known as the "little ministers" of Barbacue. They were so vigilant also in regard to the doctrine taught from the pulpit, especially when a strange minister was with them, that a clergyman from Scotland (the Rev. John Macleod), who once visited the settlement, said he "would rather preach to the most fashionable congregation in Edinburgh than to the little critical carles at Barbacue."

After the War of Independence, the settlers were thrown upon their own resources for the support of religion, but the churches increased; and as far as I could learn, most of them are in a flourishing condition, through temporarily suffering, like everything else, from the effects of the war. The "critical carles of Barbacue," however, have gone the way of all the earth. The style of preaching is a good deal changed; the old practice of visitation and catechising has disappeared; even family worship is much less common than it seems to have been forty or fifty years ago. The Scotch, however, all through the State, have a good

character. One of the Judges told me that he had never known a Scotchman before the Court charged with any high misdemeanour.

Like their neighbours, the Scotch settlers were slaveholders, but they had comparatively few slaves, and were able to look after them. They exercised a stern but wholesome discipline, and, it is said, compelled their negroes to go to church, and catechised those who were at home. I found most of them temperate in their views of slavery, some of them even glad that it was gone, and anxious now to have white immigration in order to get free labour fairly tried. One planter said that if ten Scotch families went out he would give them twenty acres of land a piece, free of charge, merely to have them settle on the plantation and introduce the Scotch method of farming.

Some time must elapse before the settlement can recover from the terrible effects of the war. The best men were drained away; the country devastated; and the whole system of labour disorganized. But the people who were brave enough to face, and strong and persevering enough to overcome, the difficulty of establishing civilisation in so wild a region, are not the men to succumb to temporary disaster. The country is fit for far better things than has yet been made of it; and free labour going in, stimulating enterprise and developing new industries, can scarcely fail to carry the settlement to a higher point of prosperity than it ever attained before.

XXVII.

"BUMMERS."

REPEATED reference has already been made to Sherman's "bummers." The depredations, however, of these tróopers did so much not only to give Georgia and the Carolinas—South Carolina especially—their present poverty-stricken appearance, but to excite the exasperation of feeling which is retarding the progress of reconciliation between North and South, that they deserve more special notice.

When Sherman began his famous march through the South, he gave orders that his army was to feed upon the country. Foraging parties had accordingly to be organized by all the brigade commanders, which were sent out to scour and plunder the country far and wide, clutching with myriad hands at everything that was wanted to feed the monster army that was moving up in the rear with its eighty thousand mouths, and its omnivorous appetite for rebel property.

These foraging parties, which came to be known in the South as "Sherman's bummers," swarmed over the whole country in troops, fighting when it was necessary, but much less eager to fight than to plunder.

Practice in this made them wonderfully skilful. They came to carry on not only their foraging, but their thieving operations with such exquisite system, that

they may be almost said to have erected Robbery into one of the fine arts. They carried maps of the country, with every village and plantation marked, and all the roads and paths through the forest by which any place could be reached. They seemed to know what men were away in the Confederate army, what men might be found at home, and how much booty was to be expected at each plantation. Thousands of the defenceless inhabitants fled before them, carrying away what valuables they could, and moving from place to place, "refugeeing," as it was called, keeping out of the way themselves, but leaving their houses a prey to the spoiler. Others remained at home, women swarming together for mutual protection, everybody burying as many things as possible in the woods, gardens, and fields, in hopes of saving them.

It was very difficult, however, to hide anything away where the keen and practised scent of a "bummer" could not find it out. One lady told me, that when a troop came to her husband's plantation and suspected that something which they had not found about the house must have been buried in the field, they arranged themselves in line at its further extremity, each man about the distance of three yards from the next, and advanced rapidly, dibbling the ground on both sides with their ramrods. In this way they discovered in an incredibly short space of time all the things that had been concealed. Where boxes were buried, and the displaced earth removed, the ground was looser; where the earth had been stamped in again, the ground was harder; and in either case the dibbling ramrod discovered the difference, and the hidden treasure was speedily disinterred.

Stratagem often succeeded where search had failed. At a South Carolina village a "bummer," attired in Confederate clothes, so as not to be recognised, returned after the troop had gone, and finding an old man who was suspected to have some valuables concealed, said confidentially, just as if he had seen them, "That's not a good place you've put your things in. More 'bummers' are coming, and you had better get them shifted." The old man thanked him, dug up his treasure that night, and buried it in another place. The spy took care to watch, saw where the things were put, and decamped with them before the morning.

The "bummers" were not fastidious as to the kind of plunder. Turnips, fowling-pieces, and ladies' underclothing, chickens and communion services, whips, spoons, pictures, and eatables and drinkables of every description—all was grist to the "bummer's" mill. In one village, a trooper discovered a quantity of molasses in a postmaster's deserted store. The Americans are all fond of molasses; using them regularly at breakfast and supper to their buckwheat cakes and waffles. The "bummer," reluctant to leave so delicious a prize behind, poured a quantity into the post-bags, which he slung over his saddle. The bags were too coarse for contents of this description, and as he rode off to join his comrades the treacle began to stream down the belly of his horse. He was heard riding away cursing the Confederacy for not having better post-bags.

Another party of them found a woman making black soap,—a compound with which, as it seemed, they were not familiar.

"Here, hand over some of them molasses," cried one.

"This ain't molasses." "You get along; we know better," and the foremost man took some of the black soap into his mouth. His face assumed a hideous aspect, he sputtered and swore, and swore and sputtered, and was for shooting the woman, believing that she had poisoned him.

The negroes were often plundered as ruthlessly as the white people. At Fayetteville, a poor black woman who had been eagerly awaiting the army of Emancipation, saw the "bummers" coming, and running out clapped her hands, crying, "Bress de Lor', you 'se come. Bress de good Lor'."

"Ah, we 're come," cried one of the men, jumping from his horse, "let 's see what you 've got here, granny," and in spite of her piteous cries went off with her blankets.

They were especially remorseless in dealing with those negroes who refused to tell where their master's things had been concealed. At a plantation in the Highland settlement, they strung up a poor old negro three times by the neck, but the faithful servant refused to betray his trust.

Upon the better feelings of some of these men constant practice in depredation had produced so indurating an effect, that no amount of kindness or conciliation seemed to divert them from their purpose. One of Sherman's officers lived for a week in a Southern family in North Carolina, was treated with the utmost kindness, and then, before going, ordered his men up to carry off the plate. At Anderson, South Carolina, some Federal officers were invited to dinner by Judge M—, who probably hoped in this way to secure their protection. They accepted the invitation,

and were in the middle of dinner when a noise was heard in the adjoining room. It turned out to be some of their soldiers who had come in, and were plundering the house. The officers were appealed to but they refused to interpose, and walked out. The lady went and pleaded with the sergeant. "Well, ma'am," said he, "I'm sorry; but I'm a subordinate officer, and my orders are to carry these things away." Such cases were bad, but they were not the most heartless. A Christian coloured woman in Savannah, who had saved the lives of three Federal soldiers, by concealing them in her cellar for several days, till the Confederate troops had evacuated the city, told me that after all they decamped with a number of her things.

Neither age nor sex had any deterring influence on some of these ruffians. Near Fayetteville a party of them entered the house of an old gentleman ninety-four years of age, and almost blind, who had been a strong Union man, and had upbraided his family for taking arms against a Government which he declared to be the best on earth. This was well known, but it made no difference. The "bummers" plundered his house, and took away even the old man's bedding. One of them noticing his watch-chain, said, "I guess you have a nice watch there?" and came up to take it. The old man drew back, and with his palsied hand seized a rifle, saying, "Two can play at this game!" On seeing this one of the girls fainted, and the "bummers" took themselves off. They went into the house of another member of the same family, took even the shoes off the children's feet, and left the house so completely "cleaned out," that the family had to subsist for two days on the corn picked up at the place where the "bummers" had fed

their horses. At Wilmington, I was told that Sherman's soldiers plundered the house of the venerable Bishop Atkinson, took his pulpit-gown and trampled it under their feet.

To the ladies no more respect was paid, which is the more remarkable as Americans in general are more deferential to women than any people perhaps in the world. The wife of a wealthy planter in South Carolina told me that two of them forced their way into her bedroom, took several costly silk dresses from her wardrobe, threw them over their horses, and rode off with them under a deluge of rain. In some cases they went the length of tearing ladies' dresses off their persons, to see that nothing valuable was concealed underneath.

In the city of Columbia, during the conflagration which they had helped to kindle, they arrested distracted women in the streets, robbed them of their watches, and even forced off their finger-rings.

These are but illustrations of what the people had to suffer along the whole course of Sherman's march. They are not pleasant things to tell, but they help to explain some otherwise unaccountable exhibitions of Southern hatred to Northern men and Northern movements. Most of the people complain even more of the animus shown by these troopers than of their depredations. Not content with taking away as many horses as they wanted, they killed the rest, and left whole districts lumbered up with carcases, which were like to breed a pestilence, the people having no means of removing them.

The slaughter of horses might have been considered a war measure, but on some of the plantations which I visited, the "bummers" had burned books, destroyed

family records and deeds, drawn their knives across oil-paintings, and smashed clocks and pianos. In one planter's house they had taken a quantity of tar and poured it into a valuable piano, rendering it utterly useless.

They perpetrated these acts of vandalism, not to speak of other and more dastardly outrages, chiefly in South Carolina, a State peculiarly obnoxious to the Northern troops, as having been the hotbed of Secession. South Carolina was traversed from end to end, and was left a perfect wreck.

Let it not be supposed that Sherman was responsible for all this. On the contrary, in his general order[1] he

[1] The following is the text of sections IV.-VII. :—"The army will forage liberally on the country during the march. To this end each brigade commander will organize a good and sufficient foraging party, under the command of one or more discreet officers, who will gather, near the route travelled, corn or forage of any kind, meat of any kind, vegetables, corn-meal, or whatever is needed by the command; aiming at all times to keep in the waggon-trains at least ten days' provisions for the command, and three days' forage. Soldiers must not enter the dwellings of the inhabitants, or commit any trespass; during the halt, or at camp, they may be permitted to gather turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables, and drive in stock in front of their camps. To regular foraging parties must be intrusted the gathering of provisions and forage at any distance from the road travelled.

"To army corps commanders is intrusted the power to destroy mills, houses, cotton-gins, etc.; and for them this general principle is laid down :—In districts and neighbourhoods where the army is unmolested, no destruction of such property should be permitted; but should guerillas or bush-whackers molest our march, or should the inhabitants burn bridges, obstruct roads, or otherwise manifest local hostility, then army corps commanders should order and enforce a devastation more or less relentless, according to the measure of such hostility.

"As for horses, mules, waggons, etc., belonging to the inhabitants, the cavalry and artillery may appropriate freely, and without limit, discriminating, however, between the rich, who are usually hostile, and the poor or industrious, usually neutral or friendly. Foraging parties may also take mules or horses to replace the jaded animals of their trains, or to serve as pack-mules for

prohibited soldiers from entering the dwelling-houses of the inhabitants, recommended consideration for the poor and the industrious, and forbade the use of abusive or threatening language. These instructions were attended to by the better class of his soldiers, many of whom showed the utmost courtesy to the people, and defended them in numerous instances from insult and outrage. But Sherman himself, in his report, admits that others had been "a little loose in foraging," and "had done some things which they ought not to have done," which is a delicate way of putting the fact that they had robbed and plundered the defenceless people without regard to age, colour, and sex, and had committed other and deeper outrages, which only the shame of the people prevented from becoming known to the public.

So far, however, as the general devastation of the country was concerned, it formed a part of Sherman's express design—was involved, indeed, in the very idea of pasturing his immense army upon a thinly peopled country as he went along. His avowed policy was to make war so terrible and insupportable to the people that they would be driven to peace; and then to make peace so pleasant that the bitterness of war would soon be forgotten. He did his best to carry out both parts of the programme. He moved his army like a cloud of locusts across the South, devouring the land, and turning a remorseless ear to the piteous cries of the people; but as soon as the enemy gave in, and Joe

the regiments or brigades. In all foraging of whatever kind, the parties engaged will refrain from abusive or threatening language, and may, when the officer in command thinks proper, give written certificates of the facts, but no receipts; and they will endeavour to leave with each family a reasonable portion for their maintenance."

Johnston (commanding the Confederate army in North Carolina) opened negotiations for surrender, Sherman granted most generous terms of peace,—terms *so* generous that his Government refused to indorse them. He succeeded with the first part of his programme, he failed with the second; and the result is what we see. But mightier forces and deeper purposes were in the war than even Sherman could control.

XXVIII.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM THE PALMETTO STATE.

THE Chair of Mathematics in the South Carolina University at Columbia is occupied by General E. P. Alexander, Lee's old chief of artillery, who, at the time of my visit, was busy during his spare hours preparing a history of Longstreet's corps. He had found unexpected difficulty in collecting materials, partially owing to a fact which he believed would leave posterity with little more than one side of the question,—the fact, namely, that the Confederate officers who could have furnished the necessary materials are almost all engaged now in other employments, and so driven, many of them, by the necessities of daily life, that they have no time to spend on history.

He said if his book ever got the length of publication, military readers would learn with astonishment with what defective artillery the South had done what she did. She had very few good guns. As for her rifled cannon, they were so bad that he had thought of giving them up and taking to smooth-bores. A splendid battery of Armstrong's arrived at last, but just too late. The General's evident regret that the war had not lasted just a little longer to let him try that new battery upon the enemy, was a true touch of professional enthusiasm.

His experience did not seem to go much in favour of breech-loading. "It is all very well," he said, "for small pieces; but you can load at the muzzle as fast as a heavy gun will stand it."

Walking along the wide streets of the once beautiful city in which the College stands, it was sad to see how much of it was still in ruins. Three years had passed since Sherman and Wade Hampton managed to burn it between them,[1] but whole streets were still wanting; the trees were scathed with fire; and nothing left where stately houses had once stood but a few charred beams hanging over the black pits of *débris*, which had been their cellars.

The city was full of fearful memories of that night. One narrative given me by an old Scotch minister from Kirkcudbright, but for many years now the pastor of a Presbyterian church in South Carolina, will help the reader to realize the scene:—He said, "At nine o'clock on the forenoon of that day, I saw the mayor drive out in his carriage to surrender the city. At half-past ten, when Wade Hampton's cavalry retired, the head of Sherman's column was already in sight, and, by eleven, Sherman was in the city with all his army. . . . That night the city was found on fire. It was a wild night, the wind blowing strongly from the east. I was out every few minutes to watch the progress of the fire, and see

[1] Each General lays the blame upon the other. Sherman says that a perfect tempest of wind was raging at the time, and that the cotton which Wade Hampton had set on fire before evacuating the city, was blown about in burning flakes, igniting the houses. He says that his officers and men did their best to extinguish the fire, but admits that "others not on duty, including the officers who had long been imprisoned there, rescued by us, may have assisted in spreading the fire after it had once begun, and may have indulged in unconcealed joy to see the ruin of the capital of South Carolina."

if the wind was changing, for I was fearful that the conflagration would lick up our house with the rest. At twelve o'clock, the large house that stood next took fire, and I saw that ours must go. I gave the signal to awaken the children, and we all turned out into the night, the ladies carrying great bundles. I had a grandchild in one arm, and a bundle in the other. There was a sea of fire behind us. There was fire on the right, and fire on the left. We made our way to a friend's house, but the conflagration came on, and we had to fly to another's, and by-and-by we had to leave *it* too. My son said, 'Let us get to the back of the fire.' We saw a little darkness to the north-east, and went in that direction. When we got to Mrs. W.'s house we found a great crowd of soldiers. I heard a woman's voice shrieking 'O don't! don't!' and found that the soldiers were threatening to set fire to the house. I said, 'We had better go out to the Asylum.' We found the Asylum crowded, and the yard filling with fugitives like ourselves. Nearly a thousand people took shelter there that night. In the morning there was scarcely anything left of Columbia but blackened ruins.' Four thousand citizens were in the streets homeless."

The old man added, "I had sent up my library from Charleston—my library that I had taken forty-five years to collect, and had spent my little all upon. I had sent it up to Columbia, thinking it would be safe. It was burnt to ashes, not a scrap left. I had sent up also the Records of the old Scotch Church—records 150 years old—that had been left in my charge. They shared the same fate. We haven't left now a single record of birth, death, or marriage; and that church was one of the oldest Scotch churches in America. The St. Andrew's

Society, another old and noble Scotch institution in this State, lost its fine paintings—its portrait of Dugald Stewart—and other valuable relics. No one can reckon up, sir, all that was destroyed by that one night's work."

At Charleston, amongst the most prominent members of the Constitutional Convention assembled there, I was interested to find a coloured man who had been educated in Scotland, and whom I remembered as a fellow-student in Edinburgh. The case of Francis L. Cardozo shows what culture can do for a coloured as well as for a white man. Cardozo was the child of free negroes, was taken to Scotland when a boy, attended school and college in Glasgow, went through a theological curriculum in the Hall of the United Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh, returned to America, became a teacher first in New York, and afterwards (when the war opened up the South) in Charleston; was elected a member of Convention, and now, at the present moment, under the new *régime*, holds the position of Secretary of State for South Carolina.

Cardozo is a man of middle size, but of dignified appearance and refined manners. He is a well-read man, has a clear head, is an excellent argumentative speaker, and a first-rate organizer and man of business.

I spent one or two evenings with him at his house, which was furnished with much elegance and taste. In his admirably selected library I saw well-thumbed copies of Sir William Hamilton's *Lectures*, Morell's *Philosophy*, Ruskin, *Ecce Homo*, Stanley, D'Aubigné, Macaulay, with a Shakespeare and Horace, several works on algebra, and numerous other books, indicating the wide range of his studies. I have heard strong pro-

slavery men in the South declare that you can no more teach a negro than you can teach a mule. But there are no mules that have yet learned to read Ruskin and Horace.

Cardozo took me through the black schools in the city, which he was still superintending, and where about 800 black boys and girls were being educated. "I feel more interest and more pride in these classes," he said, "than I ever did in New York. The children there had been taught from infancy, and were being helped at home; but here, most of the scholars depend entirely upon the training they get from us, and we see the effect of our work upon them. It is a perpetual enjoyment."

I asked him what difference he had found between white and black children.

"Very little," he said. "I have perhaps to explain more here, but remember these children have had no previous mental training. Otherwise there seems little difference. They understand as well, and memorize as quickly, as any children at the North. We have boys only a year at school who are reading in Cæsar."

He said the coloured people would have a long struggle before they could overcome the prejudice against them. That prejudice was strong both in the North and in the South. He mentioned some cases of it. On one occasion, when travelling by the Weldon Railway with his wife, who is almost white, they took their seats in one of the ordinary cars. By-and-by the conductor came through to see tickets. On catching sight of Cardozo, he looked fiercely at him, looked at his wife, whom he also saw to be coloured, and coming up to them, said, "No niggers allowed here. You

get along to the niggers' car," and turned them out. The Civil Rights' Bill had not passed then, and there was nothing for it but to obey.

Charleston, though much disfigured by the war, is a royal city. All her finest streets are lined with trees, and her suburbs, which cover a vast area, are filled with elegant houses, many of them of magnificent size, with verandahs all round, and grounds beautified with orange trees, palmettoes, and magnolias.

From the top of the Orphan Asylum—one of the noblest of the charities for which Carolina has long had an honourable name—a magnificent view is got of the whole city, the wide rivers on both sides, and the vast bay formed by their confluence, and stretching away towards the sea, with Fort Sumter and the other islands dotting the expanse.[1]

In its situation, Charleston bears a remarkable resemblance to New York, with this difference, that the rivers insulate New York completely, while they leave Charleston on a tongue of land. The resemblance of the places makes the stranger notice perhaps all the more the difference between the two peoples—a difference which exists more or less between the whole South and the North. Although Charleston, like New

[1] In the garden in front of the Orphanage stands, or rather totters, an old statue of Pitt, whereby hangs a tale. When it was reared in 1776, it was declared, amidst universal enthusiasm, that the stone would crumble to pieces before South Carolina forgot her obligations to the British Statesman who had done so much to help the cause of American Independence. When Pitt's son came into office, the name got into disfavour with the Americans, and the statue that was to stand so proudly through the ages, was pulled down and thrown into a cellar. In 1820, some antiquarian discovered the mutilated effigy, and got it set up in the Orphanage garden, where the illustrious statesman now stands, with his arm broken off, his nose splintered, his neck cracked, and his head as loose as a church establishment.

York, is a commercial centre, the atmosphere of the place is calmer and less exciting. The streets are not so full of people who look as if they had just invented a machine, and were running away to secure the patent. The rush after dollars and cents, especially cents, is less keen and universal. There is more quietness, more ease, more suavity of manner. The difference is like that which is felt by any one who has passed from London to Bath, or from Leeds to York, or from Glasgow to Edinburgh.

XXIX.

PECULIARITIES OF SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

THOUGH all the States have developed under nominally the same kind of Government, there are differences between North and South in the constitution and tendencies of society perceptible even to the passing stranger. Under the form of Republicanism, the current of social and political life in the South has been moving towards a different goal. In the North the whole tendency has been to produce a splendid mediocrity—to compensate for the want of an aristocratic class by raising the general level. The South in theory did the same—claimed indeed a more perfect equality for its citizens than was possible in the North. It maintained, that where white men had to do menial work, there could be no real equality; that this was only attainable where there was a servile race to do such work outside the limits of citizenship. But the theory has not been borne out by the facts. The effect of Southern principles has practically been to produce, even amongst the whites, a separation of classes greater than exists in the North,—to make society aggregate itself towards two extremes,—floating a lordly class on the surface, and precipitating to the bottom the sediment commonly known as white trash.

The strength of the North has lain in what may be

called, for want of a better term, her Middle Class,—her myriads of freeholders,—the men who carried Lincoln into office in 1860, and again in 1864, over the heads of the Democratic party, the centaur-like party which has strangely incorporated the most aristocratic element in the country with the most plebeian. The governing strength of the South, on the contrary, lay in her upper class,—her great slaveholders,—the men who dragged the States into rebellion, securing the adhesion of the body of the people after secession and *by* secession, instead of securing it (which it is doubtful if they could have done) in order to secession.

The existence of these two classes in the South, in spite of the social confusion caused by the war, still strikes a stranger passing from the North. He meets, on the one hand, a lordlier class of men than the North has been able to produce—lordlier, perhaps, than the South, devoid now of a servile class over which to rear its head, can ever in this age produce again—a class as nearly approaching our own nobility as was possible in the midst of cotton-growing and slavery.[1]

The war brought out some of these men in striking contrast with the corresponding representatives of the North,—Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln; Stuart and Kilpatrick; Wade Hampton and Sherman; Robert E. Lee and Ulysses Grant. But this aristocratic class in the South is limited, while at the other extreme, beyond the middle class, which is also limited, lies an immense class of whites as a direct product of Southern principles,

[1] Emerson, speaking of the dignity and suavity of Southern manners, said,—"Men who were too great to be bullied or bribed gave way to lordliness. This was the power of the South. The North was talked down by these agreeable gentlemen. War was the disinfectant to this serious enchantment."

which in the North has scarcely any existence except as a foreign element not yet digested by the gastric forces which are continually at work upon it,—a class poor, idle, uneducated, and in many respects very worthless.

Few stronger indications of the opposite tendencies of Northern and Southern society can be pointed to than the state of education. In the North, the education of the masses is looked upon as one of the most indispensable elements of national life and progress, and infinite care has been taken, by the establishment and continual extension and improvement of the free-school system, to educate the whole body of the people. Appropriations of land, appropriations of money, the erection of free-schools in every township and village, the preparation of efficient teachers, the devising of means for giving every child in every district a good education—these are absorbing thoughts everywhere in the North. In the South, on the contrary, there has been no free-school system. In the cities, where there was more of an independent middle class, there were here and there charity schools for such as could not pay for class education; but the idea of schools where the children of all classes should sit together and be trained alike, has always been abhorrent to Southern ideas.[1] No general attempt has ever been made to educate the mass of the poor whites; and even the profession of the teacher has

[1] "We have got to hating everything with the prefix 'free,'" said the Virginia *Democrat* when advocating Mr. Buchanan's election in 1856. "But the worst of all these abominations is the modern system of Free Schools. The New England system of Free Schools has been the prolific source of the infidelity and treasons that have turned her cities into Sodoms and Gomorrahs, and her land into the common nestling place of howling bedlamites. We abominate the system because the schools are free."

been held so low, that few Southerners of any ability would give themselves to the work; and those who wanted their families thoroughly educated, had often to bring teachers and governesses from the North, and send their young men to Northern colleges.

The South in almost everything is Conservative. The battles that are over, or still raging at the North, have scarcely begun at the South. The old philosophy is taught in her Universities; the old creeds and confessions bind her churches; and a deference is paid by the religious classes to the clergy which, in the more democratic North, is denied. The same Conservatism is visible in the social relations. Servants are under control, children are treated more as they are with us, and woman stands just where she used to do. There is no Woman's Rights Movement in the South; there are no lady professors, no doctoresses, no Rev. Olympia Browns; nor does one find any Shaker communities, any Mormon settlements, any Oneida Creeks for experiments in Free Love south of Mason and Dixon's line. All these, even in the North, are exceptional; but public sentiment there is more favourable to a readjustment of the old relation between the sexes; more tolerant at least of experiments.

By the Southern people all these movements are classed together as belonging to the family of Yankee Isms, which they regard as begotten of the devil, and destined, unless put down with a strong hand, to lead the country to anarchy.

Along with the Conservative idea of woman's position, the South preserves a higher standard of female virtue, perhaps I should say white virtue. How far this is owing to the existence of a semi-aristocratic class, and

whether the broader democracy of the North tends to deflect the standard, are questions open to discussion; but the fact remains. The Southern people boast of it, and the Northern people in one form or another acknowledge it.

Of course there are multitudes of Christian people in the North who maintain as high a standard of domestic purity and virtue as any people on the face of the earth; but the general tone of society is undoubtedly laxer, and vices prevail in the North, cropping out even in newspaper advertisements, which are almost unknown in the South. The laws degrading marriage and facilitating divorce which obtain in Illinois and Indiana would be tolerated by no Southern State, and are spoken of by the Southern people with detestation. So keen also is the Southern feeling in reference to cases of dishonour (I mean again white dishonour), that cases which in the North would be dealt with in the form of an action for damages, would in the South be punished with death, by the champion of the party aggrieved, and however the law stood no Southern jury would convict the avenger.

In talking this subject over with a Southern gentleman, he said,—"A woman, sir, in the South who would seek pecuniary compensation for loss of honour in a court of law, would be regarded as a saleable harlot; and her male relations who permitted such a thing, would be looked upon as dastards who shared the profits and deserved a deeper infamy. Any man who destroyed the virtue of a member of my family I should kill whenever and wherever I found him. Any Southern gentleman would do the same, and the moral sense of the public would approve his act. I had a classmate

at the Military Academy," he said, "who became a Presbyterian minister. He had an only sister, a widow, to whom a friend made improper proposals. She informed her brother, who was 500 miles distant. The clergyman rode the distance on horseback, found the offender, and killed him. I have seen him since, officiating in his usual capacity as a minister. As far as I know he was never reprimanded even by his church."

With a higher standard of virtue amongst women, there is also kept up in the South a higher standard of honour amongst men. This principle, acting just as we have seen it act in our own country, is variable and capricious. It puts a check on much of the meanness and dishonesty that too often goes in the North by the name of smartness in business. It causes the Southern gentleman to attach more importance to the development of moral qualities than of material wealth or intellectual acuteness; but it issues practically more in sensitiveness and high spirit than in a Christian morality. "I would punish my boy four years old," said one Southern gentlemen, "if he allowed himself to be called opprobrious names, either by his schoolmates or by his teacher, and did not strike the offender at once. He might be beaten in return; that matters nothing. The boy preserves his honour if he resents the insult to the best of his ability."

Said another fiery Southerner whom I met in an Alabama river steamboat, and who carried a revolver in his breeches' pocket, "I am as good a Christian, sir, at times, as any man in God's creation; but, sir, I am also a gentleman. And if any man insults me, I will call that man out, and if he refuses to come out, I will shoot him at sight, sir."

Duelling, however, is not practised in the South half as much as is supposed, and the indiscriminate duel is altogether condemned by the most intelligent classes; but amongst Southern gentlemen generally, I found the principle of duelling strongly maintained. Talking on this subject with General Ranson, to whom I have already referred, he said,—"We in the South are taught from childhood to believe that death is preferable to dishonour. Christian principle would generally prevent me from seeking the life of a fellow-man in cold blood, but there are times, sir, I unhesitatingly assert, there *are* times, when to fight is as indispensable to character as breath is to life."

Unhappily, most of the people who go about armed in the South, are unable to distinguish such times from others; and the practical effect of teaching the resenting of insult by a resort to arms, has been to produce disregard of human life, and a prevalence, in many quarters, of brutal outrages and murderous assaults. For every man who is shot in a duel, a hundred are "shot at sight," or stabbed in the heat of some unexpected quarrel.

Probably no single cause has done so much to produce or perpetuate these distinctions between South and North as slavery. That institution, by putting the brand of degradation upon labour, repelled the immigration that has done so much for the Free States; it depressed the inventiveness, the enterprise, and the activity of the Southern people themselves; and it produced that omnipresent class of loafers, buckskins, and vagabonds of every description, who, because they were white men, were therefore by hypothesis gentlemen; who,

being gentlemen, would not work if they could help it; and who, as they would not work, remained in a state of poverty and dependence. It threw all the greater power into the hands of the great slaveholders, a power enormously increased by the three-fifths representative clause, which gave the slaveholder three additional votes for every five slaves that he possessed. It caused the sons of these men to be reared in indolence and luxury, and, while it permitted the leisure, the culture, and the commanding position that enabled them to perpetuate a lordly class, and to furnish almost all the statesmen that America produced for half a century, it tempted the majority to lives of luxurious ease, gaiety, and dissipation, offering them facilities for the gratification of all their passions, and releasing them from the wholesome discipline that develops self-reliance and enterprise.

Finally, as a system hostile to free labour, it threw up between the Slave and the Free States a mighty wall of separation, against which the waves of Northern agitation and progress long washed and beat in vain, thus leaving in the South many virtues as well as vices elsewhere disappearing, most of them the vices and the virtues characteristic of feudal and patriarchal times.

The determination to protect slavery, arising to a large extent from a belief in the impossibility of getting on without it, necessarily prompted the South to be Conservative, and repellent of Northern ideas in religion, politics, and sociology, any one of which, if admitted, would have been inevitably followed by the others, to the subversion, sooner or later, of the whole system of Southern society. The more liberal and revolutionary the North became, the more determined and fierce became the South in her Conservatism, till the two forces

began to pull so strongly different ways within the limits of the same Constitution, that one of three things became inevitable, either (1) separation, or (2) the subjection of Northern principles to those of the South ; or (3) the subjection of Southern principles to those of the North. The question was referred in 1861 to the Tribunal of War, and settled by the collapse of the South in 1865.

XXX.

THE PLOUGHSHARE.

I WAS struck with a remark made by a Southern gentleman in answer to the assertion that Jefferson Davis had culpably continued the war for six months after all hope had been abandoned.

"Sir," he said, "Mr. Davis knew the temper of the South as well as any man in it. He knew if there was ever to be anything worth calling peace, the South must win; or, if she couldn't win, she wanted to be whipped —well whipped—thoroughly whipped."

I was struck with another remark made by a prominent statesman in the North. "God Almighty," he said, "has ploughed up the South—ploughed it up with a deep plough from Mason and Dixon's line to the Gulf of Mexico. The people that were on the top are now below, and the people who were below are now uppermost. And God has done it, sir, to prepare the South for a new creation."

The farther south I went, the oftener these remarks came back upon me. Evidence was everywhere that the South had maintained the desperate conflict till she was utterly exhausted. At its outbreak she had poured her best men into the field.[1] When these began to fail

[1] So many Southern gentlemen had been officers in the national army, and so many of the planters sons had been trained in the mili-

she supplied their places with the next best. When she could not find men enough within the military age, she sent old men who were above and boys who were below it, till, as Grant said, she robbed the cradle and the grave to fill her depleted ranks. They told me at Petersburg that in the last year of war little boys had to be brought from the Military Academy to drill the recruits; so imperative a necessity was there for every grown soldier at the front. Almost every man I met in the South, and especially in North Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia, seemed to have been in the army; and it was painful to find how many even of those who had returned were mutilated, maimed, or broken in health by exposure. When I remarked this to a young Confederate officer in North Carolina, and said I was glad

tary schools, that the South had a splendid staff of officers ready when the war began. But the proportions of the conflict became rapidly so vast that almost from the first she had, like the North, to officer many of her regiments with men destitute of any military education. The result was much fatal blundering, relieved occasionally by somewhat ludicrous incidents. On one occasion, Confederate General Rhodes, seeing that the enemy had opened fire upon a regiment which an inexperienced colonel was marching in column, dashed up and told the colonel to charge.

"Charge!" exclaimed the bewildered colonel, not understanding that, as a matter of course, he must first throw his men into line. "Charge, General! Do you mean that we are to charge endways?"

Some of these tiros became excellent officers without becoming proportionately familiar with their military vocabulary. One who wanted his men to wheel, but could not recall the word, shouted, "Come round like a gate, boys!" and went ever after by the name of General Gates. Another, when he wanted his men to fall into ranks, used to cry, "Make two rows, boys; make two rows!" Governor William Smith of Virginia,—"Extra Billy" he was called, from his having once put on an extra stage-coach somewhere—was as gallant an officer as ever "spiled for a fight," but he had no notion of tactics. He used to bring his men up face to face with the enemy, cry, "Now, boys, *stick 'em!*" and dash in along with them. It was said that he never came out with the same regiment that he took in.

to see that *he* had escaped unhurt, he said, "Wait till we get to the office, sir, and I will tell you more about that." When we got there, he pulled up one leg of his trousers, and showed me that he had an iron rod there to strengthen his limb, and enable him to walk without limping, half of his foot being off. He showed me on the other leg a deep scar made by the fragment of a shell; and these were but two of seven wounds which had left their marks upon his body. When he heard me speak of relics, he said, "Try and find a North Carolina gentleman without a Yankee mark on him."

The South had not only wasted her population, but her material resources. I visited districts where the people had not only gone on paying the ruinous war-tax, but had dug up every potato in their fields, pulled every apple from their orchards, taken even the blankets from their beds, to make up and send to the famishing army. In Mobile I met a brave little Southern girl, who had gone barefooted the last year of the war, that the money intended for her shoes might go to the poor soldier.

When medicines could no longer be sucked into the South through the rigorous blockade, the Confederate Government called upon the women and children; who went out into the woods and swamps and gathered horehound, bone-set, wild cherry bark, dog-wood, and anything that could help to supply the want. When there was a danger of any place falling into the hands of the enemy, the people, with unflinching hand, dragged out their last stores of cotton, tobacco, and turpentine, and consigned them to the flames. Wade Hampton of South Carolina, when Sherman was advancing on Columbia, set fire to 4000 bales of cotton that belonged to himself.

The people said, "We did it all, thinking the South would win."

The process of beggaring the country was thus carried on from within as well as from without. When the war closed in 1865, the South presented a spectacle of wreck and prostration probably without parallel in modern times.

Nearly three years had passed when I travelled through the country, and yet we have seen what traces the war had left in such cities as Richmond, Petersburg, and Columbia. The same spectacle met me at Charleston. Churches and houses had been battered down by heavy shot and shell hurled into the city from Federal batteries at a distance of five miles. Even the valley of desolation made by a great fire in 1861, through the very heart of the city, remained unbuilt. There, after the lapse of seven years, stood the blackened ruins of streets and houses waiting for the coming of a better day. The bank capital in the city, which stood formerly at fifteen millions of dollars, had fallen to five hundred thousand. The Battery Promenade, where two or three hundred gay equipages could have been counted before the war, was almost deserted. "People have to content themselves now with a ten cent ride in a street car," said a friend. Over the country districts the prostration was equally marked. Along the track of Sherman's army especially, the devastation was fearful—farms laid waste, fences burned, bridges destroyed, houses left in ruins, plantations in some cases turning into wildernesses again.

The people had shared in the general wreck, and looked poverty-stricken, care-worn, and dejected. Ladies who before the war had lived in affluence, with black

servants round them to attend to their every wish, were boarding together now in half-furnished houses, cooking their own food and washing their own linen, some of them, I was told, so utterly destitute, that they did not know when they finished one meal where they were to find the next.

But the plough-share had gone deeper. It had not only devastated the country and impoverished the people, it had subverted the whole Southern system of labour. It had taken the four millions of slaves, hitherto bound to service in the houses, the factories, and the plantations all over the South, and had set them free to work or not, as they chose.

The class that had suffered most by all these changes was precisely the class that had been wealthiest and most powerful before the war. The people who had been poor before the war, had suffered least and gained most. Many of them, seeing better prospects opened up by the revolution, were developing new activity, and were swarming up into the light over the ruins of the old system.

But the class that had formerly been the ruling class, and had done so much to determine the character of the South, had been utterly wrecked.

The extent to which it lost in the war itself has not been sufficiently appreciated. When the conflict began, this class, the most highly cultured in the South—planters, planters' sons, and the aristocracy of the country generally—poured into the army, many of them fighting and falling even in the ranks. The pick of these men officered the armies of the Confederacy, and the havoc amongst them in that position was beyond precedent. The reason is not far to seek. The fatal

laxity of discipline which prevailed on both sides at first, but in the Confederate army to the last, made far too much depend on the personal qualities and popularity of military superiors.

Confederate soldiers tell with pride how, at the battle of Fredericksburg, Lee in person rallied broken regiments, and directed the fire of an exposed battery, while the Federal General, from a safe distance, was watching the battle through a powerful field-glass. But this was matter rather for humiliation than pride, as showing the necessity for personal daring and exposure which the inferior discipline of the Southern army imposed upon its chiefs. It was the same through all grades, and the loss in officers was accordingly frightful. General D. H. Hill declared to me that in several battles which he had been able to compare reports of, the loss of officers on the Southern side was four times greater than on the side of the North.

Now, these men, as we have said, were the picked men of the South, and every one who fell was an irreparable loss, affecting not only the war, but the whole future of the South. For the class to which they belonged was not only limited, *it was the product of a state of society which was no longer to exist.* And yet, as we have seen, this was precisely the class which in proportion to its numbers lost most heavily, leaving the South at the end of the war shorn of a large portion of the very men who had given her so distinctive a character, and had been the strength of the old system.

But this was not only the class that lost most in numbers, it was the class the residuum of which has been most completely wrecked in its position and prospects. The wealth of the Southern aristocracy

consisted in land, money, and slaves. The war took their slaves from them and gave them no compensation. The war converted their money into Confederate bonds and bills, and converted these into waste paper when the rebellion collapsed. I met a lady in Georgia who in January 1865 had 150,000 dollars in Confederate paper, and owned slaves that would have sold in 1860 for 50,000 dollars more in gold. Sherman's Army of Emancipation came along. Her slaves were set free; her Confederate money became instantly valueless; her jewellery was seized by the "bummers;" and she was left in such absolute destitution that next day, having no food, she had to go like a common pauper to the Bureau shed, wait her turn in a crowd of negroes, and take the oath of allegiance at the hand of a Federal soldier, to get bread to keep her children from starvation. This was the plough-share entering into the Southern soul. Hers was but one case out of thousands; it might almost be taken to represent the condition of the whole aristocracy of the South when the war closed.

The land was left,—not indeed in all cases, for the Government took possession of the estates of the most prominent rebels; but even where it *was* left, the want of money, the disturbed state of the country, and the total subversion of the old system of labour made it, in many cases, almost valueless; the impoverished owner being unable either to work it or get it sold.

Although three years had passed since the final crash, I found the old aristocracy still in the dust, with less and less hope of ever recovering its old position. Men who had held commanding positions during the war had fallen out of sight and were filling humble

situations—struggling, many of them, to earn a bare subsistence. One of the most prominent men of the Confederacy was trying to earn a living in the pea-nut business; a cavalry commander was keeping a boarding-school. One of Beauregard's staff-officers was teaching a small day-school. Other officers were keeping stores, editing little newspapers, acting as clerks, and even as farm-labourers in the pay of others. I remember dining with three cultured Southern gentlemen, one a general, the second, I think, a captain, and the third a lieutenant. They were all living together in a plain little wooden house, such as they would formerly have provided for their servants. Two of them were engaged in a railway office, the third was seeking for a situation, frequently, in his vain search, passing the large blinded house where he had lived in luxurious ease before the war.

The old planters were, many of them, going about with ruin written on their faces, some of them so poor that they were trying to sell a portion of their land in order to pay the tax upon the rest. One of them, who showed me much kindness, was living in the corner of a huge house which had once been the home of gaiety and princely hospitality. It was all dismantled now and shut up, excepting three rooms below, where its owner was living in seclusion. Others had shut up their houses altogether and gone to live in lodgings.

These old lords of the land had not only dropped into obscurity and comparative destitution, but they had been deprived of their votes; while, to make the revolution complete, the negroes, who had been their slaves a year or two before, whom they had bought and sold like cattle, were now not only free, but were in-

vested with the suffrage; and through their white and black representatives in such conventions as those I have described, were helping to frame the new constitutions under which their old masters were to live! Whatever the new creation is to be, the ploughshare had done its work.

This state of things cannot of course wholly continue. Superior men, pulled down by external circumstances, will rise again by virtue of the superiority inherent in them. Blood and culture will tell in spite of impoverishment and political disabilities. But such men, if they rise, must rise under a new *régime*. They will have to deal in a new way with a new condition of things. The South of 1860 is dead—old things have passed away—all things are become new. In the very State (South Carolina) which precipitated the war to keep the negro in slavery, 121 negroes sit in the Legislature, one of them as her Secretary of State: while, by one of the most extraordinary retributions in human history, another negro has been elected by Mississippi to the Senate, to fill the very chair occupied formerly by Mr. Jefferson Davis!

END OF VOL. I.

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